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HOME SCENES AND HOME SERVICE

OR

THE WORLD FROM MY WINDOW.

BY

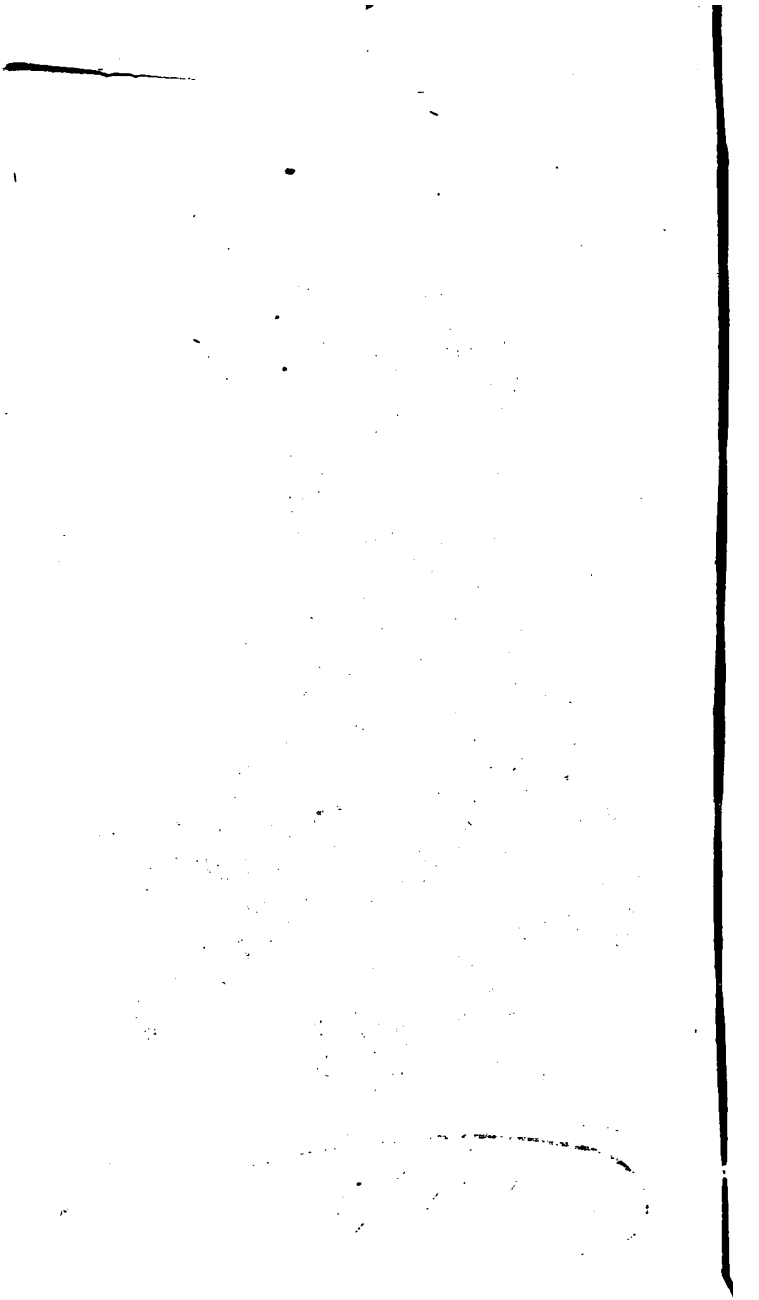
E. MARLITT STEPHENS.

BOSTON:
PEPPIDGE AND COMPANY.



A. Thurston Stephen

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HOME SCENES AND HOME SOUNDS;

OR,

THE WORLD FROM MY WINDOW.

BY

H. MARION STEPHENS.

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Dedication.

What need of name? — To One I love, and One who loves me; — to One whose word has been my law, whose encouragement my incentive to exertion, and whose praise my ambition to excel, this simple Volume is most affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.

EVERY one, having the audacity to make a book, is expected to get up an apology for so doing. I have nothing to plead. I can't even say I could do better than I have done by the odds and ends of this simple volume; for I *couldn't*. Good or bad, these sketches are my *best*. There will be friends, who, from motives of personal friendship, will say, perhaps, more than I deserve in their favor; and there will be enemies, who, from motives of personal animosity, will make the scales even on the other side of the question.

One month ago I had no more idea of gathering my scattered "leaves" into permanent form than I have now of being President of the United States. Fetridge *willed* it so; and for his sake I trust they

may meet with that kindness and consideration which it has been my good fortune ever to meet at the hands of an indulgent public. Many of these sketches have appeared in the American Union, Gleason's Pictorial, the Boston Museum, and last, not least, in the Boston Times. Some of them have been gotten up especially for the occasion; and a few are old friends of mine, which have been too dear from association to allow me lightly to part with them. There are pleasant fancies and sad fancies — impulses born of smiles and impulses born of tears — amongst the collection; and if the perusal of the volume will win me the love of one more friend, I shall be amply repaid for the care and toil, the doubts and fears, which have been the companions of its getting up.

H. MARION STEPHENS.

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THE MANIAC'S CURSE.

A LEGEND OF WYOMING.

CHAPTER I.

It could scarcely be called a *clearing*, that little patch of ground, hidden away in the heart of the western wilds, though, morning, noon, and night, the sound of the axe reverberated through the woods, and over the hills, with a heartiness which told plainly as words could have done, that the spirit of industry and enterprise had broken in upon the dreamy stillness of Wyoming valley. And how beautiful it was, that valley with its wealth of flowers and mosses, slumbering beneath the tall hills which clasped it on every side! The air swept down from the mountains with delicious purity, and the morning sunlight broke through the heavy foliage which fringed its border with such a quiet and subdued radiance, one could almost imagine that it was sentient, and loved the locality. Far as the eye could reach, a pleasant river flashed in and out through the heavy verdure, with a perpetual murmur of music, while here and there upon its brink, like tired animals, were scattered the log cabins of the adventurous settlers.

It was summer, and the trees were burdened with foliage; and the flowers, bursting through the moss, were blooming all along the wood paths, as if some conquering giant, returning home from successful strife, had scattered the trophies of his victory with a liberal hand. Far up the cliffs a young man

of athletic bearing had threaded over masses of broken rock, and through thickets of stunted hemlock, to gaze down upon the wilderness of green leaves, throbbing in the sunlight like a great, wild sea, impatient of restraint. It was morning, a *summer* morning, and the air was freighted with the perfume of flowers, drifting up from their home in the valley, and at every step a shower of dewdrops rained down from the thick leaves, and lay glistening upon the greensward like innumerable eyes. Beneath his feet, where the shadows were most intense, could be seen the glimmerings of the river, as it broke up through the underbrush and drifted in among the blossoms, which bent their bright lips down to its very brink. All along its banks were clumps of maple and willow, turning out their silver linings in the rich light, while huge cliffs and fragments of rocks, shelving far over its bosom, completed a picture beautifully sublime.

From the earliest dawn there had been the clashing of axes; but now, as if by common consent, the tumult had ceased, while here and there a laborer might be seen emerging from the thicket, and cutting across over the little clearing, to his humble dwelling. Just in the curve of the river, where the sunshine was warmest, and the flowers most luxuriant, had at some period been piled up a clump of logs, which afterwards assumed the name of the Valley Home, partly because it took in a deeper range of ground than any of its neighbors, and partly because its owner, farmer Huse, had been the first to *make* a home in the valley. It was a fair, white hand, white as an opening lily, which gleamed through the rifts of honeysuckles that shaded the small window, and a bright, sunny face, though now its expression was somewhat clouded, which stood out in bold relief from among the parted vines,

while a pair of azure eyes roved down a little pathway to the river, and up the tall hills on the adjacent side. The quick eye of the rover upon the mountains, which had taken in every object around him, did not fail to notice the anxious look of the bright maiden, who, having left the window, now stood listlessly in the open door! A smile, clear and vivid, broke over his handsome features, — one which failed to reveal aught but an honest, frank, and generous nature, — and he raised a small whistle which was suspended to his neck, and was upon the point of giving the accustomed signal, when the object of his attention disappeared within the cabin.

"No sign of Henry yet?" asked the old farmer of his daughter, as she closed the door and began brushing up the room, though you could not have found a particle of dust in the entire cabin.

"He will return soon," she replied, almost deprecating; and again the sweet face was framed in the dewy leaves, and the earnest eyes burning into the forest thickness.

"He is an idler and a trifler," exclaimed her father petulantly. "The breakfast is getting as cold as Greenland, and what is worse, I'm spoiling a good day's work by loitering in doors all this while;" and his eyes roved, with a half-petulant, half-pleased expression to a huge pile of logs, which lay rolled together, glistening in the sunbeams as they came slanting down over the hills.

"*Trees*, every one of them this morning," he murmured; and rubbing his hard, brown hands together with almost childish merriment, he called again to his daughter, who, obedient to his command, began preparing the simple meal which had been delayed by the absence of the young hunter. A reckless, daring spirit, full of energy and power, was the charac-

teristic feature in the temperament of Henry Huse. The deep forests and wild hills were his familiar haunts, and sometimes, in the very spirit of adventure, he would make long voyages up among the cliffs, although he knew them to be the lurking-places of a body of Indians, whose lawless deeds of depredation had made them both hated and feared by the valley settlers. This same wild spirit would send him frequently into the very depths of the wilderness, and if any of the beasts of prey, by which the woods were infested, should attempt to impede his progress, the next moment they were dead at his feet. The near growl of a panther, or, what was worse, the close proximity to a group of Indians, would but startle his blood into a wilder glow, and quicken the heart which lived only for excitement. It was difficult to say from whom he inherited this love for lawless adventure; certainly not from Richard Huse, the honest, hard-working owner of the Valley Farm, and *most* certainly not from the farmer's gentle wife, who in the first year of their western life had been laid away, with many tears, in a quiet corner of the farm, where the wild flowers were ever after suffered to grow unmolested. The same free, brave, daring traits which characterized his manhood, had been severe trials to farmer Huse in the days of his youth. Coaxings and pleadings were lost upon him; while severity and threats of harsh punishment were only as so many fresh coals of fire upon the heart of the fearless boy. The greater the danger, the more tempting and exciting was the love of adventure, until at length his father gave him up to the free exercise of his indomitable will, conscious that any restraining power was only fanning the coals into a fiercer fire. But there was *one* voice that had power to tame and subdue his nature, even in its wildest mood; there was one

pair of eyes beneath whose gentle glance his spirit would droop and grow mild and humble as a dependent child — his sister, his meek, trusting, and affectionate sister. The hard-working settlers might look upon his roving life with scorn, or perhaps distrust; his father might turn from him with angry reproach, but the dear, mild eyes of Nelly Huse never met his own but with gentleness and sympathy; the loving lips, so eloquent in their unsullied freshness, never breathed words to his ear but that their purport was of kindness and affection. No wonder that his love for her was the only religion he could comprehend. His heart had opened for some object of endearment, and folded itself over the bosom of his sister with intense and absorbing power. The morning of which I write, there had been a strange intuitive feeling of coming sorrow in the breast of Nelly, and as Henry was the chief object of her interest, she naturally imagined it must appertain to him, and with all the earnestness of a warm heart, she had plead with him to forego that one morning's ramble. His only reply was a merry laugh and a saucy shake of the head, as he disappeared among the jagged rocks. For hours and hours he had been rambling about, meeting with nothing to arouse the excitable spirit within him, until, almost unconsciously, he stood upon the brow of a cliff, where one step more must have been inevitable destruction. The wild fire of his nature flushed up to his face, his eyes became brilliant with excitement, and he was upon the point of daring the fearful descent, when a light hand rested upon his shoulder, and a pair of dark, dreamy eyes peered curiously into his own. Starting from his dangerous position, he sought to detain the intruder; but with an expression of terrified wonder, she eluded his grasp, sprang to a more accessible point of the

precipice, and securing a heavy vine, swung herself wildly down the cliff. In the rapidity of her fall, the frail support gave way, and the next moment the beautiful Indian lay a senseless mass at the foot of the ravine. With a self-possession which had been acquired by his forest life, he sprang from rock to rock, and was soon at her side, bathing her temples with the pure water which trickled through the interstices of the cliff, and lifting the long black hair from her bosom, that the fresh air might have full force upon a frame whose quivering pulse gave evidence that life was still left to her. For hours and hours the senseless girl rested in his arms, and when the evening came, and the shadows began to thicken among the trees, one heart at least had learned a lesson of love, the strength of which it was left for time to test. The accidental meeting on the cliff was but a prelude to many happy hours passed in that pleasant solitude. To be sure, the young hunter and the forest girl did not meet as lovers; for nothing could be more absurd than the idea of a match between those so differently situated; but they *did* meet, notwithstanding, and the wild light began to soften in the eyes of the girl, and a dewiness to gather around her heart; and though the sentiment which occasioned it found no words, her quick perception told her that a beautiful and holy affection was coiling its links around her spirit. Her knowledge of life was not sufficient to enable her to follow up the chain to its probable ending; so she went on dreaming — dreaming evermore, and yielding unreservedly to her hopes, for they had crept upon her spirit unawares, and hovered there in the shape of a blessing. Morning after morning Namaocre might have been seen clambering over the brushwood and fallen trees, to meet the hunter upon the cliff; and when the storms came, and the

lightnings flashed through the forest, there was a sheltering nook, made beautiful by flowering shrubs, wherein the youthful pair found shelter and safety. There was no thought of wrong, no depth of passion to disturb the purity of their innocence, for they were alike children of nature, whose love and passion were a blending of the same ingredients, and had a source from the well-spring of superstition. One evening they had prolonged their stay to a later hour than usual; the last flush of sunlight had faded from the hill tops, and the moon came up and rested upon the bosom of the river, until its bright waves rippled like a sea of silver, and the heart of Namaocre was full of joy, for it folded an instinctive feeling of something pleasant and beautiful — less dreamy and more intense than any former impulse. By degrees this feeling wore away, and was succeeded by one of a more saddened cast, for clouds were now drifting over the sky, shutting out the rich light upon the water. "How dark! how dark!" murmured the Indian girl, in broken accents. A voice was whispering to her heart, and when she turned again the clouds had passed away, and the ripples were again dancing in the moonlight. And yet she stood gazing into the brilliant water with her strange wild eyes, as if just beginning a page of life hitherto invisible. And then her hand closed upon that of the young hunter, and a glad, sweet smile broke over her face, revealing to him the nature of her thoughts. Her wild spirit was finding its strength — her heart its life; the world had grown holy and beautiful, for the clasp of ignorance had been taken from her spirit, and she could comprehend that which before had seemed so strange to her untutored intellect. All at once a shadow fell upon the face of Namaocre. The winds had rocked the old forest to sleep, and not a

sound was in the wilderness, save the occasional chirp of a bird, or the rippling of the little fountain which flashed up from its mossy basin, and gushed over the broken rocks, to lose itself among the sweetfern which grew in a little hollow just beyond; yet she bent her ear to listen. Still the beating of her own heart was all the sound she heard; but just then, as she was about to resume her station by the hunter's side, a light canoe shot round the projecting rock which sheltered them, and flew like a bird into the middle of the stream. "It is Oneacta, the white chief," she murmured, laying her finger on her lips, to enjoin silence. The next moment the canoe had reached the opposite shore, while a tall, dark individual, with a face upon which cunning and malignity were alike stamped, sprang ashore, and securing the boat among the alders which skirted the river, crept with cat-like caution up the steep embankment. With the same stealthy pace he gained the edge of the clearing, taking care to conceal himself from observation behind the growth of underbrush by which it was fringed. At length he reached the little vine arbor, which Nelly, with a natural taste for the beautiful, had formed between the cabin and the forest; but finding it unoccupied, he again passed on, and only paused when under the window of Richard Huse's humble dwelling. Raising his hands, he parted the clinging vines from the small window, and peered curiously in upon the inmates. But the rustling of the vines, or the blossoms showering down from the contact, attracted the attention of the farmer; but after a brief inspection through the open door, he relaxed again into the half slumber from which the noise had aroused him. The blood flushed to the face, and neck, and bosom of Nelly Huse, and then receded, leaving her colorless as marble. Still she

plied her knitting needles with as much avidity as if life and death depended upon the immediate completion of her task; yet her eyes rested on the vines at the window, among which she could plainly distinguish the hideous face of Oneacta, as he still kept his post in imperturbable silence. At length, rising from her work, and passing the light around the face of her father to ascertain if he were indeed asleep, with a hasty, yet tremulous step she reached the door, and in another moment was joined by the dark-visaged man. A flash of triumphant power rested for a moment upon his dark face, and passing his arm around her slender waist, he was upon the point of touching her lips; but with a haggard attempt to smile, she wrung her head from under his arm with such force that her beautiful hair became disengaged from its bondage, and swept down in tangled masses over her neck and bosom.

"*Nelly!*" he exclaimed, and his keen eyes fastened upon her with such fierce malice, breaking up through their tenderness, that she shuddered from head to foot, and leaned against the door sill for support.

"Not now! not *here!*" she whispered, pointing to where her father slumbered; "to-morrow — next week — but O, not *now! not here!*" and again the blood swept like a surge of fire over her features.

"The old tune," muttered the baffled man; "not now — not here — next week. Nelly Huse, do you know what it is to love — not tamely, and meekly, and hopefully, like your *woman* lovers — but to love as the lightning loves the tree it *blasts* — as the whirlwind loves the forest it levels — *as I love you?*" and he bent over her face as if he would therein read the secret of her soul, but his huge form intercepting the light, prevented his observing how pale and distorted it was.

"Come, girl, come; don't be frightened;" and he clasped her hand firmly in his own, and led her almost unconsciously down the little footpath towards the river. For a moment she seemed to have lost all power of feeling; then a sense of her danger burst upon her, and with a half-suppressed scream she bounded from his embrace, and fled like a frightened deer towards the cabin. He called to her, but she did not heed his voice; he threatened her, but to no purpose; he commanded, but in vain. "*Your brother!*" he shouted, with a mocking laugh, which echoed unpleasantly through the forest, and as if an arrow had reached her heart, she paused, wavered, and then fell senseless upon the ground.

"Humph!" he muttered; "I thought I would bring you to your senses;" and he walked leisurely up the path to where Nelly lay among a bed of crushed and tangled vines which she had borne down in her fall.

Far up the cliff, Henry Huse stood gazing upon the scene below, trembling in every limb with rage and indignation, yet not daring to advance a single step to aid his sister. He knew the malignant temper of Oneacta, and judged too truly that the slightest alarm to him would prove the death knell to his powerless victim. And Nelly Huse — what had she, the pure and gentle girl, in common with that fierce and repulsive man? A strange and undefined pang shot through the heart of Henry, as he saw Oneacta raise the pale face to his own — a feeling of anger and jealousy, it might be, that the only love he had ever recognized should be so insulted and degraded. Almost rudely he put the arms of the Indian girl from about his neck, and sprang from rock to rock with the agility of a hound in full chase. There was a sensation of fear, indignation, and surprise in the heart of Namaocre, as she bent over

the projecting rock, and gazed eagerly up and down the valley, and across the river, to the encampment of her tribe. All at once those wild dark eyes kindled with a new radiance, and she leaped back from the cliff, and turned into the wood where the underbrush was so thick that it was almost impossible to force a passage through it. Scarcely had she concealed herself, when there was a cracking of branches in the path above her, a rushing sound of hoofs, and the next instant a daring and venturous horsewoman reined back her horse upon the very brink of the deep and rocky gorge. With a bold, clear glance she took in the range of the chasm as one accustomed to danger, gave an encouraging shout to her steed, and cleared it with a single bound. Dashing down the opposite ravine, she paused for a moment at the river's bank. The waters were heaving and swollen by the recent floods, while here and there the strong tide had swept over the banks, and up the beach, leaving the soil loose and unsafe. On the opposite side the canoe of Oneacta lay moored among the alders. A moment after there was the plashing of oars, and it shot out into the middle of the river, impelled by the strong arm of its owner, while prostrate upon a bed of furs lay the still senseless form of Nelly Huse.

"The villain! the villain!" muttered the rider, and suddenly jerking the bit, she dashed into the swollen waters, and, swaying the horse around, was at the side of the boat before Oneacta was aware of her proximity. Bending over the saddle, she gathered her strong arm around the waist of Nelly, and before the captor could guess her motive, was fast nearing the valley shore.

"Stop!" thundered Oneacta, levelling his gun, and taking sure aim at the rider and her charge. A laugh of scornful

defiance was her only reply, and the next moment her horse was struggling up the opposite embankment. After two or three ineffectual efforts with his fowling piece, Oneacta threw it into the river, and hastened on with speed to the Indian Bluff.

"It is *her* triumph to-day, curse her; it will be mine to-morrow!" he muttered, as he lifted the heavy skins from the door of a wigwam, and joined the group of savages around the watchfire.

The fresh air from the water had somewhat restored the consciousness of Nelly by the time her protectress had reached the skirts of the Valley Farm, but not sufficiently to enable her to comprehend why she was there, away from her home so late in the evening, or who the rude, half savage could be that had defended her. Gaining the edge of the clearing, the rider dismounted, and placing her charge under the shelter of a willow, brought water from the river with which to bathe her face and neck. Slowly and by degrees the blue eyes opened, and gazed around in silent wonder. The woman, from some instinctive feeling that her presence would only alarm the timid girl, had crept up under the shadow of a heap of brushwood, where she could note every passing change without herself being seen. Gradually the incidents of the past hour came freshly into her mind. Oneacta's threats, his power of executing them, his mad love for her, and her repulsion to him, and then, the memory of her brother came like a strain of music amid the crashing of some grand discord — *his* memory, and with it a sentiment which she dared not attempt to analyze, — which even the knowledge that he was *her brother* could not subdue. From whence it had its source, or to what it might tend, she could not imagine; so long as he was free,

free to protect *her* exclusively, she was happy; but to share his love with another — to feel that another had usurped her throne in his heart — that way lay madness. It could be nothing but a *sister's* love, and yet — and yet — she would not think of it — would marry Oneacta to prove to her own mind that destiny had not reserved for her the fate of *such a love*. So she reasoned as she sat beneath the glance of a pair of eyes of whose presence she was all unconscious. "I cannot — *cannot* marry that fiend," she exclaimed, giving passionate vent to her wild thoughts.

"Do not," exclaimed a voice by her side, while a strong arm fell heavily upon her shoulder. Nelly looked up, and a strange figure, dressed after the fashion of the savages, — though the face betrayed none of their peculiarities, — stood before her. Nelly's first impulse was to escape and fly from her; but there was shining through the masculine features a good-humored pleasantness which disarmed her at once of fear.

"Do not marry Oneacta," she replied; "*do not!* Better tear your heart out, and give it to the forest beasts, than become the wife of that *devil!* Better be trampled to death by wild horses, or sent into eternity by the flash of a spring gun, than to marry — *marry!* ha, ha, ha! *marry* Oneacta! Be true to yourself — to your instincts of hatred for *him*, and *love for your brother!*" and with these words the exultant spirit died out of the eyes of the strange woman, and her harsh voice grew soft and tremulous, as if some chord was stirred which had long ceased to vibrate.

"There — there — there!" she murmured, pushing back the long braids of hair from her face; "I was almost a *woman then;* but now I am ——"

Who?" exclaimed Henry, who had joined them unperceived.

"*The Wild Eagle of the Wyoming* — with the life, and soul, and fire of a dozen women nerving this strong arm — with the strength, and will, and determination of a host of puny, helpless females burning in this high heart! — ha, ha, ha! — following my own impulses, clambering over mountains, leaping ravines, shouting defiance to that society which would keep the tastes, and thoughts, and feelings down like chained and fettered captives! and *you*, Henry Huse — you see I *know* you — ah, do I *not*? You, with every nerve quivering with power and freedom, with every drop of blood leaping in exultant life, to think that they could tame *you* down to a toiling, plodding slave! I told them the eagle would be still an eagle though his wings *were* clipped!" and placing her hand under his chin, she lifted up the surprised face of Henry till there was scarcely room for the flitting of a breeze between their lips. Henry endeavored to release himself, but he was as a reed in her strong clasp. Every thing strong and powerful, every thing new or novel, had a peculiar charm for his wild nature; so, with an expression of admiration, he allowed her to scrutinize with curious minuteness every feature of his speaking face.

"The same proud bearing — the same lofty spirit!" she exclaimed in joyous glee. "My brave boy — my beautiful —— bah! stuff and nonsense!" she muttered, changing her manner; and pushing him almost fiercely away, she gave a low, sweet whistle, which brought her horse ambling to her side. "So ho, beauty!" said she, as with almost human instinct he laid his head upon her neck, and suffered her to take

his nose in her large, brawny hand. "So ho, beauty! What, you don't like strangers, eh? Well, we'll be off into the woods again;" and bending over Nelly, she whispered in her ear, "*Love your brother!* Fear nothing; I can and *will* protect you both;" and springing into the saddle, she dashed madly down the bank, forded the river, and was soon seen, in the moonlight, climbing up the jagged rocks upon the other side. Once more upon the cliff, she paused as if to breathe her horse, and flinging back a mocking shout, turned into the forest, and was soon lost to view among the heavy foliage.

CHAPTER II.

Just upon the bank of the Susquehanna where the river takes a bold sweep round the foot of the mountain, a little cottage of superior finish nestled away under the thick leaves like a tired bird. The interior presented a display of luxurious ease, in those days a novelty in that portion of the country. Gorgeous carpeting, with its tufted bloom, was spread out in ostentatious display upon the small rooms which characterized the dwelling. Heavy damask curtains, depending from rings of gold, fell in heavy masses of drapery to the carpet, relieved only by opposite folds of white embroidery, which swept like drifting snow over the windows to find a resting-place in their embrasure. Tastefully wrought ottomans and lounges were strewn in careless confusion around the room, while glimpses of a conservatory, and the more palpable plaint of culled flowers, told of a sensuous temperament somewhere among that mass of ostentatious display. All the minutiæ of European luxury was visible in that little wood nest, and yet its inhab-

itants were miserable even in their exclusive splendor. Beautiful — beautiful as a dream was the mistress of this sylvan abode. Let us look at her as she sits there in the embrasure of the window, gazing out upon the still water, as it lies like a sheet of silver just beneath her window. Is she not beautiful, as she sits there, so eloquent even in her silence, her elbow resting upon the sill, her rounded arm rising from the draperied sleeve, while a gush of light from yonder sunset cloud sweeps over her dark hair — all the darker for the contrast — and flooding down seems to find a temporary resting-place upon the shoulders, shaded, but not concealed, by a veil of azure lace? She is indeed a study for an artist's soul, — a dream for an artist's heart, — an inspiration for an artist's pencil, — and no wonder that the heart of Lucus Dale should have gone out in admiration for her superior loveliness. The face of the young enthusiast, though not strikingly handsome, was one, once seen, to be remembered forever, for the wealth of mind and thought therein contained. His brow, wide and massive, was relieved by thick masses of waving hair, which was allowed to fall almost upon his shoulders. His eyes were dark, full, and earnest, yet at times vivid with flashes of intellectual power, which sent a strange thrill to the heart of those who encountered their gaze. The arching brow, the compressed lips, and more than all, the head, with its bold outlines of individuality, shadowed forth the silent grandeur of intellect.

The shadows were beginning to creep together around the cottage; yet still, absorbed in a delicious revery, he sat, drinking in the exquisite loveliness of his charming hostess, forgetting the presence of a third party, from whose keen eye and keener perception nothing was allowed to escape — the *husband* of Leoline Lemure.

"I should think you were painting Leoline's portrait," broke in that individual's voice in a tone of pleasant raillery. Come, let me see what progress you have made."

The blood surged up to the temples of the young artist, and he stammered an awkward rejoinder, which was lost upon the ear of Leoline.

"Come, Leoline, let him have a fair view of that bewitching face of yours. It has done good service before to-day, Lucus."

Leoline started up with an impetuosity which sent the black curls quivering over her neck and shoulders, while a fierce look of disgust broke over her splendid features.

"*There's* an attitude, Lucus; the indignant beauty, or *the dishonored wife!*" he hissed in her ear, while his face was turned smilingly towards the artist. Lucus caught the low words, and pained for *her* and angered for himself, he gathered up his drawing materials to cover his confusion, and soon passed from the room.

"*Well!*" said Lemure in a mocking tone, after a few moments' silence. Leoline did not reply, though she suddenly raised her eyes, blazing with defiance, to meet his cool, sarcastic glance. Soon, however, she turned away, and again bent her head forward, and rested it upon her hand, in an attitude of utter dejection. He arose unperceived, and stood looking down upon her with folded arms. Well for her after peace could she have seen the dark, fierce, malignant frown which shrouded his features. She did not raise her eyes, or turn her face from its averted glance; yet she became aware that *his* eyes were on her — powerful, steady, and piercing. She could not resist their influence. There was a mesmeric force in their cold glance, which fascinated and subdued her. She felt

her strength leaving her, and with the strong effort of a strong will, she arose, still averting her face, and passed on to the door; but her husband's strong arm was on her shoulder, and his greenish-blue animal eyes piercing into her own.

"*Leoline!*" he murmured, in tones so soft and low that it seemed impossible for them to convey aught but pleasant meaning.

"Well," she replied, wringing her small hand from the broad palm in which it was crushed.

"*I know your purpose!* Give Lucus but one hint of *my* suspicion, and that hint will ring his death knell! You *know* me, Leoline!"

Leoline shrank but one instant from his gaze, and then recovering herself, she raised her head proudly and steadily to meet his burning glance.

"And *what* of your suspicion?" she questioned, proudly.

With an expression of disgust he flung the hand which he had again prisoned from his vice-like grasp.

"Pshaw!" he muttered; "to think what you *were* when I married you!"

The shadow which had been gathering upon the face of Leoline darkened and deepened upon her brow.

"What I *was!*" she muttered, while irrepressible scorn distorted her beautiful lips; "I *was* a pure-minded, unsophisticated girl. I *am* a woman — desperate, reckless, *vitiated;* with the degradation of years burning into my brain, until every vestige of purity has been charred and smouldered out of it; with the memory of past wrongs ploughing into my heart, until every principle of virtue and religion has been rooted from its soil, and I abhor the thing I *am* less than I tremble for what I may become."

The sentiments of her soul burst forth, wild, passionate, tumultuous, yet still her tormentor bent his cold, steady glance upon her.

"You love Lucus Dale! Is it so, Leoline?" he murmured at last.

"*Love him!*" she exclaimed passionately, clasping her hands; then, as if conscious of betraying more than she desired, she turned from him, and paced the floor for some moments in agitation. Lemure leaned against the corner of the mantel-piece with folded arms, gloating upon the anguish which he knew his words had occasioned.

"Well, Leoline," he questioned, in a soft, quiet voice, "you do not answer me: you love him?"

"*Love him!*" she gasped, turning quickly round, revealing a face whereon grief, affection, and remorse were visibly warring. "Love Lucus Dale? You *know* I loved him as the flowers love the sunshine. *You know it* — yet when you saw me dazzled and bewildered — when you felt that there could be nothing but scorn and loathing in my heart for *you*, you prepared the altar — mockingly prepared it — upon which my happiness, honor, integrity were to have been sacrificed! You *bought* me, as you would have purchased a slave in the market; haggled, *bartered* for me, and bought me, that you might torture and kill me — that you might quench the fire in my heart in the tears of blood wrung from its inmost core! O, man, *man!*" she exclaimed, in passionate wildness, "that I should so have read your purpose; so defined your motives; and that even *now*, knowing you base and vile beyond the power of words to tell, I should still endure — *must* still endure your presence!"

"Have you done?" questioned her husband, still leaning listlessly against the mantel-piece.

"Why have you brought that man *here*? A devil could not have devised more cruelty! Now listen to me. When I tell you of a face whose every feature is life, hope, *religion*, to me; when I tell you of a voice whose every tone vibrates to my heart till it shudders with its burden of sinful joy; when I tell *you, my husband*, how I have yearned for the sunlight of that face, so dear to me from childhood — for the echo of that voice, so full of music to me, and loathed myself *for* yearning; think for how much of my sin you are responsible, for how much of my degradation you are the cause, and loath yourself as I do!"

"Have you done?" again questioned her husband, with smiling indifference.

"To think that I should have become your slave!" she resumed; "to think I should have been sold to gratify your passion and your pride! The one being extinguished, nothing has been left me, in all these long years, but to pander to the other. I have been set up as a mark of admiration for the basest of your class, in your European *home*. I have been compelled to witness the grossest debaucheries, to listen tamely to the most licentious words, to frown down the most loathsome sensuality, and to think that even *here*, in the wilderness, with little but savage life around me — that even here, your persecutions must follow me — that I should find *him* here, under my very roof — and I tell you *now*, as I told you at the altar ten years ago, that I loathe you from my inmost soul; that I loathe myself for this degradation; that I loathe you as its instrument; and that I only live to suffer the anguish I endure but from a curiosity to see how far your fiendish arts can extend!"

Her lips quivered and compressed, and she passed her hand

over her brow, as if to dissipate some pain that was throbbing there.

"Audacious!" he muttered, arousing somewhat from his lethargy; and yet the smile which accompanied his words was any thing but a scornful or a threatening one. He was amused at the display of spirit and energy which he thought extinguished in Leoline's breast.

"So you loathe me, lady mine?" he questioned, moving nearer to the seat she had taken by the window.

"*I do!*" she exclaimed, flashing back scorn for sarcasm.

"And you own your love for the gentle artist?" and a low, mocking laugh sounded unpleasantly through the room.

"Don't exasperate me!" she exclaimed, springing up and confronting him, while her fingers quivered over the half-drawn dagger concealed beneath her scarf; "don't exasperate me! I am half a *devil* — all a woman! God in heaven! You have broken my heart, maddened my brain, and yet you *live* — live like a viper, stinging every thing to death which comes within your coils!" She lifted her proud, graceful head, to scrutinize, if possible, the workings of the mind in that passionless face; but a simple smile was all that met her gaze. Turning from him, she bent again upon her hand, and in the conflicting passions of the moment had nearly forgotten his presence, when a soft voice whispered in her ear, —

"*Mine* forever; you cannot escape me!"

Leoline heard the words, and turned upon him a look so full of unutterable anguish, that for a moment a feeling of compunction swept across the breast of her husband. He took her passive hand in his; she did not struggle. There was nei-

ther motive nor energy left. He sank down on an ottoman by her side, and gazed admiringly into her sad, dreamy face.

"Leoline," said he, looking steadfastly the while in her eyes, with a fixed and piercing glare. The hand of death seemed upon her heart. She trembled in every limb, and yet no answer came from her lips. It was strange, the mesmerism of those large azure eyes. No wonder Leoline shrank beneath their power, for in after ages they became a fable, a mystery, a spell which neither man's honor nor woman's virtue could withstand. They made a fame for their possessor, a fame which left a blot upon the pages of our nation's history. They possessed a power which incited the savages to rebellion, won a warm, fresh heart to treasonable purposes, and heaped the sods upon a traitor's grave. Woe — woe indeed to the man or woman on whom they rested for evil; for resistance was vain, useless, and absurd. This Leoline knew, and for this she hated herself.

"We will have no more *scenes* after *this*," he murmured in her ear, in accents soft as if the words were couched in tenderness. "I say, we will have no more scenes, Leoline. Look at me — look in my eyes, and see if I will not be obeyed. Now I shall leave you for a while. I have business up at the camp on the mountain, and when I return, let me see smiles — do you hear, Leoline?" She nodded assent, and kissing her hand, he arose gracefully, and passed from the room. As he closed the door, she sprang from her seat like an enraged tiger, and held her hand from her, as if his kiss had burned into the flesh. After pacing the floor for a quarter of an hour she flung herself into the chair again, and gave angry vent to her bitterness.

"*His will! — his will!*" she murmured. "I cannot over

come it — cannot struggle against it — cannot escape from it. He holds my heartstrings in his hands, and he may twist them as he likes — tear them as he pleases — I *will* not yield to his power. *Will* not — alas! alas! I have no alternative. When he is away, I feel the force and power of a strong, fierce spirit; and then, when most I determine to brave every thing but his presence, he comes back again, with his basilisk eyes, to madden me." Again she relapsed into silence, while her eyes seemed burning into the river, so intense was their gaze riveted upon it. She sat there with her pale, cold face propped up with her hands, till the last gush of bird song had died away in the wilderness; she sat there till the night had closed in upon the forest, and veiled the river with a sheet of stars; she sat there, a prey to contending emotions, until a light hand rested upon her shoulder, and a sad, loving face was side by side with her own. Lucus had entered the room unperceived — had watched her agony wildly and remorsefully, as one whose dark life had been made more dark by his unintentional means — had gazed upon her until his heart was dead to every other impulse, thought, or object, but the memory of that splendid woman, so wretched amid the luxury of her outward life; he gazed upon her until he forgot honor, principle, every thing, but the abused wife — the bride of his youth thus wrested from him; and with these feelings he had dared to clasp her hands, as in happier days — to smooth back the dark curls and press her lips, as if no barrier had intervened to shut him out from his dearest hopes.

"O, why, *why* did you come here, Lucus?" she exclaimed, starting from his arms. "Why did you seek me out — thinking me base, ungrateful, and inconstant, as you must have done?"

"I did not seek you, Leoline," he replied. "I would have been torn to death by wild beasts sooner than have seen you in your wretched home. I met Lemure by accident. I only knew that you were married — lost to *me*. I never staid to inquire to whom you had been sacrificed, but left the country, wandering, I cared not where, so it was away from *you*. Last week, I met Lemure, as I said before, at the settlement down by the lower bend of the Susquehanna. He urged, pleaded, insisted, that I should accompany him home. I did so; and what was my surprise and grief to find *you* the wife of my supposed friend! I read his purpose at once. I was to be used as an additional instrument of torture in his hands for your misery. I remained, for I hoped by doing so to release you from your fearful bondage; and now, Leoline ——"

She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the horrible reality.

"And now, Lucus," she exclaimed, with unaccustomed earnestness, "listen to me — to *me*, Lucus — and obey me in all things, as you hope for your happiness or my salvation. You must not stay here — *must not*. Do you understand? The same roof must not shelter us; the same spot of land must not be the home of each; the same country must not contain us. I can bear taunts, scoffs, or unkindness in any form, but not dishonor. O God! no — *not* dishonor! and, loving you as I *do*, that *must* be my fate unless the ocean divides us."

Leoline wrenched her hands from his clasp, and paced up and down the room in wild agitation.

"To think," she exclaimed, bitterly, "that in all these years I should have borne with *his* excesses and abuses; to think that I should have allowed him to torture my heart and trample it down into the dust until every true and generous feeling

was crushed out of it; to think I should have thus suffered patiently, and with slavish servility, and that this, *this* should be my reward!"

Still her lover kept his position at the window, without an attempt to subdue her agitation.

"A life without love — a world without sunshine! No hope — no aim — no object — nothing but a dark, weary pilgrimage till I find rest in the grave! All this misery has that fiend wrought for me; and yet I calmly, *patiently* bow my head to the earth, and allow him to place his foot upon my neck."

"*Leoline*," whispered her lover, gathering his arms around her; but she sprang from their embrace.

"Don't touch me — *don't!* I am *not* Leoline! There is nothing left of Leoline but a mass of terrible passion — of dangerous and distorted energy — of savage and ungovernable impulses. And I tell you now, that loving you as I do, till love has become my devotion, I would sooner die at once than yield to despair what I could not give to honor."

"*Leoline!*"

"I *do* love you intensely, unutterably; and if I could know that instead of my blighted life there were a thousand years of happiness in store for me, and that happiness could be compressed into one hour's bliss for *you*, I would yield it up, and die in your arms to prove how much I love; *but*, if I were standing on the verge of a precipice, where one step would plunge me into eternal perdition, I would take that step sooner than your memory should be tainted with my dishonor. Now, go! — go! — *go!*" she exclaimed wildly, waving her arms, and sinking upon a lounge, she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

It was not in man's nature, at least in the nature of the enthusiastic artist, to comply with a request which bore so faint an impress of sincerity. He knew that even while she spoke, her inclination had belied her word; he knew, had she given sway to her impulse, she would have thrown herself into his arms, and wept herself to sleep, like a tired child. For a moment he kept his station at the window, gazing upon the beautiful woman, so humbled in her pride. Quick, heavy gusts of passion swept up from her heart, with mournful anguish, and passed away to be succeeded by others of still greater intensity. It was a bitter sight to the man whose life and happiness were wrapped up in the throbbing bosom which came struggling into light, as the tempest-waves warring beneath it surged up in their fury, and then receded to gather greater force.

At length the storm passed, leaving a dead, heavy calm, more fearful to behold, even, than the preceding tempest. Her eyelids drooped down, and lay like a beautiful fringe upon the snow beneath them. Her breathing became more regular and quiet; her lips parted, while a half smile broke up over her face, making it radiant and beautiful. Her lover stepped noiselessly to her side, and took the small hand which had fallen over the lounge. It was dry and feverish. He bent above her, and lifted up the tangled curls from her face, that the air might revive her. A name — *his name* — low, and soft, and musical, rippled from her lips, blended with words of tenderness and devotion, such as only find their strength within a woman's heart. He forgot every thing which he ought most to have remembered — duty, honor, reason, every thing but the woman before him — the dream of his boyhood, the ideal of his later years. *She* was by his side — the

woman whose slightest look would send the blood surging through his heart like ocean waves, whose lightest word could lift the lid from the sepulchre wherein was buried the beautiful and trusting past. He gathered his strong arms about her, and, raising her head from its recumbent position on the lounge, laid it gently on his own bosom. For a moment, the gentle, pleading eyes unclosed, and gazed earnestly up into his own, as if endeavoring to recall something which their owner had forgotten. The memory came soon enough for her peace, and, looking wildly around, she endeavored to release herself from his embrace.

"Are you *mad?*" she exclaimed, still struggling for liberty.

"No, Leoline; not mad — not *now*. I *have* been mad; but it was the madness of a warm, fresh heart, that risked all upon one throw of the dice, and — lost the trick! I was *mad* then; but now, like a desperate gambler, I can see only *my own wealth* wrested from me by villany and artifice, and so seeing, claim it at all hazards."

"I will not, *must* not, listen to you! Release me, or I will alarm the house!"

"Do so, Leoline, if you will; still my arms are about you, as they were in the days of our youth, when the earth had no sorrow, the sky no clouds to darken the hearts which had mingled in one pure stream of love. Do so; still your heart will throb against my own, as it does now, Leoline, in spite of all your resistance."

Leoline was too proud to struggle longer, and became passive in his hands. Words were her weapons now. It was time for an effort of the will; inclination was overpowering her strong sense of duty; no other man could so influence her against her judgment; her senses were becoming indistinct,

her strength leaving her, and, for a moment, she hung heavily upon the arm of her early lover. It was a critical moment for them both; he the wild enthusiast, and she the deep loving, long-suffering woman. At length she raised her eyes full of determination, to his face.

"You do not love me," she murmured, looking steadfastly into his eyes.

"*Leoline!*"

"You do not love me!"

"As I love my own soul, so I love *you*, my beautiful Leoline!"

"*You do not love me!*"

"Set me some task — ask me some sacrifice — the greater the better — to prove the strength of my affection."

"*Release me!*"

"Leoline!"

"Release me; leave me; never see me again! Do you hear me? Leave me; for my eternal dishonor, and what's worse, your *ruin*, will be the result of another such meeting."

"*Your dishonor!*" and a mocking smile rested unpleasantly upon his features.

"My dishonor."

"*Your* dishonor!"

"Why do you echo my words? Have you forgotten ——"

"Nothing — *nothing*, Leoline. It is all here;" and he pressed her more closely to his heart. "It is all here. The youthful idolatry — the crash of pain which followed your loss; but your dishonor, Leoline, it is so very strange, so laughable, even, that ——"

"What?" exclaimed Leoline, surprised by his manner.

"That *you*, Leoline," he replied, flinging her almost fierce-

ly from him, "*you*, who have lived ten years in *legal prostitution*, should talk to me of *dishonor;*" and he turned from her, and strode haughtily to the opposite window.

Leoline followed him, with flushed cheeks and parted lips. She could not comprehend this new phase in his position — this mingling of deep and intense affection with the bitterness which sprang from that affection when crushed. She gazed upon him sadly and mournfully; not as the desperate man, urging her to her own dishonor, but as the warm-hearted, generous youth, whom her falsehood and deceit had driven from his home and country, with a blighted spirit for his only companion. She folded her hands over his arms, and looked pleadingly up into his quiet face. He did not repulse her now; for he could feel the low, faint throbbings of her heart as it beat against his breast.

"Do, *do* speak to me," she murmured, through her tears. "This silence is killing me — *killing me!* I have struggled, God only knows how desperately, out in the green fields by day, alone in the quiet nighttime; I have struggled for strength to overcome, prayed for power to crush out this fatal passion. 'Tis useless. I can but die. Your love to me is heaven; your indifference *hell.* Only speak to me! Only love me! There is a fatality around us. We cannot be divided. We may go down to death, but it will be *together*, wrapped in each other's arms: gathered in the embrace of love, we may sink together into the grave, and there may be no heart left in all the world to regret us; but the birds will sing as sweetly, and the flowers bloom as freshly, as if no stronger passion had ever wrung our bosom than governed our lives when first we plighted faith in our dear old English home."

"And yet you could leave me for another," he murmured, bitterly.

"It was to give my poor old father a *home;* yet even *that* could not separate us. Our hearts were mingled together in childhood. Your love has encompassed me on every side — in the moonlight, the flowers, the sky. It has come to me in dreams, and bound me to the earth by its beautiful links. It has been the only star shining through the dark midnight of my life. I have clung to it, lived within its circle, decorated many a fairy castle with its beautiful surroundings; and now, with the mildew of suffering upon it, I bring it back to *you;* back to the fountain head from which it sprang; back to the current which gave it vitality;" and drawing down his head, she pressed her warm lips to those of the young man, who, but a moment before, had so rudely repulsed her.

The close presence of her lips vibrated to his heart, and melted away the last particle of bitterness from its core. His cheeks flushed with enthusiasm; his eyes grew brilliant with love and passion, and clasping her to his bosom, amid kisses and tears, he exclaimed, —

"Mine in life, mine in death, and mine forevermore!"

Reader, shall I continue my wild picture of passion, love, and crime? Shall I tell how event became tangled up with event, impulse with impulse, till feelings which had been crushed and smouldering for years sprang into broad and beautiful life, — beautiful even with the deformity of sin and shame around it, — and stamped the God-made destiny which man had perverted? Inclination says, "*Write*, that some warm heart may read, and shun a like destiny!" But judgment is at hand, pointing to the harsh censors who would condemn Leoline for a fate which she could not control, and me for the light which must necessarily be used to give a prominence to the *shade* of my picture. No, no, no! It was

a night of too much wildness, too deeply imbued with moral deformity, too entirely dedicated to passionate idolatry, for my pen to invade its territory.

The moon went down the sky, and the midnight shadows of the woods deepened upon the river; but a darker shadow had fallen upon the soul of Leoline. The storm clouds drifted like contending armies athwart the sky; the winds moaned and sobbed throughout the wilderness, like troubled spirits seeking for rest; but a wilder, deeper, *blacker* desolation had settled upon the heart of Leoline; and over the jutting rocks, and through the wilderness, and all along the valley, lay a shadow and a gloom; and still the voice of the gathering storm came sighing and shrieking along the forest paths, and still the form of Leoline Lemure lay cradled in the arms of her lover, regardless of the livid flashes of lightning which at intervals brightened up the gloom and the shadow. A crash of unusual power startled them from their security. Leoline arose, and passing to the window, parted the curtains, and gazed out into the darkness. It was a wild scene which met her view — wild as the dream of a maniac! Dark piles of storm clouds lay tier upon tier all around the horizon, while from a rift in their chain the moon occasionally struggled through with discolored and spectral light. It glimmered for a moment over the green turf and on the forest leaves, and then all was black and silent again — all but the distant thunder and the increasing wailing of the storm.

"It is so dark! — so dark!" she murmured, covering her eyes with her hands; "the darkness has come down so suddenly! O, this night of terror — this dreadful night — fit witness to our guilt and crime! A crime which began in madness will end in ——"

"*Death!*" shrieked a hollow voice at her very shoulder. Leoline started back, and encountered a dark, wild face, from which two piercing eyes protruded, as if almost starting from their sockets.

"*Death*, Leoline Lemure! Did I not tell you so? *A broken heart! — a blighted life! — a crazed brain!* Did I not tell you so when you became the wife of one so cursed, so fated, so doomed as Jean Lemure? Look ye, Leoline," and the wild apparition flung up her arms in the attitude of an inspired sibyl; "look ye at that dark cloud as it sweeps up from the western horizon. See how it shoots up and hangs over the valley farm! There is doom in it — doom for one or *both* of you! How it blackens and darkens, like an evil spirit sent out to capture and destroy!"

A heavy peal of thunder came crashing among the rocks, losing itself in echoes; then another and another, till the whole horizon seemed filled with blaze and tumult. Leoline's bosom throbbed with strange awe; her breath came in hurried and murmured gasps, as, leaning from the window, she gazed up into the sky, so filled with light and shadow. Again the thunder vibrated through the wilderness, while lofty forest trees and huge masses of rock came crashing down into the river, which glittered like a jet band by the edge of the valley. The flashes of lightning and the heavy peals of thunder were now becoming incessant. The spirit of the storm was upon them; yet still, with flashing eyes and throbbing bosom, the wild woman, more fearful even than the tempest, stood leaning against a tall tree, looking up among the drifting clouds. For a moment, no sound was heard save the rustling leaves in the forest. Leoline crept close to her lover's bosom, as if at least *there* might be a place of safety. At length the

storm burst forth afresh, heralded by a terrible blaze of light, which threw its pale-blue glare along the forest trees and over the massive rocks of that wild spot. Still, with flashing eyes and upraised hands, the sibyl gazed intently into the sky.

"Grand! — sublime! — magnificent!" she murmured between her set teeth. "The light — the light! How it plays and dances upon the black cloud, where all within is desolation! I hear it now in the voice of the storm, in the crashing of the thunder, in the roar of the whirlwind, — '*A blighted heart — a ruined home — a crazed brain!*' These were the words, long days and years ago, when a father's curse rung in my ears — when a mother's corpse was cold and dead before me. And now I come like the storm and the whirlwind, and pass away again, and no one knows whither. I confront *him*, and he knows me not. I step between him and deeper, blacker crime, and he dare not avenge it; and yet he knows me not. As a shadow and a dream, as a tempest and a fire, the Wild Eagle of the Wyoming comes and goes among her old familiar friends, and yet they know her not. Leoline Lemure, I came to save you. 'Tis too late; your doom is sealed!"

As if her words had been prophetic, a vivid flash of lightning came bursting through the roof of the building, splintering it into a thousand pieces. Leoline fell upon her knees in wild dismay; another and another gleam of light filled the room, followed by heavy crashes of thunder; and when the tumult died away, a lifeless corpse was all that remained of Lucus Dale, the artist lover of the dishonored wife. With a shriek of unutterable anguish, Leoline sprang from her knees, and bent above her dead lover. There was no terror in the tempest now — no awe in the lightning's flash. He was dead — the betrothed of her youth, the beloved of her

maturer years, the man for whose smile she had bartered her honor. He was dead — pulseless and cold, even with her white arms about him; and the sun was forever blotted out from the sky of her existence.

A low, rushing sound caught the quick ear of the wild woman. She bent her ear to listen, while all the blood of her wild heart flushed to her face. Still the sound advanced, moaning and crackling, and the next moment the entire building was in a light blaze! It needed no second word — no second look. The lightning had caught in a room filled with combustible matter, and the whole building was encircled by smoke, and illumined by the glare of the raging flames. Higher and higher they shot up among the black clouds, making "darkness visible." They glimmered upon the forest leaves, and cast fantastic figures upon the swollen waters; yet Leoline heeded not the warning. Why should she? Her heart could never know an anguish after what had passed. It had turned to stone.

"Up, girl — up!" shouted the strange woman, in a voice of thunder. "This is no time for useless repinings. See, the very heavens are kindling into flood and flame. Up, and away, or the next moment will be your last."

Leoline did not heed her words, but clung closer to the dead bosom beneath her arms. A heavy crash resounded through the burning building; the staircase had given way, and the whole body of flame came surging into the room. The woman sprang in, and with one arm wound around the waist of Leoline, disengaged her from the form to which she clung with desperate madness.

"I will not leave him!" she shrieked, in frenzied accents. "You shall not part us! The flames shall be our bridal veil, the blackened ruins our marriage bed."

The flames were speeding with fearful force; the timbers creaked and tumbled, while the tall form of the wild woman, with her struggling charge, could have been dimly seen through the smoke and flame.

"The timbers are falling," she exclaimed; and with one bound she cleared the tottering mass, and turned to gaze upon the crumbling dwelling, with all its glory and its ruin flashing about her. Leoline had fainted from the excess of her emotions, and hung a lifeless burden on her arm. From the crumbling walls she turned her glance till it rested almost sadly upon the pale, white face of Leoline.

"*A blighted heart — a ruined home — a crazed brain!*" she murmured. "That was the oath; and, O God, how has it been fulfilled! And yet she should not have suffered for the crime of another — poor girl — poor Leoline. She shall be happy yet!"

With the strength of madness she lifted her, still senseless, in her arms, and turned towards the Valley Farm, as being the nearest place of safety and shelter. She gained the summit of the hill and sped like an arrow through the arching limbs of the age-bowed trees. Once more she turned to look upon the burning building, while the sinews and cords of her face swelled and writhed with the intense excitement of the scene. The smoke concealed the dwelling like a pall of death, but the sky above seemed glimmering with red and forked flame. She seemed rooted to the spot by some strange infatuation. She looked down upon the helpless woman in her arms, and a smile of derision swept over her features as she murmured, "The day of retribution is at hand! Beware of the avenger!" and turning once more from the smoking ruins, she was soon far away on the path leading to the Valley Farm.

The storm had passed, and the day was just breaking over the eastern hills. Troops of rosy clouds had superseded the dense mass of terror and of blackness. The river glistened and flashed in the rich light; the flowers sent up their perfume to the air; and the sun, rising in all its glory, looked as pleasantly down upon the black and charred ruins of the forest home, as if it had not that past night been the scene of love, and crime, and death. The rich light bursts through the gloom of the forest — it trembles upon the bosom of the river — it drifts down the valley, and up the rocky cliff — it falls upon the figure of a muscular, broad-chested man, tall, dark-visaged, and athletic, who, with a satisfied air, stood gazing upon the yet burning embers of his wildwood home. Satisfied with his inspection, he moves leisurely down the hill, and pauses by the smouldering ruins. He casts a hurried look among the remnants of smoking timber and piles of ashes. His face grows pale and white, for a skeleton, stark and fleshless, meets his earnest gaze. A remnant of woman's apparel drifts from the embers, and he recognizes it as his wife's!

"Free, *free* at last!" he mutters, in a savage exultation. "Now, Nelly Huse, come death, come darkness, in life or eternity, you are mine!"

Gentle, loving, Nelly Huse! God save you from the power of Jean Lemure.

CHAPTER III.

How beautifully the morning broke on the quiet stillness of Wyoming valley! The gentle breeze murmured its low-toned melody among the wakening leaves, while a golden

glow from the rising sun mellowed warmly over the tree tops and upon the distant hills. The warbling birds, the bright-lipped flowers, the very air, coming so fresh and perfume-laden, seemed trying to make amends for the destruction of the storm king. All the long night there had been the voice of prayer within the cottage of farmer Huse; and now that the tempest was past, the good man did not forget to return thanks for the preservation of himself and those who were dearer even *than* himself.

Nelly opened the windows of the cottage, and looked out upon the wreck of the storm. The neat little fence was rent and battered into the earth. The vines and flowers about the garden were all crushed and beat down, and the honeysuckle, which had been her peculiar pride, lay in a tangled mass all along the edge of the cottage, and under the windows where they had been taught to climb. A shadow of deep sadness lay upon her beautiful face, and the tears crept unbidden into her eyes.

"Why, Nelly," exclaimed a pleasant voice; "is *this* your philosophy? Mourning for your vines and flowers?" and the arm of her brother encircled her small waist, while the disengaged hand went straying up among her curls. A sweet, hopeful smile sprang to her face, and she proffered her lips for the usual morning kiss. Suddenly she started from his side — the blood surged up and retreated — and to cover her unaccountable confusion, she took the little pail from the table, and darted out into the worn path leading to the gushing rivulet by the edge of the clearing. Henry followed her with his eyes until her form was lost among the thick bushes, and then turned moodily from the window.

"What the deuse ails Nelly, lately?" he muttered. "No

more confidences — no more pleasant chats — no more rambles. What the deuse ails her? I must have offended her without knowing it. Can it be that —— But, no, no! She could not form an attachment to such a fiend; besides, if she were to marry — marry! — Nelly *marry!*" He paused and leaned his chin thoughtfully upon the gun he had appropriated for his morning sport. "*Nelly marry!*" he mused. "And yet, why not? Sister — *my* sister — and yet, when I think that her love may be given to another, my heart throbs as if it were dying, and it *would* die if she were to leave me. My sister — *sister*, let me remember *that.*" His countenance suddenly resumed an expression of tender regret — of half-formed memory, it might have been, struggling through the mist of years. This tender emotion held possession of his soul but for a moment. "It is strange," he continued; "it comes to me like a dream. I feel it in the presence of that wild woman of the valley — something pleasant, yet indistinct, and some time I shall surprise her, and myself, by catching her in my arms and giving her a tremendous hug — I know I shall — I feel it in my bones; and that *would* be a pretty piece of folly. *My sister!* So like and yet so *unlike* me. The same intense eyes characterize us both; but hers are quiet in their intensity, while mine only kindle into flame amid the scenes of grandeur and of gloom; the same individualities of soul unite us, yet, while hers marks out a quiet existence among her birds and flowers, mine only springs into actual life amid the roaring of the elements, the crashing of the storm — it may *exist* for the few hours necessary for home requirements and home pursuits, but it *exults*, expands, bounds into a higher, broader, stronger life, when out upon the hills and rocks, listening to the grand diapason of the

storm king's melody. The sunshine and the melody for *her* — the shadow and the gloom for *me;* and yet — and yet I need her gentle sympathy, as the old gray rocks need the loving moss clinging about them. I cannot understand it — I *cannot* — I love her — my sister, as I have dreamed the angels love their God — exclusively, unutterably. Pshaw!" he muttered, clearing away the shadow of thought from his open, manly face; "I'll think no more of it. Whatever happens — and God knows in this wilderness of a country there is danger enough at hand, — Nelly will find a strong arm and a stout heart to protect and defend her."

And slinging the game bag over his shoulder, he raised the heavy gun as if it had been a willow sapling, and strode off to his sports upon the cliff. And Nelly — what of her? Down in the forest glade, where the sunlight never came to disturb the deep gloom, the holy quietude of that morning was broken by the low, faint sound of a woman's sigh. Reclining by the brink of the spring, her cheek resting on her bent arm, the poor girl moaned and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. The wooden pail, brimming over with its sparkling wealth, sat unmolested by her side; the song birds chirped in softened cadence, as if in sympathy with the grieved girl; but there was no sympathy in the wide world for a heart so utterly hopeless. She had gone down with desperate determination into the far-off depths of that heart; she had analyzed every impulse, dissected every feeling, and there learned that a love, the more fearful and intense for its very crime, was eating away every true and pure feeling of her life. *She loved her brother;* and O, horrible truth! not with the guileless, heavenly love, which is the characteristic of a *sister's* heart, but deeply, passionately, and with

a desperate defiance of conscience, which was killing her day by day. Down by the musical rivulet, out under the forest shade, by her mother's grave, she had knelt in utter abandonment of remorse and anguish; but still that love haunted her like a demon, hunting her to destruction. To suffer for love is no uncommon fate; for since the world was made it has been the curse of hearts like hers to love and suffer; but *such a love*, and such depth of suffering, are only reserved, thank God, for the *few*. Every man, woman, and child, has a destiny to work out; it is the legacy of our race, inherited from the garden of Eden. We may avoid it, — it follows us all the same; we may struggle against it, — still it pursues us with its clinging coils; we may fight, defy, repulse it, and — submit to its power at last. Nelly had no alternative: she could but yield and — *die*.

The sound of a horse's hoofs broke up the stillness of the forest glade, and dashing the tears from her eyes, Nelly arose and peered earnestly through the tangled branches. The crackling of bushes and the tumult of the tramping steed seemed fast approaching from the other side of the trees which shut her in. Her first thought was of Oneacta, and catching up the pail, with an impetuosity which sent its contents showering over the grass plot, she emerged from the woods, and darted up the valley towards the cottage. The old farmer was standing in the open door, with his hands deep buried in his capacious pockets, whistling a bit of a melody to keep his temper under check.

"So, ho! Here you are at last, eh, Nelly? Why, what the old boy is the matter with you? You are as pale as a water lily, only *more* paler;" and the intended scolding was forgotten, as he looked into her sad, earnest face. "Nelly, what is the matter, girl?"

"Father," she replied, clasping his rough hands between her own, "*is* Henry Huse *my brother?*"

"Why?" he asked, in a tone of merriment. "*Why*, Nelly, ain't he good enough?"

"*Is he my brother?*"

"O, ho: I see how it is. You've been quarrelling, have you? That will never do. It will be all right agin when he comes home."

"Father, answer me truly and sincerely, for I cannot believe it; is Henry Huse my brother?"

"Of course he is — to be sure he is; and barring that he ain't worth a blessed thing but to tramp over the mountains, he's the best boy in the wide world; and only that he won't mind a word I say to him, there never was a more dutifuler or lovinger child than Henry — bless his dear heart! He ain't to blame for his wildness, not he — came honestly enough by it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Father, *how* honestly?" exclaimed Nelly, gazing at his merry face.

"How honestly? Ha, ha, ha! Look at *me;* ain't I wild? and couldn't I clamber over mountains, and shoot all sort of beastesses, only I pity the bears and the panthers, poor dears! *Your brother*, indeed! I should think so;" and a merry laugh pealed over the Valley Farm. Farmer Huse *had* a pair of lungs, at all events, if he had no other refinement.

"Father," exclaimed Nelly, wildly; "it cannot, *must* not be."

"*What* cannot be, and what must not be? Come, little gal, I'm afraid Henry has given you the horrors."

"Henry *must* not be my brother."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, that's a good 'un, at this time of life! *Musn't* be your brother. Well, I'll tell him so, sartain; but

as you were not present when he was born, and as it is rather too late in the day to ask your consent *now*, why, I'm afraid you will have to own him; but tell me, what's the matter atween you?"

"I love him — love him — *love him!*" and Nelly looked hopelessly in the face of her father.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!" shrieked the farmer, in a tempest of mirth. "Well, well, well, well! Did I ever? No, I never! Love him! — of course you do — of course you do! You *should* love your brother."

"*Not* as a *brother* do I love him; *that's the agony!*" murmured Nelly.

Again the hearty laugh went rolling from the mouth of farmer Huse, as if the confession wrung from his daughter's heart was just about the funniest thing on record. Nelly gazed in wonder upon the old man.

"You see, Nelly — ha, ha! — ho, ho! — you see this brother of yours is ——"

"Well, father; well!"

"Hello! What's that?" he exclaimed, as a magnificent horse dashed through the opening in the forest. "Curse me if it isn't that damned wild woman. Lord forgive me for the relief of swearing. What the devil has she got in her arms now?"

The rein was thrown loosely upon the horse's neck, for the arms of his rider encompassed the form of a fainting woman; but as if by instinct, or some mutual understanding, he came cantering across the clearing, and drew up at the door of the cottage.

"Good morning, farmer," exclaimed the woman, sliding down from the horse; "good morning, Nelly. Why, you look

paler than this poor thing here on my arm, and God knows that's needless. Have you got a room to spare for the present, till something can be done for her? It is Lemure's wife," she muttered, exchanging glances with the farmer. "The lightning scathed her cottage last night, and left her as you see her now. She has not opened her eyes since; but there's life enough left yet."

Nelly led the way to a quiet room, away from the noise of the laborers. The farmer was following, but the wild woman pushed him back, laughingly.

"Come," said she, "go to work; we don't want you to help us. What an old granny you would be if you could, wouldn't you, old fellow?"

"Well, I would," he replied, with a very comical expression of face. "But tell me ——"

"Nothing! There, shut up and clear out, will you? The woman may die while you are chattering;" and slamming the door in the face of the curious farmer, she laid her burden gently upon the bed, and soon was repaid by seeing the languid eye unclose in consciousness. "Don't let her see *me*," she whispered; "it will only agitate her;" and moving to the door, she motioned Nelly, and again whispered "Take care of her — guard her well — her destiny and yours are strangely interwoven. Take care of her!" and gliding out, she leaped upon her horse, and cantered off to the edge of the forest, where farmer Huse was now chopping away furiously. He heard her approach, and for a moment the bright axe was held suspended in the air above his head; then bringing it leisurely down, he suffered it to rest, with one foot upon the half-demolished log, till the hoofs of the horse were nearly trampling him down.

"Take care!" he exclaimed, dropping the axe and scrambling out of the way. "That horse of yourn had just as lief walk over a feller as wink. Well, what is it all about?"

"You'll be silent?" questioned the rider.

"Dumb as a door nail."

"If you don't know any thing, you can't tell any thing."

"*Exactly*," replied the farmer, determined not to express too great an anxiety.

"And if I were to tell *you*, you would be as wise as I am."

"*Exactly*; but I shan't tell if you explain, and I *can't* if you *don't*."

"*Exactly*," laughed the strange woman, imitating the bluff tone of the farmer, and giving her horse the rein, she was out of sight before he could make a second answer. He looked after her a moment, took up his axe, and run his finger over the edge to see that it had lost none of its keenness, and muttering, "Devil take that horse," began to cut away at the log again as calmly as if nothing had happened.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sun is sinking in the west, lighting up with its last beam the rocky grange and the linked mountains which guard the slumbering valley. Its beams tremble upon the forest leaves, and lie in little pools of gold upon the greensward. It spreads a gorgeous halo over the valley, and brightens up the humble dwelling of Richard Huse; and yet but one little week has passed since that quiet valley was busy with fierce savages bent upon human life. The waving grass and the beautiful flowers are trampled alike into the ground, and one can almost scent the blood upon the evening air. What the

incentive for this strife had been, none knew, none could devise, save the wild woman, from whose keen glance even the secrets of the savage hearts were insecure. Jean Lemure held unbounded sway over the fierce tribe that were scattered over the mountains. Jean Lemure had pleaded, and been refused — had threatened and been defied; and with a feeling of wounded pride blazing along with the life current of his heart, he had wrought up the excitable savages to superhuman and fiendish malignity. In the quiet of the night, cabin after cabin had been entered, and its unconscious and helpless inmates murdered in their slumber. So quiet, so still had been the deed of blood performed, that not one voice, not one shriek startled the echo, or proclaimed to those around the fate of their friends and neighbors. One cottage alone was unmolested — that of Richard Huse. And when morning came, the sturdy farmer stood beside the scene of blood dumb and motionless with horror, while the very heavens were shrouded by thick clouds, and all the earth around grew more sad and silent for its burden of human gore.

"It is a dream — a dream — a dream!" he muttered, rubbing his eyes, as if to assure himself of his own identity. "No, no! there are the dead bodies of my old friends, bundled together like so many logs! It is too terrible — too terrible. Savage devils, I tell you this night's work of yourn must be paid for yet, in good red blood. I alone will call for revenge!"

"And that call shall be answered, farmer Huse," said a voice at his side; and a tall, muscular man, in the dress of an Indian, stepped out from the shadow of the cabin. He raised his arm in solemn oath, and dropped it gently upon the farmer's shoulder.

"There are men, bold and brave, in the fastnesses of these mountains — men that will revenge this wrong, meet the murderers face to face, and exterminate this band of malignant savages. True hearts and stout arms shall strike for vengeance; but I must have my reward."

"And that is ——" murmured the farmer.

"*Nelly Huse,*" and the eyes of the speaker shot forth a strange, wild light. "I have seen her — watched her — protected her — loved her — no, not *loved* her — *worshipped* her as never before was woman worshipped, and she must be mine!"

"*Oneacta!*" exclaimed the father, in surprise.

"She *must* be mine! I have said it. There are none left now but you in this wilderness, of all the band who accompanied you hither. Your life, your safety, demand a surrender of this only thing the earth holds dear to me."

"My life is nothing — a withered reed ——"

"And to preserve that reed your child will give herself away. Oneacta, take me! I cannot bring you *love;* but you have saved my father. My brother — I must not think of *him!*" she murmured, "or I shall grow mad again." And turning to Oneacta, she placed her hands in his, while a convulsive shudder swept over her frame.

The old man, too overcome to speak, or too agitated with the late fearful occurrences to reflect with any degree of judgment, hurried into the cabin, and buried his face mechanically in his hands, as if to shut out approaching thought. Still Nelly stood, with her hands clasped in those of the strange man, while her eyes seemed burning into the sod at her feet. His wild, fierce eyes were on her, and his voice melting into her heart; yet she could not have told one word he was saying.

"Do you remember the time when my eyes first beheld you, Nelly?" he questioned, at length. She *did* remember, for a shudder agitated her whole form. His voice was sweet and musical, for it came drifting up from the pleasant memories of the past. "Do you remember it, Nelly?" he repeated.

"O, I cannot — *cannot* love you, Oneacta," she murmured.

Regardless of her interruption, he continued: —

"Crushed and mangled by the fallen tree which nearly proved my death, I was borne, I know not how, into the cottage on the Valley Farm. It was night within and without; but the morning came, and in the dim light I saw a woman's form — so pale, so beautiful, so spirit-like in her quietude, that I instinctively raised myself from the low couch, and gazed wonderingly at the lovely vision. Nelly, from that moment I loved you. Not as those love whose affections are nurtured by habit, or grow into the spirit from infancy, but with a strength and brightness which sprang into my heart like a star, irradiating it with beauty and religion. One glance at your quiet face, one beam of your spiritual eyes, and love became a vital part of my life."

"And yet I cannot — O, I cannot love you!" she pleaded.

"From that hour I became your shadow; haunted your walks; dwelt evermore about you, and yet you knew it not. Yes, Nelly, for you I left my home, spurned the caresses of my wife — you need not start — I should not now be pleading love to your pure ears were she still living. I became what you know me now to be — a leader of a band of savages, and all that I might protect *you;* for you had grown into my heart, and I could not cast you out. I loved you, Nelly — loved you with a love which danger could not affect, indifference could not daunt — that made a mockery of fear

or death — that urged me to become an outcast — to overleap all human forms and aims, so I could call you mine."

"*Yours* I will be; but O, I cannot — cannot love you."

"I know it," he murmured. "Could you but love me, there is not on earth a deed I would not dare for your sake — a danger I would not surmount — a triumph I would not achieve. Nelly, there are lands and halls far away over the wide waters, where the sunshine falls forever, and the flowers spring uncared for and unbidden. And I, the owner of those broad lands and princely halls, here clasp the unwilling hand of her who is the dearest thing to me out of heaven, and plead for a return of your affection."

"O, I cannot give it. It is *not* mine to give!"

"I look upon your face with a sentiment I never knew until its beauty maddened me. I breathe words of passionate wildness into your ear, which never fell from my lips before into the ear of mortal woman. I plead with you for one glance of hope, as a murderer would plead for his forfeited life; and yet in my heart, mingled with its love, is an awful will — a desperate resolve. You must be my wife!"

"I will! I promise you, by my hopes of that happiness hereafter which has been denied me on earth, to be yours — your wife — but I cannot love you!"

"Be it so," he murmured; and for a moment Nelly felt his arm winding closer around her waist. She did not repulse him, but yielded tamely — hopelessly. Releasing her gently, and leading her to the door of the cottage, he raised her hand respectfully to his lips, caught her eye for a moment, and disappeared as noiselessly as he had come.

That flashing eye! I have heard of mesmerism, but there was something *more* than mesmerism in its piercing glance.

It was the overshadowing of a will by a stronger impulse. And for years after, the memory of that one moment's glance was the keenest impulse in the heart of Nelly Huse.

CHAPTER V.

"I CANNOT love him — O, I cannot!" murmured poor Nelly Huse, as she tottered slowly forward, with an unsteady gait, and sunk helplessly at the feet of her father.

"My poor girl," he replied, "my poor Nelly. There, dry your dear wet eyes; you shall not be a sacrifice to save my life. It is not *that*, Nelly; but what would become of *you* if I were gone? Alone in the wilderness — alone with the savages, and in the power of that man, who would make you his wife, but so failing, would only stop short of devilish inhumanity to make you his slave."

"Not *that*, father," exclaimed Nelly, in a tone of proud defiance. "Nelly Huse, weak girl that she is, could defend her honor from fifty such *men* as is Oneacta. But father, who is this man? He dresses like the Mohawks, and yet his clear, white skin and wild blue eyes forbid the thought that he is of their race. His language, too, is eloquent and refined; so soft and musical that but for an impulsive fear, which I cannot comprehend, he would force me to love him; for if ever man worshipped woman, Oneacta worships my poor self. Who is he?"

"A mystery, and almost a shadow. I only know his power with the Indian tribes which infest the country hereabout is unlimited. He may have abused that power — I think he has; and yet — and yet — Nelly, do as you will — the best for us all."

Nelly would have answered, but her restless eyes had caught the form of her brother, just emerging from the opening in the forest. Her gaze became riveted — her bosom heaved with a convulsive throb.

"*Nelly!*" exclaimed the father, following the direction of her eyes. It was morning, and the glad sun and the free air mingled dreamily together around and upon the meadow; and lighter than the fresh breeze, and happier even than the wild birds around them, came the forms of Henry Huse and Namaocre, sauntering leisurely towards the cabin.

"What can this mean, I wonder?" queried the surprised farmer, as Henry with his pretty charge entered the door of the dwelling, and drew her trustingly to his bosom.

"It means," replied Henry, "that I have brought you another daughter; I have brought Nelly a sister. Will you love her, Nelly?"

"*Love her!*" she echoed in bewildered tones.

"Love her — teach her to love you. She has every thing to learn. I met her in the forest day after day and week after week, and this morning, with the view of murder before me, I sought the camp of the Mohawk chief, and urged my claims to his child."

"And he" ——

"*Here* is his answer!" and Henry drew his arm still more confidingly around the slender waist of the amazed Indian girl.

Starting from her blank unconsciousness, Namaocre looked wildly from side to side with fear and wonder, and then raised her shy, surprised eyes wonderingly to the face of her lover. Her hair, dark and glossy, hung loose over her shoulders, and with each motion of her graceful head, it quivered in the sun-

light like the ripples of a shadowy lake. There was a bold, wild beauty in her features, precisely *Indian* in its tendency, and even the heart of Nelly warmed to the stranger, who clung with such protecting fondness to her brother's arm. Namaocre, essentially a child of the forest, suffered the caresses of Nelly with a half-pleased, half-frightened look; and in her turn, began to play with the golden ringlets, and examine, with curious minuteness, every portion of the dress, so new to her uncivilized imagination. Satisfied with her examination in that quarter, her shy eyes roved curiously around the cabin, and rested at length on a small mirror, which was one of the few relics of civilization Mrs. Huse had preserved in her forest home. With a low, sweet murmur, and an exclamation of — "*Water! Water!*" she flew to the glass, and touched feature after feature in it, wondering the while that it did not dimple up beneath her pattering hand, as her little looking glass of a lake would have done. She bent her lips to the surface of the glass, and started back to see her mirrored face and lips advancing to meet her own. She drew Henry up, and touched, with childish glee, his forehead, his eyes, and lips, as they were mirrored before her. At length she pushed him hastily away, and peered curiously into the glass. Another form was visible — another face peering over her shoulder. The rough old farmer had advanced so softly that even her quick ear had not detected his footfall. With a muttered exclamation of terror, given in her own language, she shrank wildly from the rough form in the glass, and in so doing tumbled into the outstretched arms whose clasp she was trying to avoid. This was too much for the risible faculties of farmer Huse, and a loud, free laugh — such as in happier days had startled up the forest echoes — broke from

his listened mouth. Namaoere struggled for a moment, as if life and death depended upon her extrication: and when his arms were unclasped, she flew from their embrace like a frightened bird, and sped down the valley and into the forest with a step which scarcely touched the earth. At the entrance of the wood, where the little path wound around a grove of maple, she paused, and looked shyly back at the cottage she had left in the distance. Henry was on her track, and motioned her to return: but with a terrified look, she again started rapidly off up the jutting rocks, and disappeared among their broken peaks. Henry followed in the distance, and taking a shorter path, which led round the foot of the hill, he was at the wigwam of the Mohawk almost as soon as herself. He explained, as well as he was able, from his imperfect knowledge of the Indian tongue, the cause of Namaoere's flight. He pleaded with her to return; but she evaded him, and crept close to the form of her father, peeping cautiously out from the folds of his robe; but no inducement, no pleading could urge her to leave the wigwam again. She suffered Henry to caress her, but still clung to her father's robe with terrified eagerness.

Finding all effort useless, and not being very desperately in love with his wild Indian bride, he bowed to the chief, who had remained perfectly passive the while, and left the forest home with a greater feeling of relief than one would have imagined, under the circumstances, he would have been likely to experience. He had lost his bride, to be sure, and it was rather mortifying to return without her; but then, if the old farmer indulged in a laugh at his expense, he was sure of Nelly's sympathy.

While Henry was trudging leisurely home over the rocks,

Namaocre kept her post among the furs of her father's robe — he never deigning to notice or encourage her. There was a shade of perplexed thought upon the hunter's face, and not a little mirthfulness, as he paused upon the hill, and looked back at the Mohawk's wigwam.

"I'll try once more," he muttered, between a laugh and a frown, and again retraced his steps over the rocks.

The smoke was curling up through the trees, making fantastic figures in the air above them, and the stillness around the dwelling was almost painful. He gained the door, and stood for a moment in its frame of leaves. A smile lit up his face, and with a low whistle he turned upon his heel, and was off like an arrow from a bow. His lost bride and her father were both asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

"*Miserere mei!*"
"Alone in utter woe!"

This burden of the poet's heart might have been written as an illustration of the utter hopelessness, the utter dejection of Nelly Huse.

"My eyes are full of tears,
My heart is full of pain,
To wake, as now, again,
And walk as in my youth the wilderness of years."

So exclaimed our own sweet singer, Stoddard, for *singing's* sake, and so felt poor Nelly Huse, as, with head leaning on the low window sill, she awoke from a pleasant dream to the consciousness of her position. A month had passed since her word had been plighted to Oneacta — a month, with its misery to her, and its happiness to her future husband. The Valley

Farm, too, in that month had shaken off its scent of blood, and bloomed again with all its original freshness. The old farmer in that month had regained his cheerfulness and composure; and Henry, too, had quite forgotten his Indian bride, or remembered her only to smile at his folly. To all but Nelly the month had been one of pleasantness and peace. Away up among the rocks, the perpetual sound of toil and labor was rife; and oftentimes when the winds drifted down to the valley freighted with echoes, Nelly would close her eyes with a shudder and grow very pale and sad. It was *her* home, in preparation for *her* presence. There was one relief connected with its advancement — it kept Oneacta from her side. He must superintend its progress, and see that nothing was left undone, which could advance the comfort of his forest flower, when she should have been transplanted to its walls. *When* she should have been transplanted! Would she ever live to be removed from the soil where she had grown from childhood? Or, so living, would she not wither day by day, and droop at last upon the fresh sod?

The month had passed, and the last night — *the last* — she would ever pass under the roof of the valley home, had come, with its shadows and its gloom. In the morning she would be the bride of Oneacta — his wife. In the morning she would look her last upon the valley, swelling away and away, with its wealth of green, into the very arms of the forest. She would go up to her home among the rocks, and leave the cottage, so full of memories, so full of home treasures. How dear and more dear these treasures grew to her heart, as one by one she recounted them over, and bade them farewell! The old arm chair, wherein her father had sat for years, when the evening came, to read the chapter from the well-worn Bible; the

little glass wherein her mother had arranged, with quiet precision, the pale auburn tresses around her gentle head; the hunting gear of her *brother;* — no! she would shut her eyes and her heart, she would not see or think of *him*, or aught belonging to him. He might have saved her. He might have forbidden the marriage with Oneacta. Was he not her brother — fearless in every *other* purpose, yet bending his stubborn will to the requirements of Oneacta? Had he not told her the union was proper — was best for them all? To be sure, he had strained her passionately to his heart, even while he counselled her to the course she was pursuing; but it was his *sister*, and he was to lose her companionship. The more she dwelt upon his strange manner, the more hopeless and sorrowful she became.

It was the last night at *home*. Twilight lay like a dream upon the valley. She arose from her revery, and stood for a moment in the open door.

"How beautiful — how beautiful!" she murmured; "and to-morrow I must look my last upon it."

She parted the wet vines, and stepped out upon the door-step. Every spot around the valley had some sweet memory associated with it, and seemed beckoning her out to bid farewell. She passed quietly down the little worn path, and paused at the little brookside where she had so often filled her pail, when her heart was as light and free as were its dancing waters. The ripples were quiet now, and only the voice of the running stream answered to her pleading *farewell*. A homesick sob agitated the leaves above her head, and they in their turn seemed to murmur to her stricken spirit, *Farewell — farewell*. A little sumach grove, where years agone her brother had built her a miniature stone chapel, waved pleasantly

just up in the edge of the oak wood. "*For the last time*," she repeated, and tears started in her eyes; and the next moment she was in its charmed circle. The walls of the chapel were still there, but the roof had long ago tumbled in, and over the aperture a mass of clinging vines had twined themselves. The old gray rock, which had been its foundation, was covered with rich green moss, and the little rosary and cross, which her brother had strung for her from the scarlet plums of the checkerberry, lay like a band of coral upon the tiny altar. It was a trifling circumstance in itself, and had been almost forgotten for years; but the sight of it now — *now* that she was leaving its locality, dissipated the firmness she had been trying to assume. She caught the rosary to her lips, and kissed it passionately. She bent her head down upon the soft moss and wept bitterly. Her sobs were echoed from another portion of the grove, and rising to her feet, she detected the form of her brother, — the brother she was leaving *forever*, — and threw herself wildly and hopelessly upon his bosom.

"O, do save me! — *do!*" she exclaimed passionately. "Is there nothing I can do to appease him — nothing but *this?*" Henry shook his head mournfully. "If I could die *now*, with your arms about me!"

She paused in her frenzied speech, for Henry was unwinding her clasped hands, with an assumption of firmness which he could scarcely command.

"It is best for us both," he repeated, as he had often done before. It was his only argument — "*It is best for us both!*" Why it *should* be so, he never saw fit to explain. But he kissed her again and again, even while repulsing her, until another voice was mingled with theirs, and the wild woman stood before them. The blood flushed to Henry's face, and

he turned fiercely towards her, with an exclamation of anger.

"Why do you keep perpetually upon my path? Go where I will — do what I will — *you* are sure to make your appearance. I shall hate you soon if you haunt me so much."

"No!" she replied, fixing her eyes fondly upon his irritated countenance. "Not *hate* me, Henry — that would be unnatural. I come for Nelly. It is late, and to-morrow — come, Nelly, come."

Passively Nelly gave her hand to her strange conductor, and left the spot endeared to her by reminiscences of childhood, and doubly endeared by this last interview with her brother.

CHAPTER VII.

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear;
They were born to blush in her shining hair!
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth —
She has bid farewell to her father's hearth!"

The fresh flowers *were* braided in the shining hair of Nelly Huse — the flowers her own hands had planted. The bursting buds were gleaming out through tangled curls and laying their bright lips lovingly upon her pale cheek. They were wreathed around her brow, and dotted all over her delicate muslin dress, which had been the present of the wild woman — where obtained it was impossible to guess — certainly not in that wilderness. The birds never sang so joyfully in the sunlight, the brook never flashed so merrily, or the forest leaves whispered so lovingly, as on this morning — the morning of the marriage of Nelly Huse. It was the hands of the wild woman who arranged the long, shining curls, and wreathed

them with flowers; and it was the lips of the wild woman which rested — O, so fondly, when all was completed for the sacrifice — upon the brow of the passive victim.

As for farmer Huse, he seemed mad with joy. He capered from room to room like a pleased child; he sang bits of old time melodies, and whistled merrily as he was wont to do when engaged with his axe in the forest. In the nighttime he had been tramping the woods with the wild woman. Such an indiscretion for a man of his years, one would be inclined to doubt. It was true, nevertheless; and as he returned with the Mohawk chief, and a large portion of his tribe, it is to be supposed that he had other incentives for such an act besides the pleasure of her companionship.

Even Henry seemed to have caught the fever of joy; and, like the farmer, vented his gladness in occasional bursts of melody. He caught Nelly in his arms, dressed as she was for the altar, and crushed a dozen buds out of the long curls, for which the wild woman nearly *scolded* him; but changed her intention, and kissed him instead. He did not repulse her this time — not he; but kissed her back again with a hearty good will. It was time to restrain his mirth; for Oneacta was seen dressed in the habiliments of civilization, coming up the path in company with the old white-headed missionary, whose home had been for years among tents and watchfires. Nelly shuddered and clung despairingly to her brother; but he only murmured, "*Courage, Nelly — courage,*" and led her to a seat by the open window. He turned to call the wild woman, but she had left the room; so he remained standing by her side while the party entered.

One by one the party entered the cabin, and nothing now remained but the simple service which should link for-

ever two hearts so unlike in their propensities. At the request of the missionary, Nelly arose with desperate firmness, and took her station by the side of Oneacta. Her mournful glance rested for a moment upon Henry, but it only met a frank, joyous smile in return.

"He will not regret me," she thought; "why should he?" and her eyes filled with tears, which she forced back again upon her swollen heart.

All eyes were now turned upon the bride and bridegroom, for the deep, full tones of the missionary were heard demanding if any there were present who knew sufficient reason why the parties before them should not be united.

"*I do!*" shouted the wild woman from an opening door. "*I do!* I forbid the banns — I claim that man as my lawful husband — I forbid the banns — I accuse him of the betrayal of innocence, and curse him *now*, as I did *then*, when the shadow of *a ruined home* — *a broken heart* — and *a crazed brain* was falling upon me."

"*Oneacta!*" exclaimed Nelly in surprise and alarm.

"*Jean Lemure*," shouted the accuser, and her eyes flashed defiance to the fierce scowl which distorted the features of the betrayed man — "Jean Lemure, do you know me *now*? For years I have waited for this hour of revenge — for years — *years!* Now I can crush your heart as you did mine; for you love this girl — *love her! you*, the demon of the valley, love its sweetest flower, and that flower I gather from your reach, before your presence blights it and scatters it to the earth." Nelly had sprung to her embrace, and lay in the circle of her arms, palpitating — dying. "A doom has been upon your pathway, and I told you so then," she hastily continued. "Whatever you touch, sickens and dies; wherever your eye

rests, desolation springs to life. *A ruined home — a broken heart — a crazed brain!* Do you remember it?"

"Your husband," sneered Oneacta, or rather Jean Lemure, for it was he, who, under the disguise of a Mohawk, had so strenuously sought the hand of Nelly Huse.

"*My husband!* Is there any thing strange in *that?* Is it so singular that one bent upon deception should be *himself* deceived? The man you thought to bribe was lawfully empowered to marry. But what of that? You cast me off to the scorn of the world, as your mistress, and broke my mother's heart. *Your* word was given, and what had I, a poor helpless girl, to urge against your power and wealth? Nothing —nothing; so I sought to hide my unmerited disgrace in a foreign land; but I left my *curse* with you. The news came to me, even here, that another trusting girl was to be your dupe. I returned home in time to see her dressing for the altar. I told her of your treachery, and left the shadow of *my* inheritance falling upon her — *a ruined home — a broken heart — a crazed brain;* and it was meeted out to her! Her grave is where the ripples of the Thames float away to the sea, to be, like her, forgotten. Again the news of another purposed marriage reached me. Again I sought the bride, and breathed *my* doom into her ear — *a ruined home — a broken heart — a crazed brain.;* but she heeded it not, and *there* is its fulfilment."

The wild woman softly as was in her nature opened the door to an adjacent room, and started back in dismay. Upon a bed of coarse, though scrupulously neat material, lay all that remained of Leoline Lemure. Her home was ruined, her brain crazed, and her heart *had* broken. She was dead—

had passed unnoted into the presence of Him who hath said, "*Neither do I condemn thee.*"

For a moment the missionary raised his pleading eyes to heaven in the utterance of a half-breathed prayer. For the four weeks she had been lying ill in the cabin of farmer Huse, he had been almost incessantly by her side. He had prayed with and for her, and he could but hope that his pleadings had been effectual.

The sight of his wife, pale and cold before him, revived a portion of the affection Lemure had once felt for her; but there were eyes upon him; so he mastered all emotion, and turned again, with an air of defiance, to the wild woman.

"Now," she said, "as the missionary is here, he may as well complete the work he has begun."

Nelly turned an imploring glance upon the speaker; but she only smoothed over the dark curls with her large hand, and drew her still more fondly to her bosom. Jean Lemure advanced to the side of his bride.

"Well," she muttered, "what do *you* want?"

"My bride," he answered; "my wife."

"Shut up and clear out, you — you laughing hyena — you devil in human form. I would sooner cast the poor girl into flood or flame than trust her to your mercy — you, whose greatest weakness has ever been to think every heart priceless but the one you have won. No! Nelly is destined to be the wife of Henry Huse.

"*My brother!*" murmured Nelly, in bewildered tones.

It was no time for words, for his arms were clasping her — his small white hand was laid lovingly on her head, as in olden times, and his kisses were on her face, and neck, and brow.

"This is fearful — this is horrible!" exclaimed Jean Lemure.

"My boy — *mine!*" continued the wild woman, heedless of the wondering crowd. "Tell me, Henry, do you remember aught beyond your forest life?"

"There have always been detatched memories floating through my mind," he replied, "more like half-forgotten dreams than palpable forms. I have felt their presence most in storm and darkness — wild, vague enthusiasm, which I could scarcely comprehend; yet there has ever been to me a harmony in the grand and sublime."

"You *could* not have remembered it, boy — you *could* not," she murmured. "That night of terror and desolation. It is the only inheritance your mother bequeathed to you. You were born on the ocean; amid the tempest and the whirlwind, the crashing of masts and spars, and the shrieks of helpless, hopeless wretches. The child of the storm and the wreck — the offspring of a moral and physical tempest, born amid the battling of the wind and waves — imbued with wildness — gathering life from desolation, and strength from the maddened elements; and yet they thought to clip your wings, and wondered that you could not grow tame and plodding like the rest of them. *My* boy — *mine!*"

"*And mine?*" questioned Jean Lemure.

"Look at him as he stands there now, in the clear light. The same intense eyes, the same clear complexion; but *there* the likeness ceases; he is *mine*, not *yours!*"

"It is false!" exclaimed the enraged man. "It is all a trick to defraud me of Nelly Huse. She shall be mine in spite of you or the devil!" and advancing a step, he whispered in the ear of the Mohawk chief; but to his surprise, he

received no reply, while the Indian continued with his eyes moodily fixed upon the ground.

A laugh of scornful meaning sounded harshly through the cabin, and the wild woman hissed in the ear of her betrayer, "*Your* power is ended — it is *my* victory now. Leave the valley and the adjacent hills, and you are safe from molestation. Remain another day within the circle of the Mohawk encampment, and I will not answer for your life — certainly not for your liberty."

"*And Henry?*" he questioned, willing to gain time for thought.

"Is my boy. The old farmer who protected him when his mother had no home to give him, must in his turn be protector."

Lemure left the cabin without another word, and from that hour was never heard of in the vicinity of the Wyoming valley.

There is a legend still extant upon the shores of the Hudson, of a strangely powerful man, who came and dwelt among the early settlers. All known of him was, that he had been a resident of Wyoming valley; but the influence he gained, and the arts he used to fascinate and destroy, marked the life-track of Jean Lemure.

My tale is told. Why should I write more? A pleasant grave, among the blossoms, was dug for Leoline, and its sod watered by the gentle tears of Nelly Huse; and in a few weeks after, the pious missionary was again called to the farmer's cabin, while she, with the sanction of *her* father, and Henry's mother, gave her hand where she had struggled so long and unsuccessfully to restrain her heart. A happy home was the cabin on the Valley Farm! Henry never quite lost his

wildness of habit, and sometimes, for days and days together would, in company with the wild woman, scour the rocks and hills for miles and miles around; but Nelly had been accustomed from infancy to this peculiarity, and devoted herself to home duties and home requirements during his absence.

The old farmer could never be any thing *but* happy. There was a melody in the ringing of the axe; and while his strength lasted, he was incessantly employed in clearing and improving the homestead; for, as he very wisely remarked, Henry knew as much of agriculture as an elephant did of hatching chickens.

Namaocre became the wife of a chief of a neighboring tribe, and in due time learned to love Nelly, and even permit the old farmer to pat her cheeks.

Years and years have come and gone since the incidents of the above story transpired. The valley has been the scene of massacre and blood. Old houses have been torn down; yet here and there, dotted like landmarks upon its bosom, are thatched cabins, time-worn and decayed, whose inmates tell the story of Nelly Huse and Henry Lemure, and boast of their own descent from the wild and hardy settlers who were once, a long while agone, sole owners of the beautiful VAL FARM.

A DAY AT MOUNT AUBURN.

READER mine, come with me into the shadows. It is not often you get from me so sombre an invitation, for I love best the glow and sparkle; the bloom and the sunshine; the gay and the glad concomitants of happy life; but there are moments when the spirit, forgetful of the outwardness of glittering thought, enters the deep wood of feeling; when the heart beats truer and quicker, and the soul drinks in the draught of others' woe as it were its own.

Come with me into the shadows! through the warm sunlight which rolls down over the massive gate looming up there like another "bridge of sighs" at the entrance of this "garden of the dead"! through the old cathedral's aisles, walled over with shining leaves and clasping limbs, where the summer light creeps in through interstices, and lays in little pools of gold upon mossy mounds! through the long, leafy arches, which darken and darken as you pass along, until your heart grows cold with awe, and you wonder if in all the world there is a spot where so much of gloom and grandeur, of sunshine and shadow, of flowers and graves commingled, as *here*, in beautiful Mount Auburn! We will not pause here, for there are little brooks sleeping in perpetual twilight; paths leading through flowers and trees; vines clambering over graves, and clinging to the senseless marble, as the love of the living clings to the memory of those slumbering beneath it, all wooing us to their presence. We pass along lines of interminable trees, and still there are other trees before us; we leave innumerable beds of flowers, to find other blossoms, as bright

and fragrant, greeting our senses; we pass a thousand monuments to gaze upon as many more looming up in the distance. Relatives, over whose sorrow years have passed, come with bowers, instead of tears, to deck the solemn mound, and we ask, doubtingly, perhaps, Can the dove of peace ever again fold her wings upon the heart once desolate and *death robed*? You, whose thought, and soul, and sense cling to some earthly idol, will answer, *Never;* and yet — well, we will not anticipate. If sorrow did not drown itself, the grave of love would be over full of victims. "*Dust to dust!*" if we have never before felt the meaning of those words, we feel it *here* — here, where life and love go out together; where the crushed heart lays down its load of suffering, and where the weary are at rest. How the marble slabs gleam out through the luxuriant foliage like pure thoughts and good deeds through the mass of worldly intents and purposes! What exquisite taste, what beautiful adornment, and what a volume of faith, hope, and constancy is written in three words upon the tomb before us — "*To My Mary*"! Through the long, dark shadow which her death had flung upon his heart, the eye of faith could pierce, and proclaim her *his* in a life beyond the tomb. *His!* The fond arms would never again twine themselves around his neck — the dear voice would never again brighten at his approach, but over all and above all, there was an earnest, unwavering reliance in the promises of "Our Father," who hath said, "I am the resurrection and the life." And so, although the shroud-fold is around her, and the roses blooming above her, — although, year after year, summer has come, and autumn has faded, and winter whitened the leafless branches, — yet there it gleams, that memorial of faith and devotion, "To my Mary!' I have somewhere read of

the poor idiot who flung his cloak over a sunbeam, and *faith* made it hang there. Shall less reward be meted to him who smiles in the face of death, and claims his treasure beyond the grave? A little farther on, and we pause before a fresh lot, newly enclosed, where the smooth turf tells us that as yet no tears have moistened its soil. To *you* there is not even a thought-maker in that untenanted ground, while I cling closer to the sustaining arm of my companion, knowing that when its sod is broken *my* heart will be hurled before it. Let us pass along. I know that earth is all around us, but I cannot bear to think that in time the few dear ones of *my* love will be claimed, as others have been. Those who love most suffer most; why should I be exempt? "*Little Franky!*" That epitaph must have been wrung from a sorrowing *mother's* heart. False prophet of hope, that had whispered of years to come, when that little dimpled fairy should have been the star of promise in her now desolate home! In two words her heart had told *all!* Little Franky! never more to pillow that tiny head upon her bosom — never more to smooth back that golden hair from the sweet brow of childhood — never more to thrill beneath the pressure of that lithesome form! What was it to her, that the crowd might gaze, and wonder, and forget? She cannot push the reality from her own heart. There is a table there whereon is engraved all that is too often paraded before the careless eye. *She* knows his virtues, and knows, too, that "to sleep well we must all lie down in such a bed!" Happy "Little Franky!" sleeping beneath the flowers, before the cares of life had taught him how desirable was such a rest. In this enclosure rests the poetess whose sad, sweet songs are in the heart and on the lip of half our country; and yet no headstone marks the spot. Out of the many

mounds which circle together, how shall those who loved her know under which her dust reposes? Is this to be the end of fame like hers? If so, the attainment is hardly worth the struggle. The name of Frances S. Osgood deserves to be written in gold. If we cannot say, "The churchyard hath an added store," we can confidently believe "Heaven has one spirit more!" Are you tired? Well, some evening, when the careless feet of the hurrying crowd shall have left the dead to their solitude, we will come again. There is much yet to dwell upon, and many lessons to be learned of those who have folded away the shadow of earth from their spirits, and gone home! but now — here we are once more, on the sunny side of Mount Auburn, with the cool breeze playing with the leaves, the last sunbeam lighting up the tree tops, the bright sky bending over us; and so we part company, (lucky for *you* that no weary-looking blue eyes hasten your retreat, as they do mine) neither of us the worse, I trust, for a day at *Mount Auburn*.

TO ONE AFAR.

THOU art not here! The midnight stars are paling
And drooping one by one from out the sky!
The night wind comes to me with wilder wailing,
As echo of my heart — thou art not by!
Yet like the stars my heart and hopes are creeping
To that dear home where thou, my love, art sleeping.

Thou'rt all my own! for, like an angel's blessing,
Slumber her woof of dreams hath o'er thee thrown!
Dost thou not feel my lips to thine now pressing?
Are not my arms entwined amid thine own?
Ah, blessed sleep! I too might share it, only
Thou art not here, and I am more than lonely.

It may be, dear, that I am only dreaming;
But life hath grown more pleasant than of yore;
And from thy lips love hath a holier seeming,
And life more hopes and aims than heretofore:
It may be, there will come a dark to-morrow,
And my heart waken to a world of sorrow.

My spirit moans for thee! I cannot hush it!
Its pleadings haunt the stillness of this hour!
My heart is in thy clasp! Ah, do not crush it
As a wanton plaything, or an idle flower!
Morn may restore the flower, its bloom departed —
But there's no morning for the broken hearted!

THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

Just as the sun has found out that I'm not to be melted and the mosquitoes that they can't carry me off bodily, it occurs to me that the nice young man wouldn't be a bad subject for a portrait. Here he is, as large as life, and twice as natural! Trot him round once more, Sarah, and let the admiring crowd gaze their fill. There is something of him besides whiskers and a pair of boots, I can tell you, and they don't get such a treat every day in the week. Hair brushed to within an inch of his life, clothes immaculately dusted, boots

in which puppies "can see other puppies besides themselves," scented gloves, caned — or ought to be — the wonder of the world, and the especial admiration of — himself. It has never been satisfactorily ascertained what the nice young man was made for, although the supposition is, that he came over in Noah's ark, with the rest of the beasts. Trot him round once more, Sarah. That will do. The nice young man dotes upon conquest; all is fish that comes to his net: old or young, rich or poor, married or single, children in pantalets and old women in spectacles, maidens of a questionable age, and maidens whose age is past being questionable — all are fair objects for his fascination. Not that he is to be caught by any thing but a golden bait. O, no! But the golden bait never dangles in his pond; so after travelling the whole wilderness, he picks up a crooked stick at last, marries the entire family of some pretty piece of calico, who can't write her own name, and becomes the progenitor of a race of nice young men.

THE NICE YOUNG WOMAN

Goes to bed when other people are getting up, dotes upon Don Juan, and thinks he must have written Walker's Dictionary; copies all the faults and none of the virtues of cultivated women; wonders where pork and beans grow, and thinks it singular that eggs don't break in falling from the trees; covers the legs of her piano, and shuts the moon out of her bedroom because there is a man in it; prides herself upon delicate health, and always gets up a nervous fit when

there is a handsome fellow near who understands her case; adores Italian music, and never could live through an English opera; calls mamma "our cook," and wonders whom her dirty little brothers belong to; falls desperately in love with a pair of incipient mustaches; gets up a flirtation with its boon companion; splits the difference by romantically eloping with a bosom friend of both parties, and comes to her senses some fine morning by finding herself deserted, her pocket empty, and a long life of wearisome labor staring her in the face! Who shall say this is not the fate of many a full-blooded nice young woman?

A NICE YOUNG WOMAN FOR A SMALL PARTY

Can talk love, politics, poetry, or religion, by the jug full, if necessary; can reason, and define, and argue, and judge, as well as any other man, when occasion requires; knows how to make pickles, and pies, and puddings, and preserves, and knows how to *eat* them too. Loves like all creation, and hates like thunder; knows nothing of half purposes, and cares to know less; is here, there, and every where in a minute; don't mind facing a storm to comfort a sick friend; isn't afraid of the measles, and don't think the small-pox is catching; can face any thing but the devil and a strong-minded woman; don't mind taking half her sweetheart's chair, or half of his precious self, before folks if it comes handy; thinks if a man is worth preferring, he is worth showing preference for, and

don't care who knows it; wouldn't break her heart if she *should* get a walking ticket; knows the sea is full of good fish, and has immense faith in her bait to catch them; goes to church with the man of her heart; looks the parson full in the face without a ghost of a blush, says "*Yes*" to the "love, honor, and obey" business, loud enough to be heard all over the house; goes to her *new* home as calmly as she would go into her mother's kitchen, sets things to rights, makes her husband's tea, toasts his bread, and takes her honeymoon as coolly as if instead of being the bride she is, she had been a wife ever since Glidden's mummy was a baby. That's the woman for my money. Trust her for getting through the world with the bright side uppermost. Apollo and Diana! how for *her* sake I wish I could write myself Mr. Somebody!

THE WATER SPRITE.

Vision of beauty! peerless and bright,
What dost thou here from the realm of light?
What dost thou here in a world of shade?
Here, where the bright are the first to fade!
Birds are asleep in their leafy bowers —
Star-gleams are rocking to sleep with the flowers —
Moonlight, and murmur of musical rills
Are weaving a halo o'er meadow and hills!
But moonlight will vanish and blossoms decay;
So, maiden of beauty, away, away!
Why dost thou pause like a glorious dream,
Bending above the enamouréd stream?
Why does the fire in thy dark eyes glow?
Why throbs the pulse 'neath thy breast of snow?

Passion around thee enchantment brings;
Fettered, alas! are thy glorious wings:
Lost as thou art in love's maddening bliss,
Little thou dream'st of its wretchedness!
Better the sea, with its billowy swell,
Should crush thy heart in its wave-washed cell —
Better thy willowy limbs, sweet girl,
Were laid to rest on their bed of pearl!
For *love* — 'tis a gleam of the setting sun
Through a flood of gold when the day is done;
Faint and more faint droops the purple light,
Till the heart is *alone* in a rayless night;
Maiden of beauty, *beware, beware!*
Thy joy will turn to as wild despair!
Rouse thy deep soul from its dream of bliss —
Yield never more to love's glowing kiss;
Free thy proud heart from the tyrant's sway —
Maiden of beauty, away, away!

WHAT KATY DID,

OR MR WATKINS'S WIFE.

KATY certainly did — there's no mistake about it; and if all the tribe of winged creatures who glory in contradiction should take up the tone, and scream in shrill chorus, "*Katy didn't*," still would I most emphatically assert that Katy "*did*." Now I've known Katy ever since she was worth knowing; moreover, I'm going to tell *what* she did, and it would puzzle my antagonists to say what she *didn't* do! Narrow-minded and ignorant persons had just as lief take the wrong as the right side of an argument, so they have a full swing at contradiction;

there's no mistake about *that* either. Well, as I said before, Katy certainly did.

Wild, dark, shy, passionate Katy! Nobody ever thought it of her, she was so reserved, so sensitive, and shrinking; so conscious of her own outward deficiency, and so fearful for its influence. When she was quite a child, before they were sensible of the dangerous seed they were sowing, she remembered to have heard her parents say, "How very plain!" and now that she had grown to be a woman, with all a woman's pride, knowledge, and love of admiration strong within her, she could not resist the desire to scan her face, feature by feature; and, often as she would thus indulge her morbid pride, would come up to her own lips the old repulsive words, "How very plain!" Once, when, with a particularly bitter tone, she had given utterance to the accustomed plaint, a bright, handsome face glittered by her own in the mirror, and a saucy, musical voice whispered in her ear, "Not so *very* plain, Katy, not with that pair of eyes."

En passant, if there is one thing more than another which a lady has a particular dislike to be caught at by a lover, it is the bewailing of any *physical* unattractiveness. The chances are ten to one that he gets a "walking ticket" in consequence. As the above remark is not copyrighted, lovers have my permission to pin it in their hats.

Any other lover but Willie Watkins would have melted down like a tallow candle beneath the indignant blaze flashed upon him from "that pair of eyes."

Not he. There he stood tapping his boot with a little cane no bigger than a feather, and looking so comical and so saucy, that if he had had *me* to deal with instead of Katy, he would have got a good boxed ear one minute and a kiss the next, to show him I was in earnest.

"Are you aware, sir, that this is my private room?" exclaimed Katy, as soon as she could bring that provokingly plain face of hers into any thing like composure. Mr. Watkins was evidently *quite* aware of the fact, but he made no move to vacate it for all that.

"Katy, you are handsome — *to me.*"

There it was again. She was handsome to *him*, and he knew well enough she was homely to every one else.

"I love you, Katy; nobody else will ever love you *so well.*"

An impatient gesture of the hand was her only answer.

"There is not a being in the wide world I love *but* you — not a thought of happiness but is of and for *you;* not a pleasure or association I would not sacrifice for your dear sake."

The saucy, comical look was all gone now, and he continued: "For two years, I have pleaded with you for a word of hope, as a felon would plead for his forfeited life; I have borne with your petulant exactions, because I thought in time to tame the self-deceived girl into a trusting woman."

"*Did you?*" was Katy's sarcastic reply.

"And *now* ——" No wonder the drooping lids suddenly lifted themselves from above those great flashing eyes. Katy certainly had glorious eyes; bad luck to the man or woman they pounced upon in anger.

"Well, sir, and what *now?*"

"I'm going to be married!"

The blood danced a hornpipe from Katy's face to her heart, and from her heart back again, before she ventured to speak.

"That is no affair of *mine*, I take it, Mr. Watkins," she finally found words to say; and wishing him a very good morning,

she sauntered leisurely from the house, and was soon seen entering the summer house at the foot of the garden.

"Well, I — there — if ever — a little ugly, snappish — a thundering ——"

I don't pretend to know what he was trying to make out, but it was evident he hadn't made the *ten strike* he was aiming for.

"Homely as a hedge fence too!" he continued, ranting up and down the room. "A hundred girls that I could marry if I liked, and yet I must break my heart — for I *am* doing that same — because one — *the* one — will not or cannot give me back the love I waste upon *her!*"

Suddenly the old saucy smile lit up his handsome face, and pulling a letter from his pocket, he interlarded its reading with such exclamations as "Capital," "Just the thing," "I'll do it;" and replacing it, he left the cottage of Katy King without so much as once glancing at the summer house. His thoughts, if they could have been translated, would have read, "You've done that business once too often, my lady — it's *my* turn now."

And of Katy.

Gentlemen readers will please skip over the next dozen lines or so, as I have a word or two to say in private to the *ladies.*

Don't you believe the half Willie Watkins said about love and devotion, and all that. A likely story that he could have left *her* there in the summer house expecting every moment to have him on his knees to her if he *had.* The fact is, ladies, men think they must say all sorts of extravagant things in courting time — all very well for the gingerbread work; but you just try them a bit, like Katy did, and see how soon they will aspire to the whip hand, or bolt the match. Katy did

expect him; you or I would have done the same thing, and *have* done it, many a time and oft — at least *you* have; my experience is somewhat limited in that regard; but I am ready to believe any thing that's reasonable where the heart is concerned.

Katy *did* expect him, and sat bolt upright, with her lips primly closed together, and her arms folded over each other, after the most approved style of indignation patrons. With what severity she would receive him! with what haughtiness she would refuse him! and then — why — a — if he was *quite* humble and penitent for being abused, he might kiss her hand. Ah, Katy knew when hearts were trumps, if she *was* homely; mind *that.*

After so much preparation, and a speech prepared for the occasion, for all I know, it is to be expected that the neat little figure of Willie Watkins, tripping down the street, instead of to the summer house, as in duty bound, had a tendency to sweeten the temper of the watcher. I wouldn't say it, only that I am writing a true story; but Katy, more than any one I know of, could get up the largest quantity of discomfort at the shortest possible notice; and with all her inconsistencies, she *loved* Willie — nay, more, she worshipped any object his *hand had touched* more than ever she could love any body or any thing else in all the world; but that horrible bugbear of homeliness was destroying her confidence in herself to win, and in him to be won. He was her life, soul, religion — her only conception of paradise. Had the whole world censured, reviled, or mocked at her, she would have laughed at their insolence; but should those earnest blue eyes rest upon her reprovingly, her proud, high heart would have cowered at his feet, so he *knew* it not, and silently wept for the pain he

suffered. The village might have been exterminated, her associates might have been dying or dead around her, and she would have judged it a natural consequence; but should one pang, mental or physical, disturb the calmness of that dear white brow, her very spirit would have been wrung, until it would have forced up blood for tears.

Silent and unrecognized by him, this intense love had grown, until, even while her whole life was made up of petty annoyances, she would have gone through flood and flame to save him from what she was incessantly bearing — unhappiness. Her spirit revelled in all the worship and idolatry of a pagan, while her *outer* self was a mass of pride and cold ex action. *You* may not understand this double phase of character, but I *do*, for I have recognized it in more than Katy's case.

I do not quite know the nature of her feelings, after the last shadow of Willie Watkins had passed from her sight. Possibly, at first, it was fierce anger, then wounded pride, and, lastly, heartbroken love; not that she believed the words, so lightly spoken, of his intended marriage, but that she could not beat down that tyrant, distrust, which frightened the words of affection from her lips.

The dew had already begun to fall, and was glistening in the grape vines, when Katy returned to the house. She had lived a little lifetime in those few hours, and the result had been to make her, if not a more hopeful, at least a better woman.

It was nearly his hour to visit her. With what deep and cherishing tenderness she thought of his words, now grown doubly dear — "*Nobody will ever love you so well as I do!*" She felt a certain shame for her own false pride — a certain

sorrow for the unkind part she had played towards him. She would tell him she loved him, even if he thought it unwomanly — even if she repented it, in bitterness and tears, the next moment. She would break down that barrier of reserve, and trample it in the dust at his feet. She would tell him, from her full heart, if it would give him one moment's joy to hold her to his bosom, — that dear haven she had so longed for but never reached, — to take her there, crush her, and let her die, with his fond arms about her.

Ah, Katy was handsome enough *now!* The light of love illumined her face, and sent a wilder fire to her glorious eyes! Her heart palpitated with a delicious sense of joy! Coldness, harshness, and distrust were all lost — all gone, and, for the first hours in her life, she was a *true woman!*

Poor, deceived Katy! the simple possibility of his loving any one but *her* never for a moment crossed her mind; the possibility that he might weary of her constant coldness never entered her heart; and when the night passed, and the cold gray dawn came streaming in at her chamber window, it fell upon the calm, pale brow of an earnest, hopeful, loving woman. Poor Katy! she "had sown the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind." And the weeks passed as that night had done, only with this difference — hope had turned to despair; until one morning there came a letter, containing a few simple words, stating that as *she* had declined the honor of an alliance with him, he should have the pleasure, that evening, of introducing her to *Mr. Watkins's wife! His wife!* and *he* to write it in that strain of *badinage!* His wife! He had never loved *her*, after all! He never could have done, to have married any one else. And she must see them together, day after day; she must recognize another's claim to his future — that future

wherein she had hoarded so much happiness! But the past — *that*, at least, had been hers; they could not rob her of the little life of love she had hedged round by seeming indifference; they could not take from her the consciousness that he *had* loved her more than any one else ever would.

Like one in a dream, Katy moved around her home during the fatal day that had wrecked her bark of happiness. "If I suffer he shall not see it," she murmured; and flinging herself upon the lounge, overcome by the exhaustion which follows great sorrow, she soon lay in a deep and heavy sleep.

The sun was just setting when she awoke, and, with an indistinct sense of something sorrowful, she arose, and gliding to the window, threw it open, and stepped out upon the balcony, to which it led. Her mother was already there, in animated conversation with some person in the garden beneath them, whom she could not see.

"Who is it, mother?" she whispered, turning pale as death.

"Only *Mr. Watkins's wife*," was the gentle reply, accompanied by a curious expression, which for a moment startled Katy.

Only Mr. Watkins's wife! That glad, gay, beautiful girl *only* Mr. Watkins's wife! She had come out now from the shadow of the balcony, and stood like a radiant vision between Katy and the light! A slight toss of the saucy little head sent a shower of golden curls quivering around her neck like so many runaway sunbeams, and a merry, girlish laugh broke up the silence, and drifted away in detached echoes.

"O, you are Katy, I suppose," she exclaimed, upturning her sweet, happy face to where our heroine stood in utter amazement. "Willie says I must love you very much, for *he* does;" and again that singular expression overspread her mother's face.

"Mr. Watkins is very kind," replied Katy, *so* haughtily that you could have sworn her capable of doing the *freezing* for the whole village.

"Wait a bit till I gather a bouquet for Willie, and I'll join you;" and off the little fairy flew, as if her feet were as light as her heart.

"I cannot bear it — I *cannot* — mother, send her — *them* — away — do you hear — at once!" exclaimed Katy; and in another moment, she had gained her library, and flinging herself upon the floor, had given vent to a passionate burst of weeping.

"O, God help me — God pity me!" she exclaimed, in a tone of wild entreaty. "*Now* I know what it is that opens walls for maniacs, and graves for suicides!"

"*Katy!*" that voice! she would have known it out of all the world, for its rich, musical tone. That hand which rested on her forehead! that fair, soft, *woman's* hand — it could belong to no one but Willie Watkins — the *married man!* At another time, she would have flung it from her, with just contempt and scorn; but *now* — it was so sudden — so unexpected — and she was so reckless, desperate, and heartbroken, that, knowing its sinfulness, she caught it to her lips and heart, and sobbed over it like a grieved child.

"O Willie — *my* Willie still! If you had only been patient with me a little while longer — if you had only made allowance for my pride — this sorrow never could have come upon me! Willie — *my* Willie! though all the world should come between us — mine now — *mine forever!*"

With almost a woman's tenderness he gathered her to his bosom, and for the first time their lips met in an earnest, passionate kiss. What was it to her that the rashly-taken oath

gleamed up like a watchfire in the desert of her despair! What to her were honor, peace, happiness, or reputation? *He* loved her — she was sure of that; and his arms were clasping her around, as if they would imprison her forever! *With him!* she cared not where, or when, or what lay in the future! She was wild — mad — with but one thought, one hope, one *name*. in her heart — *Willie.*

"I need not tell you, Katy, how I have loved you," Willie began, when her grief had somewhat subsided. "Night and day, at home or abroad, sleeping or waking, *you* were the star of my life. Others might have thought you plain, cold, unlovable; but to *me*, in spite of your haughtiness, you were every thing holy and desirable; and until hope deserted me, I never dreamed of the possibility of loving another."

Katy clung closer to his bosom, as if striving still to shut out that horrible possibility.

"And now, when it is too late, you would sacrifice home, friends, reputation, for the man that, scarcely a month ago, you tried to chill to death with your assumed coldness. Was it well?"

"But I loved you through it all — *all!* You were my dream, as I was yours; my idol, as I was yours; my destiny, as you shall be *now*." And again her arms wound around his neck with passionate vehemence, and her head nestled more closely within its sinful shelter! Katy was delirious: how could she resist the only joy she could ever know again?

"O, dear, bless me — don't mind *me* in the least," exclaimed the merry voice of Mr. Watkins's wife, who had entered the room unseen. "I really beg pardon; and as three are bad company, particularly when *one* of the three happens to be *one's* wife, I'll be off."

"Stay!" said Katy, flashing upon the bright girl a reckless and audacious glance.

"This may seem strange to *you*——"

"O, dear, no — not in the least. Willie told me how it would be!" interrupted the unconcerned wife.

"And *you* to love him! and *you* to marry him, when you knew his heart was another's——"

"Well — but he promised——"

"Now hear *me!*" and with a defiant, voluptuous smile, Katy clasped the hand of her acknowledged lover, and pressed it to her lips. "Where *he* goes, I go! where *he* lives, I live! when *he* dies, I shall die!"

"Well, who the mischief cares? The sooner the better, if I'm to be teased in this way, just in the honeymoon, too."

No wonder Katy's eyes grew prominent, for there, side by side with the injured wife, stood her mother, looking very grave, but still wearing that odd expression of countenance.

"The fact is, Katy," said the little one, "I'm tired of *acting*. I *am* Mr. Watkins's wife, but with all due respect to *your* opinion, *your* Willie there can't hold a candle to *mine*. *There*, the murder's out; you can commence killing me just as soon as you please."

This last remark was addressed to Mr. Watkins, the original, who, from all appearances, one would judge, was any thing but in a killing humor!

Katy, cold, passionless Katy, gazed for a moment from one to the other, as if doubtful if all was not a dream, and then, horror-stricken at what might have been a terrible crime, fainted in the arms of her lover! It was a cruel lesson, but the only one which could have truly taught her the secret of

her own happiness. Katy loved him the more for what she had suffered, and although there were but few in the neighborhood who actually knew *what* Katy did, there were enough to say, "How changed she is!" and, "How beautiful she grows!"

There was a wedding amongst us, some months afterwards and if there are any of our readers who don't suspect the parties most interested in it, I leave them the Yankee privilege of guessing, merely premising, by way of a *wind up*, that nowadays, there is nobody in our village so beloved and so respected as — *Mr. Watkins's wife.*

LITTLE EMMA MEAD.

'Mid the fringe of Sunday twilight
Sat the friends I love and I,
Watching daylight's lengthened shadow
Fading from the western sky.
Silent sat we; I was thinking,
As I watched the darkling leaves,
How life's ills were all forgotten
In those happy Sunday eves.

Down the track of years departed
Stole my spirit silently;
Scarcely mourning that its idols
Crumbled from my heart away;
Scarcely pining that a shadow
Settled round them, for it lends
Brighter light to those about me —
Less than kindred, more than friends!

Suddenly my dream was broken:
Like the heart-song of a bird
Came our darling baby, breathing
Music in each tone and word.
With the light of three bright summers
On her heart and in her eye,
Ah, how could we choose but love her
More than aught beneath the sky?

Prattles she with childish wisdom,
Pushing back her curls with glee,
Asks she many a puzzling question
As she climbs her father's knee.
Each one thinks their *own* the brightest;
But we *know* — my friends and I —
Every other baby's shaded
When *our baby* passes by.

Should you see her when the morning
Breezes lift her golden hair,
Should you see her when at evening
Fold her little hands in prayer,
Should you see her when the noontide
Lends her cheeks a warmer glow,
None among you all would wonder
That we love our darling so.

Loved and loving, all-confiding,
God above, we trust to *thee!*
Heavenly Father, guide our treasure
Safely over life's dark sea:
Strew her path with thornless blossoms,
Sweep the storm clouds from her sky,
Guard, O God, the darling of the
Dearest friends I have — and I!

THE WARNING DREAM.

"I'LL think of it, Willie — I'll think of it;" and the earnest, startled face of Alice Dale turned hastily to the window, to conceal the rapid flush which was gathering upon it, and the pleasant face of the supplicant assumed its old look of wonder and perplexity, as its owner, with a hurried, agitated step left the room, and sauntered leisurely down the little path leading to the river.

The color faded out of the cheek of Alice, and she leaned heavily against the window, and followed with her eyes the slight, graceful form of her young lover, until the dense trees shut him from her sight. Only a little week before, and she would have bartered all her hopes of earthly happiness for one word of love from the lips of Willie Wilde. That word had been spoken with a wild, passionate vehemence, which could have left no room for a single doubt of its sincerity; and yet she had received it with a startled, terrified glance, and a deprecating "I'll think of it, Willie," which spoke of surprise, terror, *repugnance* perhaps — but *not* of love. True, he had preserved her life at the hazard of his own, and she had clung to him in that hour of gratitude with tears and sobs, and it might have been the glad, passionate joy which beamed from her eyes, as she lay helplessly upon his bosom, which emboldened him to give utterance to the thoughts that had haunted him like an unattainable dream for years of his young life. There was a long step between their positions in society — the step of poverty. Willie Wilde was active, proud, ambitious, but poor; Alice Dale, gentle, affectionate, loving, but an

heiress; and if she ever thought of her inheritance, if she ever prided herself upon her riches and her power, it was, that through their possession she might — *not* win his esteem; she would have scorned that — but that she might in some way, unknown to him, perhaps, soften his dark future, advance his present interests, and make that easy to him which seemed so difficult to attain — the acquirement of fame and popularity in the artist life he had chosen. They had been children together — always with that long step of poverty and pride between them — and Alice remembered how she had first seen him, a handsome, passionate boy, weeping upon his dead mother's bosom, refusing all attempts at consolation, until *her* hand rested upon his, so momentarily that another might almost have doubted the proximity; but with him it struck a chord which never after ceased to vibrate to her touch; and she remembered, too, how pleadingly he had murmured, "Love me, Allie — I'm all alone now;" and she had loved him with a shy, girlish love, which even dark forebodings of his restless, wandering impulses could not subdue, which even the tongue of scandal, coming barbed with rumors of dissolute hours and vicious companions, could not shake. She would not judge him as the world judged him. Why should she? They could only take a pitiless, scornful view of his faults. She only saw the sweet gentleness which should be extended to them. They could shut their eyes to a knowledge of his human virtues, and see only his human frailties. She could only comprehend his virtues, without their attendant frailties; and so in time, the love of her heart grew into blind, unconscious idolatry. The less he was to others, the more he became to her. The less the kindness and consideration extended him from those about them, the more assiduous were her attentions and courtesies;

yet always stopping within the bounds of friendship — always loving, yet never seeming to love, until, between hope and fear, the heart of the young enthusiast grew weary; and to silence its murmurings, he proposed a long absence from the village, to aid him, it was said, in his studies.

And the night had come — the last night of their pleasant companionship; and he had asked for hope in the future — that future so dark and trackless; he had pleaded for one word of love to carry with him into his voluntary exile, and she had answered him carelessly, coldly, "I'll think of it, Willie." If she could have found words for the deep thoughts within her heart, if she could have given vent to the smothered wildness upon her lips, the spirit of Willie Wilde would not have turned away so bruised and chilled, but would have sprung into hope and joy, like a bird to its wildwood nest. If she could have recalled him, even, when he had turned so sorrowfully away, there might have been something of hopefulness in that slight act; but her coward heart refused even that small crumb of comfort to one for whom she would have died.

"It is because I love him," she murmured, and the wild, passionate thought sank down into her heart again, like a pebble flung into a quiet stream. Loved him! he might have seen it in the strange earnestness of her anxious eyes, in the violent throbbings of her troubled heart, and more than all in the marble paleness which superseded the old, sudden blush, when he spoke of his departure. For hours and hours, Alice Dale sat by the open window, under the shadow of the honeysuckle, and the night came, and the moonlight lay in an unbroken sheet over the meadow, down to the very brink of the river, where its brilliancy was lost in a fringe of shadows. She leaned from the window, and looked out upon the earth

and over the waters. The clear stars shone down upon her, and the flowers sent up their fragrance on the passing breeze, and the waves glittered in the warm light; but between her and the stars, between her and the river, between her and every object in heaven or on the earth, she saw nothing but the dear form of him who had loved her from infancy, whom she had loved from infancy; yet whom, so loving and so cherishing, she had suffered to leave her, perhaps forever, without one word of the kindness — of the affection thus struggling for utterance. All at once there rushed over her spirit a violent flood of regretful feeling. What would life be to her, and Willie Wilde away? How would she bear the lonely, weary years which must intervene before they could meet again? What if he should love another — not as he had loved her, but in his yearning for companionship, some one else should usurp her dominion — should become his wife? She started impetuously from her revery, with an echo of his own passionate vehemence, and passed out upon the same path that he had trodden but a moment before. Her woman's nature was gaining its strength; she would see him once more, whatever the result might be. She felt a certain shame in the acknowledgment she was about to make; but she could not part with him; only let her see him once more; only let her tell him how grateful she had been; how she had loved him from the day she lay in his arms when he had saved her from the falling tree; and the future was in his hands — to do as it pleased him, the best for them both. She passed rapidly over the rough, broken ground — over the flowers gleaming in their freshened beauty — over the clinging bushes which lay between her home and the humble dwelling of Willie Wilde; for she was on a mission of tenderness, and

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tenderness gleamed from every object about her. A sound of voices startled her from her imaginings. She paused, spell-bound by the sight which met her earnest glance. Willie Wilde stood leaning against a tall tree, with his hands clasped in those of a young girl whom she had never met before — a girl so strangely beautiful, that she almost expected to see her vanish like a dream. The murmur of their words, but not their import, reached her listening ears. They must have been of pleasantness, for a bright smile flashed over the face of the animated girl. She turned to retrace her steps, but her limbs refused their office. She saw him gather her more closely in his arms, as the incarnation of the old ideal loveliness which he worshipped in any form — she saw him press his lips upon her cheeks, and lips, and brow, and her own eyes closed away from the sight; but she knew that they had parted, for she heard the crackling of branches as he passed near her side; and when she again opened her eyes, she saw only the river, and the sky, and the wood, as she had seen them on that long agone day when Willie Wilde had caught her from under the branches of the falling tree.

And he came again the next morning, with the shadow of that lovely girl's kiss fresh upon his lips, and renewed his suit to Alice Dale; and she received him calmly, coldly, without the accustomed blush which had always heralded his coming. She told him she had thought of it — that her affections were not concentrative enough to fix themselves upon one person with any degree of safety — that she could not love him (O, mockery of a heart that could so belie its nature!) as he ought to be loved — as she should desire to love the man she married — that they were better apart — better living free, and in friendliness, than bound together by ties which each might

wish at some future period were broken. She told him his happiness would ever be dear to her — that whatever lay in her power to aid him he might at all times command; but not one word of reproach escaped her lips — not one intimation of the scene she had witnessed the night previous; and he turned away with a bitter smile, refusing even the small white hand extended to bid him God speed. She watched him from the window, as he passed down the river path, until her head grew dizzy and her eyes blinded; and then she saw no more but a jumble of trees, hills, and rocks, rolling together in a confused mass. And for weeks and weeks after, she lived in a bewildered dream, conscious that loving, pitying friends were around her — conscious that kind voices were murmuring to her — but always knowing that the voice and the face of Willie Wilde were not of their number — always feeling that the one presence needful was missing — until at last her senses assumed a more tangible form, and she was pronounced out of danger, although held from the grave by the slightest possible tenure. In a few weeks more, she was able to walk out to her accustomed haunt by the banks of the river, and morning after morning found her gazing into the clear depth with eyes which saw not even the pale, sad face mirrored there; and as she watched the ripples dancing first in the light, then in the shadow, she wondered if in all their seeming gladness they were conscious of the change that had come over her since the last time she had paused to gaze upon their brightness.

But a deeper, darker trial yet awaited her. Willie Wilde was to be married to the beautiful girl, whose memory had never left her for a moment. Vague rumors of the approaching nuptials had reached her, but not until he came himself and told her of it would she credit the announcement, and then

she smiled a glad, pleased smile, and Willie Wilde thought of it, and pondered over it, and at last felt sure that none, of all his friends, felt happier for him than did herself. He did not hear the silent moan, the unheard prayer for strength, the wrestling with the strong spirit for that forced assumption of calmness which seemed so real; he only saw the outer placidity which had drifted over her heart, like the waves over the shattered wreck, and so seeing, he could not dream of the ruin beneath. And the morning came for the consummation of that union which was to set the seal of despair forever upon the tomb of hope; and her smothered wildness and suffering had caused a slight fever, which would keep her within doors. She sent her congratulations to the happy pair — was too ill, unfortunately, to attend the ceremony — would pray for their happiness now and forever — but that her strength would not allow her to indulge her wishes.

The morning came, and the marriage peal sounded joyfully upon the still air, and over the village, and was echoed among the far-off hills. With a restless, tottering step she hurried to the window, and gazed anxiously up the path leading to the village church. Groups of happy faces were peering curiously in at the open door, and beyond them all, she could see the bride and groom, in their triumphant beauty, standing before the sacred altar. The bells had ceased to vibrate — there was a pause of a few moments, and then the glad chant of the organ told too truly that all was over. In another moment, the same smiling faces were hurrying from the church, and taking the different paths to their village homes. The sun which had shone so brilliantly all the morning became obscured; the shadows of the trees fell gloomily across the meadow, and when the carriage which contained the wedded

pair flashed rapidly past, she crept from her concealment, and wept, and prayed, as those weep and pray who have seen the last star fade from their shrouded sky of happiness.

Only He who reads all hearts knew how wildly and bitterly Alice Dale pleaded with him for death, on that, to her, fearful morning; and yet she lived through it all! Through the agonizing desire for the companionship lost to her forever — through the knowledge that her still unconquered love was basest crime — through the certainty, that in the cold, dark world she had looked her last upon happiness — and O, more than all, through the trial of meeting *him*, day by day, the husband of *another*, — she had lived through it all — and through years of loneliness, uncheered by a single gleam of sunshine. True, every body loved her as something more than mortal, she was so humble, so self-sacrificing. Her home was by the side of the suffering and the sorrowful — her energies were devoted to winning for those about her the blessing she never could enjoy herself — happiness. The deserving poor were relieved by her bounty — the sick were nursed by her own hands! Every where that good could be effected were the steps of Alice Dale directed, through calm or storm. But a change was at hand, which would turn the current of her feelings into another channel. The village had been unusually gay, and the brilliant, petted wife of our artist Wilde had grown more beautiful, more brilliant — but, alas for her husband, vain, frivolous, and unprincipled. Home had no longer any pleasure for her — her husband's love no longer any attraction. Her nights were passed in frivolous dissipation, her days in dreamy inactivity; and Alice saw it all; and if the shadow of grief was ever lifted from her heart, it was when his loneliness and his isolation made her forgetful of her

own sorrow. "If he had been happy!" she would urge, in extenuation of her own wandering impulses — if he had found peace and comfort, it would have mattered little to her whether she lived or died; but to see him so patient, so uncomplaining, under the injuries heaped upon him by the one of all others who should have cherished him, made her regretful for herself — regretful for the false words she had spoken — words which had placed an irrevocable bar between their lives. And so she lived on, day after day, through all her trials and temptations — not daring to trust herself in his presence, lest some unconscious word should escape from his lips, on which she could hang the burden of her own wild impulses — not daring to look him in the face, lest he should read the secret nestling in her heart. And the days were dreamy and monotonous, and the years were like the days, always bringing with them the same sensation of despondency.

It was a clear, beautiful morning, with the sun lying in a sheet of gold over the meadow, and the birds singing, as if in the world there could be nothing but the echo of their own joyousness, when a servant entered, and placed a letter in the hand of Alice Dale, bearing the village postmark. All the morning she had sat mournful and vacant, hoping nothing, and fearing nothing; but as she gazed upon the well-known writing of Willie Wilde, over her spirit swept the same wild torrent of grief, which flooded it on the evening she had seen him for the first time with the beautiful girl by the brink of the river. And when that was past, she opened the letter, which had already become saturated and blotted with her tears. There were but few lines, and those few carelessly and hastily written.

"Come to me, Alice," it said. "You, who are so kind to

every one else, will not refuse the plea of an old friend. Little Willie is suffering, dying! Of all the miseries that have ever fallen upon my heart, this is the heaviest." She refolded the letter, and sat gazing vacantly upon its direction. "Of all the miseries!" she murmured. He, too, then, had been miserable. He, too, had suffered, perhaps with her own intensity of suffering; and she would answer his appeal in person; she would sit by his side, with her wild love, guarded and smothered into seeming death. She would watch with him, and try to soothe the sufferings of the bright, beautiful boy, over whom he had watched with such jealous tenderness. Almost mechanically she arose, and attiring herself for walking, left the house, and was soon at the dwelling of Willie Wilde. She had been expected, and without an announcement she was shown into a room adjoining the one in which the sick child was placed. The door was partially open, thus enabling her to see what was passing within, herself unseen. The little face was nestling down among the pillows, so pale and white, that but for a perceptible respiration, it might have been mistaken for death itself; and above it bent the slight, graceful form that she remembered gazing upon with such reverence in their days of freedom and happiness. The reckless mother stood carelessly by his side, robed for her morning ride over the hills to the adjacent village. An instinct of jealousy and dislike fell like a bar of iron across the heart of Alice. She felt wronged, oppressed, and grieved, and was glad when the pleading tones of Willie Wilde broke up the bitter train of thought which so pained her.

"Don't go out this morning, Emma," were his pleading words; "you see how pale and wan he is."

"All fancy," replied the unfeeling woman, drawing on the

remaining glove, and turning listlessly to the door. "The doctor says his fever has turned, and he only requires rest to make him well again. I'll make my ride short, this morning, if you like, though I suppose Mr. Wilson will scarcely consent to that;" and with a light laugh she left the room, and was soon seen from the window, galloping over the hills with her handsome escort, much to the scandal of the village. For a moment her husband gazed after her in blank amazement; then an unmitigated contempt shadowed his face, passing slowly away into a feeling of deep sorrow, as his anxious eyes turned from the window to rest upon his suffering child. How still and quiet every thing seemed in that lonely room! The measured tick, tick, of the little clock upon the mantelpiece, seemed more harsh and monotonous than ever to the stricken-man. He bent over the restless boy, who had been his only companion the three short years of his life. He thought of the first dawn of intellect in that young mind, and how he had nourished it, and had striven to develop it judiciously, that in after years he might not regret the charge. Then, by one of those imperceptible changes which we cannot control, his mind wandered back into the past. He thought of Alice, sadly and regretfully, and of the difference there might have been in his lot, had she loved him as he had loved her — then came the sudden revulsion of feeling, the vision of his loneliness and sorrow — the fear that the only link which bound him to earth would be broken by the death of his beautiful boy. He looked around the room with his anxious, sleepless eyes, and saw nothing written there but the word desolation. He looked upon the features of his child, which had been imperceptibly settling into a rigid calm, and read too plainly that chilling syllable — *death;*

and with a bitter moan he clasped his arms around the senseless form of his dead idol, and wept as if his heart was broken. And what of Alice? Pale as the lifeless boy upon the bed, she stood looking upon that man and his despair, and in the whole wide world she saw nothing else, comprehended nothing else, but that he was grieved. With an irresistible impulse, such as must have visited every heart at some moment, she glided to his side, and clasping her arms around his neck, murmured, "Dear, dear Willie!" Her spirit was so broken, her heart was so wild, that there was room for but one idea in her soul — to share his grief, if possible — if not, at least to soothe its bitterness.

"If my own heart's blood would bring him back to you, Willie, if my own life could restore the life of your darling boy, you know how soon it would be given."

Willie Wilde started from his seat, with a wild, glad exclamation of joy, and caught her suddenly to his bosom! He had hoped in the years that were gone that she had loved him — now he knew it — was sure of it — the secret was revealed — revealed in such a fierce storm of grief, that he could not, if he would, disbelieve it! She might shrink from him now, as she did indeed — no matter; he knew she loved him! She had clung to him with an unmistakable impulse! She had repented it, but she loved him — had loved him through all the years of their estrangement; and he held her in his grasp, so madly joyful, so fiercely triumphant, that her efforts to escape him were worse than useless!

"Don't fear me, Alice," he said. "Don't fear me! Sit beside me, and lay your head upon my arm. No harm can come of it. Love me as one tortured, isolated human soul can love another! Don't struggle, Alice! You love me! You

cannot take that knowledge from me — it is in your heart and mine, darling — only in your heart and mine, and you will not weigh our happiness against the scruples of an ill-judging world. By your own loving heart, by the memory of the long gone years, do not leave me to bear up alone under the double burden of death and isolation." And so he pleaded with the yielding girl, and she, reproaching herself for lack of command, reproaching herself for loving where loving was sin, still loved on, still sinned on, and wept and clung to his bosom, as she had wept and clung on the day he had saved her from the falling tree. Neglected as he had been — slighted as he had been — crushed as he had been, he was more idolized in that woman's heart, there in his loneliness, than he ever could have been in a brighter sphere! A low, mocking laugh awakened them from their delicious dream, and in the open door they saw the brilliant face of the young wife. A scene of confusion and horror followed upon their momentary joy. She saw a pistol gleaming in the upraised hand of Emma Wilde; she heard the loud report echoing through the room; she saw the blood gushing from a fresh wound, as Willie fell from his seat.

"Alice! Alice! wake up, for Heaven's sake! how pale you are! what are you dreaming about?" exclaimed the familiar voice of Willie Wilde, as he shook the agitated sleeper gently by the arm.

"Willie! Willie! O my God! O heavenly Father! save him — the sin was mine — save him — save — Willie ——" and the eyes unclosed so wildly, that her companion began to fear that she was in reality insane.

"Alice, Alice, rouse yourself. Look at me!" And she did look at him, and the quiet, reserved girl flung her

arms passionately around him, and burst into a flood of tears.

"You are not hurt, Willie?" she sobbed.

"Hurt! no — what should harm me?"

"And the lovely girl, and the unhappy marriage ——"

"Must have been a dream, Alice, if I was concerned in it."

"And the heartless mother — and the dead boy ——"

"All the shadows of a dream, dear!"

"And how came you here again?"

"You said you would 'think of it,' and I left you to your musings; and when I returned, you were asleep, with your hand upon the window sill — so I sat down and watched you, until you grew so restless and feverish, and then I awoke you."

"I have thought of it, Willie! O, such a dream-warning — such a frightful dream-warning! Never say again that there is nothing in dreams. I have lived four years of such misery — such years as I should live, if — if ——" She could not proceed, for the rapid blood of consciousness flooded her face again, and Willie, no longer perplexed to read it, drew her gently to a seat by his side, and before he left her, it was decided that he should not leave the village until she could be his travelling companion.

And the four years have passed away, as they did in Alice's dream — with this difference — these have been as purely happy as those were truly wretched; and Alice lives with her gifted husband in a little cottage, where the roses clamber luxuriantly all through the pleasant summer. And she thinks of her happiness with a grateful, loving heart, and pities those about her who are less comfortable, even though their own faults should be the occasion of their discomfort.

In the long days, she sits by her husband, while he labors with his pencil, and reads to him, for she is a pretty, sensible reader; and sometimes he pauses in his work, and lays his hand caressingly upon her head, and then she looks up, with the old-time rapid blush upon her face, and he smiles; for, although she says nothing, he knows she is thinking of her dream, and wondering how she could ever imagine, even in sleep, that a woman could have him by her day by day, and not love him. And he is vain of her preference, and proud of his pretty wife; and the neighbors all say, "What an admirable match — what a considerate husband, and what a paragon of a wife!" But they do not know that her dream of years taught her to be gentle and watchful, to practise meekness and forbearance towards all her race, and most of all, towards the graceful, handsome husband, of whom she is so fond. And a noble-looking boy, with rolling hair, and dancing blue eyes, like his father Willie's, has been added to the family. And Alice prays, night and morning, that she may not love him too well — that she may not make an earthly idol of him; for then she might be punished for her sin, by seeing him lie cold and dead before her, like the boy of her dream, whom he so much resembles. But many more years have come and gone, and on pleasant days the sunlight still lies in its unbroken sheet upon the meadow, the gem of a wife is still in its cottage sitting, and neither sorrow, change, nor death has broken in upon the happy group that gather around the hearthstone of our village artist, Willie Wilde.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! farewell for aye!
Not when my heart is aching 'neath the weight
Of utter loneliness — not when the knell
Of dying hope comes with its bitter freight
Of wordless agony and woe, to tell
How giant passions, kindled into life,
Have drooped and perished 'neath the world's cold strife;
Not in such scenes of tumult and unrest,
Shall thoughts of thee commingle in my breast.

But when Forgetfulness her watch shall keep,
With folded wing, by Passion's turbid shore;
When o'er my heart sweet memories come like sleep,
And the soul dreams its strife is haply o'er;
Then shall the past gleam out a ray of light!
A fairy isle on life's tumultuous sea!
Like stars that lit the wasting soul's dark night
Shall be the memories that still cling to thee.
Farewell! farewell for aye!

Those memories now are twining round my heart,
Binding its pulses with a mighty spell;
Telling how hard a thing it is to part
From the dear treasure it has loved so well.
Yet must we part! I may, perchance, forget
The summer friends who need not my regret;
I may be heedless of their onward lot;
But thou, ah, thou canst never be forgot!
Farewell! the last farewell!

SOMETHING ABOUT FATHER TAYLOR.

"*The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!*" Who has not heard the story? Who does not know that when the wild waves made a grave for a husband and father of his congregation, old honest Father Taylor, laying his reverend hand upon the head of the bereaved widow, gave expression to the sympathy of his heart in such words — "The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!" Ah, well may that flock of passage birds who make up the congregation at the Seamen's Bethel be proud of that old gray head in their pulpit, though he does rush the brimstone and blue fire rather too steep for comfort! There is not one amongst them upon whose head, first or last, his reverend hand has not lain in blessings; there is not a heart upon which, in times of deep affliction, his holy words have not fallen like dew from heaven; there is not a husband and wife in his congregation whose hands he has not united till death shall them part; there is not a child amongst them whose birth has not been sanctified by his imploring words; there is not a mound in the graveyard over whose dust he has not wept and prayed, as he would weep and pray should some gem from his own fireside go out from his gaze, to sleep with the summer blossoms above them — such tears and prayers as *you*, who worship in gilded palaces, whose needless adornment would have fed a hundred starving sinners, could never dream of — such tears and prayers as lay hold upon the promises of God, and *will* not be denied! O, live, if you will, a slave to that religion which circles all around the heart, but never touches ground! Worship where

selfishness passes for religion, and hypocrisy for truth — where, to pass current, you must advocate a Christianity to *live* by, and not to *die* by; but give me the old honest teaching of a less comfortable creed, so it comes to me in that sincerity of soul which blazes out from the rugged, manly heart of old Father Taylor.

"*The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!*" Nor is it the widow alone whose tears cease to flow in view of such consolation. A bright young heart has ceased its beating, and a bereaved mother sorrows over the fragile little bud, laying so still and white before her. Baby is dead! There are crowds to wonder at the mother's passionate grief, to talk to her of the sinfulness of her sorrow, and tell her how much better off it is among the angels. Useless, useless all! The old minister *knows*, mayhap, from bitter experience, that it is useless. He knows how that tiny bud had twined and braided itself with her mother heartstrings. He knows how love and hope had blossomed to her mind in its onward pathway, and he tells her to weep her fill, for there is no sin in the tears shed for the early dead; so he tells her to weep for the dear, fond face she will miss, yearn for, but never see again; to weep for the soft dimpled arms whose close clasping she will remember, mourn for, but never feel again; to weep for the little golden head, nestling in childish confidence to her bosom, which she will pine for, dream of, but wake to loneliness and desolation! He tells her to weep for the child-angel, called home before the taint of earth was on its wing; but while she weeps, to remember that there is a Father above us, who will have mercy upon her because her heart is widowed of its infant love.

"*The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!*"

There is treachery where there should have been love, and the dearest friend I ever knew comes to me with those words upon her lips. With a pure, high heart, passionate and devoted in its bearings, fate threw in her path one every way qualified to win the enthusiastic devotion of a spirit formed to love but once, and that once *forever*. I need not tell you *how* she loved. I should fail in language to convey a sense of the utter exclusiveness, the almost morbid devotion, she lavished upon him. His word, his look, his smile — there was nothing else for her in the wide earth but *them*. But the world saw her in her earnestness, lavishing the wealth of her soul upon his shrine, and grew envious of the happiness which radiated her life. Then scandal, with its poisoned sting, wreathed itself around her, turning "trifles light as air" into seeming inconstancy, with which his ear was feasted. And he believed it; believed that she who had given him her life had made an unholy use of his affection. Prayers, tears, entreaties, all were vain; he left her with a cold glance and bitter words, which never could be unspoken. *And then her heart broke!* O that the Almighty would inflict upon the slanderer one half of the suffering *she* endures! That the dreary days which seem never to have an end — the drearier nights which are dedicated to tears and prayers for *him* who has more than widowed her — the dismal future seeming too desolate to be borne, might haunt the cowardly assassins of her fair fame, till they shall seek in vain for that peace they have driven forever from her bosom. And now she sits in her solitary chamber, and writes songs which go to the heart of the multitude; and sometimes, when the world grows very dark and desolate, she drops the pen to breathe the old man's pleading prayer, "*The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!*"

d from every house and home in our city, over dear lost s lying in their shrouds, bearing to us a *living* death, over ctions garnered up in heaven, or withered away from us by chery and deceit, drifts up that solemn appeal, made more mn by the earnest application of the good old sailor's nd — Father Taylor. And the time *will* come when the men's Bethel will miss its grand old teacher forevermore this world; when the beacon light which has saved the pwreck of many a noble soul must be looked for — *above;* d when the congregation, which, while I write, (for it is nday,) are listening to his eloquent voice, in grief for ir bereavement, will, with one accord, send up that im-essive prayer, "*The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are widow!*"

POCAHONTAS.

PART I.

THROUGH the leafy halls of the wild old wood
Rang an echo full and free,
To the savage shout of a fearful band,
As they bound the white man, foot and hand,
To the sacrificial tree!

Bright torches gleamed through the misty night,
As their death song died away,
Or stole in its glee, with a sudden start,
Like the parting throb of a breaking heart,
To the spot where the stranger lay.

And the gloating eyes of the crowd were bent
On their hapless victim's head,

And the war club sprang like a bird of prey—
But a child on the captive's bosom lay,
With her small hands clasped in dread.

And the story is told, by our gray-haired sires,
How this maiden's sunny heart
Nursed wild in its depths, with resistless power,
A love that was born in that fearful hour,
A thing from the world apart!

PART II.

To a far-off land, where ancestral domes
Roll their massive columns high,
Where the rude old walls, in their ivy dress,
Tell each a tale in their loneliness,
A maiden had gone to die!

They had chilled her pulse with a strange, wild tale
Of the rescued captive's death,
And the flowers of hope, in their gorgeous bloom,
Had withered away to an early tomb,
'Neath the frost of misfortune's breath.

Alas! O, alas for the trusting heart,
When its fairy dream is o'er;
When it learns that to trust is to be deceived—
Finds the things most false that it most believed—
Alas! for it dreams no more!

She knew she was dying—that forest child,
Alone in a foreign land;
She was passing away, like a lily crushed,
And her pulse grew cool, and her breath was hushed,
For the wings of an angel band

Were gently fanning her feverish brow;
And they whispered of "home, sweet home,"
Till her spirit passed in a happy dream,
Like a wreath of spray on a moonlit stream,
To the blissful spirit dome!

LONELINESS.

THERE'S midnight gloom around my path,
And midnight gloom above me,
And none to smile away my fears,
And no one here to love me.
O, give my heart one germ of love,
One blossom it can cherish,
That I may watch it fade and die,
Then droop myself and perish.

LIBERTY *vs.* LOVE,

OR THE SOLDIER'S TRIUMPH.

I LOVE occasionally to go "down among the dead men" of the olden time, and hunt up such relics of tradition as may have lingered among their tombs. I have an unqualified reverence for any thing bearing the stamp of age, be it animate or senseless; a childish awe, mingled with womanly curiosity, to trace its history back into the past, when it had been fresh and young. Call it impulse, call it restlessness, call it what you will, from a child this indefinable sentiment has sprung into life before any specimen of antiquity, of whatever form or substance.

You will not wonder, then, dear reader, that the old gable-roof building opposite my residence, rearing its gray old

timbers in the very heart of the city, should have excited my curiosity. For two mortal years it had been before my eyes; dark and shadow-crowned through the mornings, and all the long days, until the evening sunbeams came slanting over the city, to rest a moment on its worn timbers.

For two mortal years, through the mornings, and all the long days, the continuous click, click of the workman's hammer has been the only sound issuing from that curious specimen of old-time architecture. Carriages may be seen at any moment flashing in through the rickety gates, and always returning with a freshened appearance, as if the antique mass of wood and mortar had the power to rejuvenate every thing but itself.

And there came a time in those years, when, from physical inability, I was unable to dream my accustomed dreams by my chamber window; but the old building must have been grateful for the interest I had evinced in its past; for, morning after morning, when there were no clouds in the sky, the great gray mass was mirrored in the sunlight upon my chamber floor. So I knew it was there still, and grew at length to like its company, and to feel uncomfortable when the cloudy days came and obscured its shadow.

Judge of my surprise, then, I may say *horror*, — for my love of this crumbling structure had become a mania, — when, upon looking from my window for the first time in many weeks, I found in its stead a bright, new building, with a coat of the yellowest kind of yellow paint, taking upon itself more airs than was quite becoming for a young settler in our jostling little neighborhood. I was vexed, — I confess it, — grieved, and disappointed; but, as I turned away, there, in the sunlight upon the floor, was still mirrored the same old, jagged

gable roof that I had looked upon so often. Pretty good for *fancy*, thought I, and rubbed my eyes to dispel the illusion; but there it remained as motionless and shadowy as ever. I turned again to the window, and running my eyes from the picket gate to the top of the building, saw, sure enough, uprising from its young dress, like another Mrs. Skewton, the head and shoulders of my old friend the gable roof. And sheepishly enough ashamed of itself it did look in new toggery, and I could almost fancy the gables trying to explain how old and powerless they had been to resist the invasion, and begging me not to abate my interest in their history.

Among the scorners of its affected juvenility was an aged and venerable man, whom I had often noticed in other days gazing with a dreamy, indolent smile upon its decaying timbers; but *now* he would hurry past as fast as his trembling limbs could carry him, and always with an unmistakable contempt upon his lip and in his eye. Once, and once only, he paused in his accustomed walk, and leaned heavily against the gate. I saw the carriage of a wealthy merchant pass through so near that it must have grazed him; but he gave no sign of consciousness. I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes moistened; and then I saw no more, for my traitor of a thimble had betrayed me by rapping on the window, and the old man was hobbling up stairs before I quite knew what I intended asking him.

"The old house!" I exclaimed, as soon as he entered the room. "The old gable roof — what did tempt them to disfigure it so?"

"Sacrilege, sacrilege," he muttered, more to himself than in reply to me. "If that old house could tell its *history!*"

I was right. It had a history, and the old man knew it,

and the old man would tell it to me. Blessings on his gray locks, I could have kissed him with a hearty good will, if — if he had been twenty years younger. I drew up the great stuffed chair for him to repose in, and snuggling down on a stool by his side, (he was an old man — a *very* old man, remember,) prepared to be a most attentive listener.

"That house was not always the great gray ghost of a building it is now," he began. "You see that old elm, and the poplar just beyond it?"

I was prepared to see and believe any thing in reason; so I nodded my head in the affirmative.

"Many years ago, — more years than you have numbered, — where those two trees now stand, solitary and alone, a large, affluent grove of elms and poplars gave a cheering shade to the worn traveller, and a cozy nestling-place for the only hotel. *Inn* it was called, in those days, for miles and miles away. There were other places of entertainment, in the true English sense of the word, but no other inn, where the honest, generous hospitality of a large-souled patriot went out like a blessing, and drew around him not those alone whose deep purses and willing hands could liberally reimburse him for his kindness, but the needy and the suffering, the toil-worn and the weary, the soldier and the civilian, found alike a home and a welcome beneath the quaint-looking gable roof of Merriam Wilder — Merry Wild, as he was called by those about him, and merry and wild he *was* to his heart's content.

"Some of his neighbors could count more gold than he had ever dreamed of; but he could buy and sell them all in the lasting affluence of heart wealth. O, thank God, thank God! that, while the rich man can build his golden steps, one by

one, up to the throne of the Almighty, there is *always* by the poor man's side a Jacob's ladder, formed of good resolves and noble purposes, where he may go up, day after day, and take a look at the bright things in store for him, when he shall have performed the mission allotted him here on earth. And Merry Wilder was continually going up this ladder, although he had travelled the same road for forty years. In vain Mrs. Wilder — good soul — felt sure they should bring up at the poorhouse for his extravagance; in vain she protested that charity should begin at home; he would only catch her in his arms, kiss her lips until they forgot to pout, and go around doing good as usual. Were any of his poorer neighbors sick or in distress, the whole house would be ransacked to find something serviceable for them, and away he would go, up the aforesaid Jacob's ladder, with joy and thankfulness. Did any poor soldier cross his path, the last dollar, perhaps, he had in the world would be pressed upon him, and his own heart would leap up to meet the blessing and the prayer of the recipient of his bounty.

"O, a rare innkeeper was good Merriam Wilder, and a rare treasure did he possess in the frank, blithe, blue-eyed daughter of his love, Kitty Wilder. Kitty was not beautiful beyond what youth, and health, and innocency could make her; but the same generous, cordial, enthusiastic spirit, which characterized her father, was the equivalent for a more decided beauty of person. Unselfish in her affections, unused to restraint, and untainted by the superficial gloss of fashionable life, she moved in her little sphere of usefulness, won the approval, not alone of her own heart, but with every one with whom she chanced to meet.

"It was in the days dedicated to brave hearts and noble

deeds; and many an exhausted veteran, and many a
soldier, owed an extended life to the gentle care and
attention of the innkeeper's daughter. One day the
the inn, which, notwithstanding the frequent skirmi
outbreaks in the adjacent towns, had grown monoton
broken by the arrival of a stranger and a soldier,
the relations being sufficient to gain him the welcor
was most kindly extended. The new comer was
graceful youth, whose form the sun of nineteen sum
scarcely ripened into manhood, but from whose eye b
consciousness of great energy, a grasping ambition, ar
lessness of result, which failed not once in a lifetime t
favorable impression. No wonder the impulsive maid
inn recognized and respected his superiority, when, i
of centuries past and yet to come, his name has been
be venerated wherever liberty may be recognized as
good. Young as he was, attentive and deferential to
and cordial to familiarity with those of his own y
none could leave him without feeling that they had be
presence of one formed, if not habituated, to comman
in either case of being obeyed.

"There was in his whole manner a prestige of e
nary genius, of towering, almost audacious enthusias
quiet, unresisting fascination, which exercised its
alike upon the daring and the weak. Even the ho
which he rode, betraying the blood of a noble stock,
every thing else upon which his brilliant eyes would
rest for the time, under the most perfect control. H
to delight in goading him on to the most exasperated
then, dropping the reins over his arching neck, with
word to still the tempest to an almost abject calm.

"The intended week's visit had extended to a delay of months, and still the youthful stranger lingered at the inn, much to the edification of the gossips, who winked and nodded, and whispered words to Kitty Wilder, which sent the blood in crimson gushes over her face and neck, although she laughingly protested against their insinuations. But however much their hearts had been interested, there had been no love passages, no lip worship, or interchange of thought between the parties, who were conceded by all to be destined for a life union of interest and affection. No, they were not lovers, at least in the common acceptation of the term. Perhaps Kitty had thought his manner strange and peculiar, and even wished at times that he would speak, when so often he had made the attempt and checked the words. Sometimes, when they were alone, he would lay his hand upon her arm, get as far as 'Kitty, darling,' and then, blushing to the eyes, turn away, and ask some commonplace question, of little interest to either party.

"But the long, bright evenings, when the old man would come in and sit with them around the crackling fire, then it was that Kitty could watch with a furtive glance the eloquent face and flashing eyes of her guest, as he listened — as if heart and soul were in the cause — to the tales of battles won and battles still progressing, of which Merry Wild could talk unanswered by the hour. That wild, glad, glorious face, so full of interest and enthusiasm! That wild, glad, glorious face! She could not help her dreams; and it would come to her in her sleep, and bending over her, breathe all, and *more* than her young heart ever dared believe in its waking moments, of high and holy trust, of deep, lasting, and religious fervor; but with the day such thoughts were put aside, and she would commune with her guest as if, under the

calm exterior, there was no greater depth of feeling than was palpable to his earnest gaze.

"The spring came, and with it fresh trials and invasions, and new expeditions were forming from the neighborhood to join the armies already engaged upon the defensive ground, ready to protect their homes and country at the peril of their lives. And the enthusiasm had spread until it reached the little inn, and Merry Wild, now *wilder* than ever, was overlooking muskets and bits of uniform that had, at various times, been left to his care, murmuring, as he brightened up the polished steel, 'If I was only young as I was twenty-five years ago, wouldn't the rascals have a time of it?'

"And there was one whose cheeks brightened into a deeper glow, whose eyes flashed a boding fire, and whose heart throbbed between the double fire of love and liberty. All day long he had been out under the solemn whispering elms, that threw a broken shadow over the gable roof, communing with his own heart, and striving to draw a correct line between duty and inclination.

"The last gleam of the sun lay upon the hill tops, and the last note of bird song was dying away among the leaves, and still he brooded in painful silence upon the immature plans he had before him — *love and fame!* He closed his eyes, and the soft, winning smile of Kitty seemed beckoning him to forget in her presence all the grand and lofty dreams which had haunted his boyhood, and tinged his life with a bold coloring of romance. He knew she loved; *knew it;* felt sure of it; and should he, with the cup of happiness at his lip, from which he could drink to his heart's content, should he fling it from his hand, break the pitcher at the well, and all for that visionary thing which men call *fame?* He recalled all the

native grace and gentle dignity of the pretty girl, whose noble traits of character so well accorded with his own sympathies. He thought of her as the patient, thoughtful nurse, as the tender, loving daughter, as the idol of her companions, and the calm, reflective woman. He had seen her in every phase of her many-sided character, scarcely knowing which most to admire, little knowing that there was still another phase, in which the strong will of a great soul would triumph even when his own resolution, too sorely tried, was like to fail. A stranger in a strange land, tempted hither by the great watch-word Liberty mounting upon its strong wings to glory and immortality, should he, now that strong arms and stout hearts were most needed, turn a deaf ear to the voice that had lured him from his home, and settle down in inactive ease, while there were struggles to achieve, wrongs to redress, and a liberty for the land of his adoption still unattained? No, no, no! With a mighty effort, he turned the current of his thought as much backward into the past for incentive, as forward into the future for hope. The waves of passion subsided, and the broad, deep current of his native energy rushed in and overpowered it. He had youth, health, energy, a vitality of strength and courage, a physique formed for endurance, and more than all, an unqualified love of right and honesty; and should he, at the last moment, when most needed in the field of action, turn away from the impulse and desire which had guided him into the very field wherein he designed to labor?

"Darker and duskier grew the grove of elms and poplars, and stronger and braver grew the heart but a moment before so vacillating and undecided. He had conquered *himself*, and when, in a moment after, the stillness of the grove

broken by a light footstep, and the hand of Kitty rested upon his own, he did not blush or turn away, as he had done before, but placing his disengaged arm around her waist, drew her tenderly to his bosom. She did not resist the invasion, or repel the close pressure of lips which were pressed for the first time against her own. The old vacillation of impulse was returning with double force, and a torrent of words was ready to fall from his lips; but he checked them, and only murmured, —

"'Kitty, do you know what it is to love, as the lightning loves the tree it blasts — as the ocean loves the fleet it swallows up — as I love *you?*'

"'*My God!*' she exclaimed, recoiling from his clasp, with a face from which every particle of color had fled. My God! How that holy name comes from the heart to the lip in any case of emergency, in any sudden fright, in any sudden sorrow, in any sudden joy — that reverent name springs up, a living evidence to those who dare to say *there is no God!*

"She had clasped her hands, and stood leaning against a tree, gazing upon her companion with an expression of hopeless sorrow upon her face.

"'Kitty, I love you — *love you!*'

"'O, you must not; indeed you must not!' she pleaded, as if life and death hung upon his recanting the confession. 'Indeed — indeed you must not. *You*, so powerful to command, so formed to achieve! The country is besieged — *my* country, and yours, you say, for the future. It is no time for love, except such love as shall avail the battle field. There has been bloodshed, and tyranny, and oppression, and we thought it had terminated. There has been liberty for some, but not for all. Even now I heard my father boast of your high valor,

of your keen judgment, of your comprehensive intellect. Even now I heard him say you were worthy a place side by side with our guardian angel, Washington. And now — no, no! I do not love you — I will not;' and she clasped her hands upon his arm again, and clung to him as if he must be persuaded. 'Be true to yourself, to your own sense of right and liberty, and in my heart you will find a sentiment which will stand you in better stead when the battle rages most, that will last longer, and endure more, that will follow you in prayers for safety, in hope for success, in prophetic dreams of your future glory.'

"She had grown pale as death, and her clasp upon his arm again released; but he detained her at his side. *Love him!* She might assert it, and try to convince her own heart, as she did his; but he had read each leaf of that fresh book wherein it was clasped, and saw her as she *was;* no blushing girl, but a high-souled devotee, an enthusiast, who, having solved the problem of her country's fate, held the answer in her own hand, and shrank not from its fulfilment. To him there was something holy in this yielding up of all the dearest ties of earth to a love of country and freedom; and if he could have loved her more than he did, her sacrificing devotion would have compelled him to do so; but he could not.

"'We are meeting for the last time on earth,' he murmured.

"'I know it; do I *not*, think you? Have I not suffered, and struggled, and prayed for strength to bear this trial? But let us be calmly wise, hopefully true, and for the rest, we are in the hands of God.'

"'Kitty, we are meeting for the last time on this side of the grave, and yet, loving you as I do, I was seeking you, to tell you what you have but now told *me*, and to bear with me into

the battle's heat, the knowledge that I had made the sacrifice which you have made of *love returned*, yet lost it for the sake of a higher, holier mission. Kitty, we are parting forever, and yet you look so glad — *so glad!*'

"'Glad? of course glad,' she spoke in a rapid, passionate tone; 'how could I choose but be glad, to find the one I would have chosen from all the world, would have worshipped with an intensity of worship of which few could dream — how could I choose but be glad, to find him worthy of my choice, creditable to my worship? O, believe me, the best, deepest, purest love is that which sacrifices most, suffers most. The soul is of God, and love is of the soul. The strongest love and the strongest anguish were bequeathed to us from the garden of Gethsemane, and with it power to endure unto the end, while faith and hope are stars within our sky.'

"And the youthful lover listened to the argument, and was happy. It was his ideal of love, purified, refined, and exalted into religion; it was his ideal of the divinity reproduced in the human form. The pale, sweet, solemn face rested upon his shoulder, and he was alone.

"Little knots of people were standing together, busily arranging for the expedition, which would commence with the morning. In a few moments more there was a general shout of exultation, which startled the echoes from their propriety. The brave youth, whom every one respected, had signified his intention of joining the party. The morning came, and a troop of hardy, rugged men, led by a young officer, who looked still younger for the contrast, might have been seen with eager, determined faces, marching on to join the troops already stationed in the interior of the country. The window, up in the gable looking west, framed a pale, sweet face for a moment

after their departure. There was a low, sad moan, an earnest prayer, a gush of tears, and Kitty Wilder, the enthusiast, returned once more to the duties of her station, and for years after became a general benefactress to the poor and wounded soldiery."

"And did they never meet again?" I inquired, finding the old man's history had ended somewhat unsatisfactorily.

"Yes. Many years after the termination of the revolutionary struggles, when each had separate interests and separate affections; but to the end of her life, I believe, if ever she acknowledged an especial pride in any one incident, it was that of having been the first love of *General Lafayette!*"

THE WITHERED BOUQUET.

Go back, ye withered flowers:
A gentle fragrance lingers round ye yet,
As ye would bribe my spirit to forget
Its boon of bitter hours.

Tell *him*, thou blighted rose,
That she upon whose bosom thou hast slept,
Drinking the drops of grief her eyes have wept,
His *all* of treachery knows!

Tell him, frail mignonette,
She gives him back his vows — his perjured heart
That wore the mask of love — that had the art
To conquer and *forget!*

Primrose, I'd have *thee* say
That bitter waters mingled with that tide
Which swells a woman's heart — the pride
Can all the pain allay!

Then speak ye all as one;
And say the heart that wore his gilded chain,
Though crushed and torn, can fling it off again
Lightly as *he* has done!

HAPPINESS.

To make a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness — give her two canary birds, half a dozen moonbeams, twelve yards of silk, an ice cream, several rosebuds, a squeeze of the hand, and the promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt, it will be because she can't.

To make a young man six fathoms deep in love with himself — give him two sentimental sighs, three glances of the eye, a pair of cork screw pantaloons, four pressures of the hand, which mean nothing, six mint juleps, several *two*-lips, one gentleman's shawl, one ratan, with an Ellsler leg to boot, three diamond pins made of glass, two yards of pineapple cigars, three feet of cologne water, and one piecrust, with a promise to meet him by moonlight alone. If his vanity don't explode, it will be because he is not made of common masculine clay! *That's all!*"

A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.

Didst ever try it, reader mine, the dizzy, whirling ride,
That sends the warm blood surging up, like waves on ocean tide?
Didst ever try the whizzing car, when other nostrums fail
To kill the *blues* — didst ever think of *riding on a rail?*

Ka-chuck — ka-choo! The iron horse comes splurging up the track,
As if the very *What's-his-name* was saddled to his back!
And in no very measured terms he sputters forth his rage,
To find himself so harnessed in the great unwieldy stage.

Ka-chuck — ka-choo! Away we go, through meadow — over plain;
The saucy echoes catch the tone, and ring it out again!
Ka-chuck — ka-choo! the wild woods shout, while spinning round and round;
And off our hearts go, polka mad — hop-waltzing to the sound!

Then in the cars, such Babel din — such ceaseless chatterings
Of timid women, grown-up boys, and "ither sic like things!"
"Is *that* the *Loco-foco*, ma? that thing that just puffed by?"
"*Umph!*" growls the politician man — I'm sure I can't see why!

"He's run away — how fast they go — what *can* they be about?"
"O, land of hope and blessedness, *do*, mister, let me out!"
While here and there a fledgling *Mose* bawls, "Say, old Martengale,
It arn't so *worser*, is it now? — this *riding on a rail!*"

O, dear, how the times are changing! — now the world is worked by steam:
Once on a time *riding a rail* wasn't so *nice* a theme!
But since old theories are wrecked, old adages grown stale,
We rather like this *fast age* fun of *riding on a rail!*

BOSTON BY MOONLIGHT.

"The homes, the homes! how fair they gleam,
In the hush of the midnight hours!"

So wrote *one* whose own home had been made a mockery by the heart which should have cherished, and so thought I, as, lonely and alone, I sat gazing out upon the thousand dwellings lying all asleep in the rich moonlight. "Night sees strange sights, and hears strange sounds!" O that thoughts burdened with woe should come breaking in upon the gorgeous panorama of the still life lying around me! that the holy quietude — the peaceful, happy calm, beautiful from its very dreaminess, should cover sights and sounds from which the heart would shrink, and the spirit falter! Sorrow side by side with joy — innocence in the midst of guilt — purity in the grasp of vice — love met with loathing — trust repaid by treachery — hope gasping in the shadow of despair! — *these* are some of the sights and sounds which penetrate to the hushed ear of night! And yet we close our hearts against the reality, and leave undone that which we *might* do, to relieve much of the misery springing in the very midst of a populous city. *One o'clock!* What a long, low, musical echo that old clock sends over the sleeping city! so unlike the deep, brazen tones of midday tolling; as if it were sentient, and could feel the quiet spell resting with the moonlight upon its dial. *One o'clock!* Now and then a soft, sweet chime drifts up from happy, careless voices, blending together in familiar song — a tribute to some lady love, whose bright eyes are beaming out upon them through the closed blinds. How

careful she is that no sound shall betray her presence! She wouldn't like to be caught in "*that fix*" — O, dear, no; although she thinks *the* one might hear her heart, it beats so rapturously. There is a *secret* there, for although young Brighteyes below has been a dozen times asked "who on earth they were serenading," he thinks it best to be particularly oblivious about *then*, and to take an uncommon interest in the stars. It won't pay, though, for the band will know *that* picket fence, and *that* cluster of vines, and *that* pretty cottage, if they didn't see it again for a hundred years; and men are *so* curious! Here comes a more boisterous party, making the air ring again with their *vocally* expressed determinations not to "go home till morning;" and unless the "guardians of the night" take them into consideration, I really don't think they will! And here — O my God! creeping along in the dull, dim shadow — cringing closer and closer to the wall, as if she would bury herself in its darkness, comes *one* over whose life the cloud of shame has gathered! She pauses, and leans heavily against the gate out of which the musicians, after finishing their serenade, have just passed. There are woman's thoughts swelling her heart, and tears, bitter and remorseful, rolling down over her haggard face. The boisterous crowd gather about her, thinking to have some sport; but the eloquence of her wild, pleading eyes have touched a chord *somewhere* in their natures; so, with a light jest to cover the real feeling, they pass along, and leave her to her misery. She had been listening to the music, and in the depth of her desolation, she kneels at the door where dwells the one, no more loved, no more hopeful, and no more stainless, than she was *once!* Ah, that *once! So to love and so to be deceived!* It is written every where around her — in the cold night air

which fans her brow of shame, and in the pale moonlight which lies so gray and still upon the deserted streets, in the happy gleeful laugh which rings out in the distance from the group of singers, and in the bright face which gleams for a moment from the open window, unmindful of her presence, to be speedily withdrawn — every where it falls upon her heart like a bar of iron — "*so to love and so to be deceived!*" How she yearns for another glimpse of that young innocent face! How she longs for some *sister's* bosom, whereon to repose and weep her soul away, for crime engendered by *too much loving!* How she gathers up the old memories of her happy past, when, passionately loving, madly trusting, and blindly yielding, she had risked all upon the hazard of the die, and — *lost the trick!* Poor weary wanderer upon life's wayside! all is not lost *yet!* God, our Father, judges not as man judgeth; and many there are, whom earth condemn, that will find that rest above which has been denied them *here!* But in my painting I have only drawn the *type* of a class, living in our midst, by the side of whom the very heathen would be an enlightened race! Many of them have never learned the difference between crime and honesty — know of no other sphere of life wherein good and evil are distinct qualities — and who, under existing circumstances, cannot be responsible for their lives of ignorant crime! Missionaries — we want missionaries among us! men, full-hearted and full-brained, who can bear to waste their eloquence upon the heathen of our city! missionaries whose sympathies are on the side of erring humanity, who are willing to recognize that sorrowful tendency to evil implanted in the human heart, and who are ready, with kind words and charitable deeds, to lift the curtain of ignorance — or despair it may be — from the sepulchre of hope! We want missionaries amongst us — O, do

we not? women as well as men, who, instead of fighting for their *rights*, can take into earnest consideration the *wrongs* of their sex! From every street and lane in our city — from every alley and court, the cry of our home-born and home-fostered heathen goes up to heaven upon the night air — a mockery in the face of those who say long prayers for such as need them not; who think, by large donations for foreign relief, to build their golden steps, one by one, up to the throne of the Almighty; and who, in the midst of all their negligence, thank God, or their own stars, that *their* names are not written "*criminal!*" Good, charitable Christians! let us have missionaries to our *own* haunts of ignorance and vice; let the erring, the desolate, and the depraved have the benefit of your labor in the cause of humanity; and who knows but that in the day of reckoning it will stand as fair upon the leger of life, and count for as much as several large donations and several wordy prayers for the *benighted Hindoos* beyond our latitude! Yes, indeed; *we want missionaries for our own heathen!*

FANCIES OF YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH.

I'd be a bird — yes, a wildwood bird —
Yielding alone to a gentle word,
Folding my wings on the bosom of love,
Trusting and true to my own pure dove;
Singing my songs for her ear alone,
Tuning my heart in a strain with her own,
Leaving the cold and unfeeling mart,
Making my heaven in her loving heart.

AGE.

O, no! not a bird, for it flits away
Like the passing gleam of a sunset ray;
The winds are here, and the flowers are dead,
And the bird from its wildwood home is fled.
O, no! not a bird — not of mortal birth,
To fetter my soul to the things of earth!
No God for *me* but the God of love!
No heaven *I* crave but the heaven above.

YOUTH.

I'd be a star in the fields of blue,
To guard mine own with a trust as true —
To watch her sleep, through the silent night —
To lave her brow with a flood of light —
To press my lip to the cheek so fair —
To twine gay beams 'mid her wavy hair —
To watch till the curtains of day unroll,
And shut me out from "*the pulse of my soul.*"

AGE.

O, no! not a star, on the brow of night,
With millions around all glowing as bright;
No change — no variety — always the same,
Less brilliant than *cold*, though the semblance of flan
O, no! not a star, forever in chains!
Not even to dwell on the heaven-bright plains;
My spirit would pine for a higher light;
O, no! not a *star*, be it ever so bright!

YOUTH.

I'd be a flower — a beautiful flower,
Dwelling for aye in my darling's bower —
Bending my brow to the night-wind's kiss —
Weaving a halo around her of bliss —

Yielding my soul in a fragrant sigh —
Happy and glad on her breast to die —
Living an age, through the summer fair,
Then floating away on the autumn air.

AGE.

I'd be a man! — Godlike in might!
Shunning the wicked, seeking the right —
Earnest in spirit — mighty in power —
Blending the bird, and the star, and the flower —
With a restless mind, and the power to grasp
The realm of thought in my giant clasp —
An eagle in intellect, piercing the skies,
Nor folding my wings till in Paradise.
I'd be a man!

TOWN TALK.

Woodman, spare that tree!" Yes, I guess so! What he people up to in Boston, I should wonder to know — g down every thing *green* they come across! Why don't cut *themselves* down, while they are about it? Those magnificent chestnut trees in Portland Street — summer for I don't know how many families of fashionable all gone by the board! Ah, birds, birds! I'm afraid ere bad tenants — in arrears for rent — unsophisticated h to suppose you could take it out in *sing!* Mayhap ere too happy up there in your leafy cradle; the bare ition is enough to sign your death warrant. What!

you happy in Boston, without a special license from head quarters? *You*, a parcel of gypsies, living nobody knows how, and upon nobody knows what, expecting to be "let up" without fine or taxes? O, I tell you, you might gush your little souls out in song, as I have sometimes thought you would, without penetrating the frozen heart of city life! You might chirrup, and wheedle, and make spasmodic attempts at dancing, and pipe till your little voices were hoarser than a bullfrog's, but you'd stand no more chance of a reprieve than a poor relation would of a dollar from the plethoric pocket book of a rich uncle! Do you happen to know what an exorbitant contempt we have nowadays for ornamental humbugs like yourselves, that *don't pay?* Do you happen to know that it is next door to the unpardonable sin to keep any thing but an eye to the main chance; and a perfect *crusher* to recognize any body whose name doesn't begin with ten thousand dollars? Did it ever occur to you up there in your sky parlor, just as you were singing a duet with your neighbor Bobalink's wife, preparatory to Sunday service, that *money makes the man*— a job formerly supposed to belong to the tailor; and that a nod of the head from *Dives* is an honor for which you might forego the warm heartclasp of Lazarus and all his relations? O, you don't half know the ropes of social life yet! — how love trembles into silence at the approach of wealth; how charity begins and ends *at home;* how the whole duty of man is comprised in that one term, "Look out for No. 1;" how sympathy versus ostentation sweeps over home sorrow and home misery to find abroad its objects of commiseration; how tenderness, affection, and impulsiveness are chained, living, upon the altar of Mammon; and how greatness and goodness, and all the noble qualities which *should* go to make

a life worth living, are fathomed and judged by the line
l plummet of gold. Poor little ignorant birds! how I *do*
y you! What tame existences you must lead! Love, joy,
l melody; sunshine, blue sky, and bright fields; waving
ıss, rippling streams, and beckoning trees; and — that's all.
reless, thoughtless, and free; never barring up the corner
this street by a small debt inconvenient to pay, nor turning
short corner of *that* to avoid the unwholesome presence of
old friend; never bowing by mistake to a poor man, nor
tting a *fashionable* for that provoking fellow *somebody else;*
ver swallowing down a magnificent *cry* till you are almost
oked, nor keeping a cast-iron face for fear of laughing in the
ong place; doing nothing but just what you like; going no-
ıere but just where you please; never thinking of to-morrow
til it comes; never asking advice which you don't intend
take; never swallowing bitter pills for the sake of the
ver; never listening to what you don't understand; never
ying deference where you know it isn't due; never, in fact,
ıuming to be any thing in the world but your own merry,
ıcy *selves.* Poor dears! arn't you to be *pitied!*

About those trees, though, and that cottage, I should be
ry to say; how many times I have stood by the gate look-
up into those great shady branches, building castles in the
, and wondering why, when Nature made me so in love with
r beautiful *self,* she forgot to leave me money enough to
ure that time-honored cottage, and those four magnificent
estnut trees, before the miserly hand of improvement (?) had
bbed the city of a great charm. Not but that the cottage
ıuld have come down *instanter;* but in its stead, shut out from
e street with leafy glory, would have appeared such a tasteful
recian home, with its miniature gables and turrets, with its

tiny balustrades and oral windows, with its ambitious vines clambering over the roof, all through the summer days; with flowers, and birds, and fountains scattered at random throughout the garden, hovering around Eves and Apollos, Greek Slaves and Dianas, too numerous to mention. O, I tell *you*, I've an eye for tasteful adornment. In one of my daydreams I had the dwelling all ready for *moving in;* such a pretty name for it, too — Rosemary Bower, or Honeysuckle Home, or something like it, I don't quite remember what; but down tumbled the cottage, and down tumbled my castle with it. I have a great mind to petition the legislature to have my name changed to "indigent female," so that some rich man, having more money than he knew what to do with, would leave in his will a stipulated sum for the relief of that class, and I come in for my Grecian cottage! Good idea, that; guess I'll tie a string around it, the better to remember it. Of course, those *other* two chestnuts are remaining on probation, and will com down before long. Lucky that sunshine and starlight don'. occupy a foot of valuable city ground, or out they would go, neck and heels, and be politely told to keep their distance. Well, one thing is certain, if God made the country, *man* has determined to have it generally understood that he made the city; and he has made it pretty thoroughly too!

AN ERA IN WOMAN'S LIFE.

'Tis past — 'tis past, the pleasant spell
That whiled me, day by day,
To waste in dreams the energies
Of mind and soul away.
'Tis past, the summer of my life;
I will not tell you how
Or when my spirit's sunshine fled —
You would not heed it now!

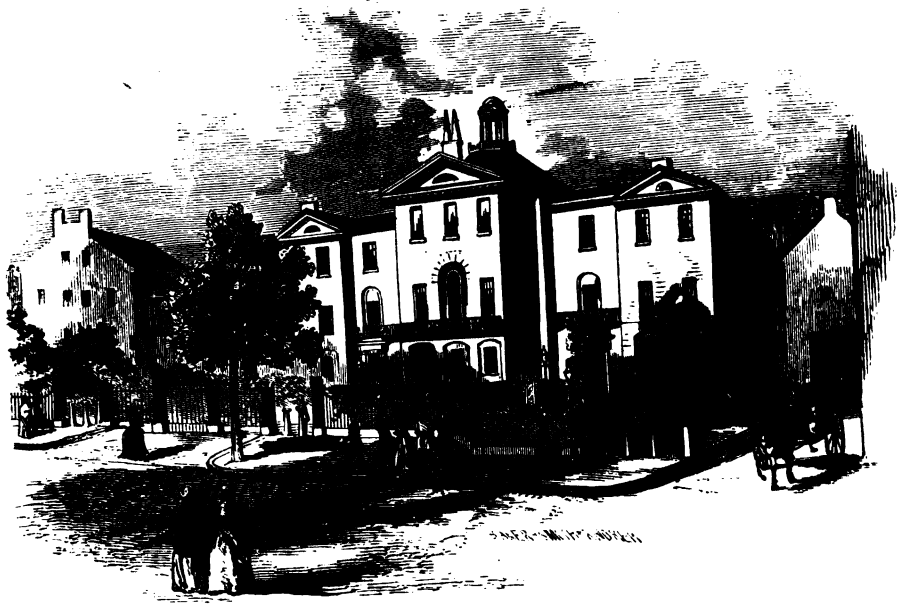
Enough, you've seen a sad, wild heart
Grow wilder for your sake,
And smiled to watch in agony
The fettered harpstrings break!
Brief was the dream and deep the pain —
It will not linger long;
For I have learned that bitter task,
"To suffer and be strong."

I will not weep — I will not waste
A single tear again;
I scorn myself to think that *I*
Should stoop to talk of pain.
She cannot love as I have loved.
Ah little did I deem
To find such bitter certainty
Follow so sweet a dream!

'Tis past, the earnest, trusting love,
That seemed of life a part;
Past with the chilling breath of woe,
And left a frozen heart!
My world of hope and trustingness
I yielded up to thee;
This world has other fantasies,
But no more love for me!

TOWN TALK.

WHAT a dear beauty spot upon the great homely face of Boston is the flower-spangled ground attached to the City Hall! Tulips, and violets, and pansies, and lilacs are scattered around in glorious profusion; most of them very dignified and proper-looking blossoms, as of course they ought to be, considering their juxtaposition to the great mental wheel of our local machinery; but there are besides, a host of straggling flowers — regular little gypsies, who, not having the fear of the law before their eyes, pop their little glad faces up from amongst the tall grass, with a nod and a smile, as much as to say, "Here we are," to the butterflies who otherwise would be inclined to take liberties with the cultivated aristocrats. It is indeed a "charmed circle," which one cannot well pass, without pausing to look in upon the bright-eyed, red-lipped beauties — frolic-born children of tears and sunshine; and *there* too, of all places in this world, where sorrow, and crime, and despair must be their boon companions; where parents listen to the cold judging, and colder sentence, which stamp forever the seal of shame upon some young brow, born for better things; where weeping wives sit all day long in the glare of curious eyes, only waiting the terrible ending up of some perplexing argument, and only feeling that a shadow worse than death has risen forever between her and happiness. *There*, zoned round by the sweet perfume of flowers, and the cool plashing of waters, which fall like dead music upon the ear of the depraved, looms up the great mass of stone and mortar, wherein such scenes of sorrow are as familiar as the sunlight, and



sight of which the very heart of summer seems to have oken, and to have drenched the ground with its sympathiz- g tears. Well, tears or flowers, I love them dearly. here is something so vital, so human, and so hopeful in their springing, that I never break a blossom from its stem with- it almost expecting to hear a tiny voice murmuring, "Don't, lease." I wonder if the "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" of the City Hall have an eye for the beautiful, or a pirit to appreciate their lovely surroundings. If I was "one f 'em," I'm afraid I should think more of rolling on the grass, aving a confidential chat with Eve at the fountain, (find out, nay be, what made she do that about the apple,) or playing possum with the humble-bees, — the humbugs! looking so sleek and elegant, when they are just as full of sting as they can hold, — than of worrying my head over musty law papers, only fit to kindle the fire with. Welladay — welladay! if I haven't a garden of my own, I can peep in through the iron railings of City Hall ground, and it is nobody to nothing, as I know of. Shouldn't move on under several shillings, though, until my time was up; so the *Star* men needn't make any such gentle request.

LEOLINE, THE CHILD OF SHADOWS.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

TIME after time had the old City Hall clock doled out a requiem for the dead hours! Time after time had its echo swept with conflicting emotions to the thousand hearts within the range of its deep-toned voice! Night lay like a spell, cold, and dark, and shadowy, upon the city, and the few scattering lights which broke up the eternal gloom only looked the more dismal by the contrast, telling, as they did, of midnight vigils at the bed of death, or, still *more* dismal, of the student, pale and careworn, wearing his life away in ambitious aspiration, and yearnings for that bright goal which he might never reach. It was midwinter, and the cold, cutting wind had gone out with the sun, leaving a calm, bitter air, which seemed to possess a double force of penetration, and required all the vigilance and protection that wealth could provide to counteract its influence. The noise of wheels and the perpetual tramp of busy feet were fast dying out upon the streets, and only here and there a traveller, muffled to his eyes, could be seen hurrying along with utmost speed to his place of destination. All was dark, and cold, and still in the heart of New York city; yet a mansion just upon its outer verge was gleaming and sparkling through the intense darkness surrounding it, as if a world of stars were centred where it stood.

The whole city had been ravished of its beauty to make up

the brilliant assemblage congregated in honor of the young bride, who but that day had taken her position as mistress of the wealth and affections of Willard Norris, the millionnaire. Well might the smile of triumph wreath the lip of Norris; for fairest among the crowd of witching forms and bright faces, like a pure thought flitting to and fro, stood out, in bold relief, his beautiful chosen one. She was the centre of attraction to all eyes, and yet her own had but one look, one glance, and that was chained to his face.

There is something holy to me in this utter devotion of a pure, fresh heart, even if its worship is laid upon a perverted altar. There is no doubt *then* of the faith that has been pledged — there is no fear for trustingness that is past, or presentiment for the years that are to come. Ah, if there is one thing on the earth purer than another — brighter than another — *holier* than another — it is this entire confidence of the young bride when first she folds her spirit wings upon the bosom of her husband.

The darkness, which lay like a death shroud around the dwelling, was occasionally broken up by glimpses of the moon struggling through the dense clouds; and in one of these intervals of light might have been seen a poor, wan face wandering sadly up and down the pavement, sometimes stopping to gaze into the happy countenances passing in and out of the mansion, as if hopeful for a glance of pity; then gathering her tattered fragment of a dress closely around her, to shield more securely from the air a child in her arms, she would resume her lonely walk in mournful silence. Once, and once only, she stopped suddenly, and her pale face drooped, in a listening attitude, to the door, while her lips quivered, and her fingers were nervously pressed against

the bell; the next moment she started back, drew the scanty hood over a brow where want, and suffering, and guilt had written a full volume of wretchedness, and hurried, as fast as her tottering limbs would bear her, from the dwelling of the rich man. On and on she wandered, through the darkness and the storm — for the snow was now falling in heavy masses — looking from side to side for one glance of pity; and, failing in her search, she wound her arms more tenderly around her infant, and sunk at last in utter exhaustion upon the steps of a neighboring dwelling. There was a rumbling of wheels in the distance, and as it neared her presence, she caught a glimpse of a splendid carriage, drawn by blood horses, whose eyes gleamed out like live coals in the darkness. With a shiver of horror, she strove to gain her feet as the carriage stopped by her side; but her strength had gone, and she could only cower down by the stone steps, as the door opened, and Willard Norris alighted to hand out a lady visitor who had graced his assembly that night.

"Joy to you, Sir Bridegroom," said the lady, gayly kissing her hand, as she disappeared within her home.

"Yes, *joy*," echoed the beggar, springing up with the temporary strength excitement had given her. "*Joy* to the bridegroom — joy to the innocent bride — joy to the memory of the past — *such* joy," said she, clutching his arm with audacious wildness, looking very steadfastly in his face the while, "as the murderer feels with the axe suspended over his head."

At another time Norris would have flung the insolent mendicant into the street beneath his horses' feet; but now there was a fascination in her fierce eyes, as they roved up and down his person, that held him spell-bound with terror *and dismay.*

"Who are you?" said he, glancing in nervous trepidation at the driver upon the seat of his carriage.

"Ask, rather, *what am I?*" she muttered, getting closer to him, until the blazing eyes and the haggard and exhausted face were distinctly visible in the light which glimmered from the carriage lamps. "*Look at me.* I am a piece of *your* mechanism — crushed, trodden upon, steeped to the very lips in degradation — still I am of *your* fashioning; cold, hungry, starving before your princely mansion — still I am but the chiselled marble of my practised artist. *Look at me,* and be proud of your handiwork."

A shade of fierce disgust broke over the woman's face; but her fictitious strength was fast leaving her again helpless as ever; and, to add to *her* distress and *his* perplexity, the child awoke, and began a low, faint wailing, which even the mother's gentleness could not subdue.

"My God! my God!" exclaimed the wretched man; "what can I do?"

He had only time to utter the words, and snatch the child from the woman's arms, when she fell a helpless mass upon the ground at his feet. At that moment, a female, who had been concealed in the shadow of the buildings, crept forward, and raised the inanimate form to her bosom. With quiet firmness she scattered handfuls of snow over the sad face lying so cold and still in her embrace, and continued her efforts, regardless of the man, or the child he held in his arms, till she saw the eyes open languidly, and then close again with a shudder, as if some unpleasant vision had met their glance.

"Place her in the carriage, and take her to my *home,*" said the new comer, without raising her glance from her helpless charge.

A scornful frown darkened the features of Norris, and placing the child by its mother's side, he offered his well-filled purse, which being refused, he stepped into the carriage, with its luxurious appointments of velvet and plush, whose elegance he would not tarnish, even in an act of humanity from which the proudest should not have shrunk, and was soon at the door of his own dwelling.

"Hard-hearted that he is," said the stranger, looking about her for assistance.

Just then a watchman turned the corner of the street, and seeing some one seemingly alone, he came up to inquire what purpose had brought a female out at such an hour.

"Why, Nance," said he, swinging his lantern round until its light struck full in her face — "why, Nance, what in the name of common sense brought you out such a night as this? And — goodness me! what's that there on the sidewalk? It's a 'oman," said he, bending over her. "It's a real 'oman, and dead as a door nail at that. What do you think'll become on you now, Miss Nance? I told you all along how it would end with you."

"Yes," said she, musingly, "in the gutter, in the poor-house, and — in the grave. You see I have treasured your words."

"Yes; but what's the use of treasurin' on 'em if you don't profit by 'em, I'd wonder to know?"

"I know, I know," murmured the fallen woman. "But come; while we are wasting time, this poor creature is dying. Take her up carefully, and carry her to my home. You know where it is. I'll follow with the child."

"This is a pretty how-de-do and how-are-ye, any how, that a watchman o' my cloth should be cotched totin' a 'oman in a

faintin' fit through the public streets o' New York. Now, don't you think I ought to be ridiculous, Nance, to humor you in this fashion?" said he, stooping down and gathering the beggar in his arms, as if she had been so much wood. "Well, talking won't mend the matter, any how; so trot along — precious cold, though, blow me if it ain't;" and talking to himself — for his companion neither heard nor answered his comments — he stumbled along with his load, till he reached the low wooden buildings which the girl called home. The interior of the apartment presented a more comfortable aspect than one would have divined from its outer semblance.

"I say, this ain't so bad, Nance, is it?" said the watchman, laying the still senseless woman upon a bed in the corner of the room. "You're sort of cozy here; but give me the babby, and you do something for the *other* arrangement there. You 'omen know better how to fotch each other out of the high-strikes, than we men folk do. Is she *alive*? That's the question."

The girl placed her hand upon the woman's heart, and answered in the affirmative.

"What's to be did, any how?" questioned the watchman. "If I was to go arter any one, you know they wouldn't — that is to say, no decent 'oman wouldn't — come here — you knows that, Nance, well enough. They despises you because you are so wicked."

The last words caused the girl to turn sharply round, and confront the watchman; but he looked so honest and good-humored, and withal so free from malice or intentional evil, that she only replied, —

"'Tis well enough for those who have never in their lives had a temptation to sin, to talk of wickedness."

"She's coming to," said the watchman, as her eyes opened

slowly and painfully. "It's all O. K. now; so I'll be off, afore there's another tantrum."

"Don't go," said the girl, as she saw him nearing the door. "You may be required."

"Well, now, ain't you a pretty 'un, to try to make me stay here all the night, and into the precious morning, too, for the matter o' that? Whose babby is it? *Hern*, do you think?" said he, pointing to the passive child, whose little, old face contrasted strangely with its tiny frame.

"It's hers," replied the girl.

"And who's its pappy? Somebody ought to own it."

"It is Norris's, the rich merchant."

"*Norris's!* Land of hope and blessed promise! It can't be. He's married only to-night. What would his new wife say if she heard you say such a thing?"

"Nevertheless, it is *his*," she pursued.

"Did *he* say so?" questioned the watchman. "Come, Nance, I've some interest in this affair. We can't have any town paupers with rich daddys. Did he tell you it was his?"

"No."

"How do you know, then?"

"I read it in his face, at the very moment when he refused his carriage to take its mother from the street; I saw his guilt on the *surface* of his heart, and I could have found it out, had it been buried a thousand times more deeply. I'm accustomed to guilt."

"Yes," interrupted the man, "and set a thief to catch a thief, you know. No offence to you, though, by the remark."

A convulsive sob startled them, and turning to the bed, they saw the woman, half leaning, half sitting there, and gazing at them in a sort of maniac wonder. At last her eyes

fell upon the child by her side, and stooping over, she wound her arms around it, and drew it tenderly to her bosom.

"Poor thing — poor thing," she murmured. "Child of shadows, who will be a mother to her when I am gone?"

"*I will*," said the girl, drawing near the bed, and caressing the tiny form nestling to its dying mother.

"And a precious mother you'll make," began the watchman; but there was a something almost pure and holy in the face of the courtesan, as she lifted the infant to her own embrace, that checked the words upon his lips.

And from the crushed and hardened heart, a pure vow went up to Heaven, a grateful prayer of thanks, that something had been given her to love, that she might yet wipe out some portion of the guilt of her past life, and in such efforts learn to struggle with and overcome misfortune.

O, thank God, thank God! the human heart never *does* become utterly depraved. Thank God, that forevermore, down deep in the soul, hidden away beneath a mass of wild and tangled weeds, a pure stream, a living spring of clear and sparkling water, ripples its quiet way along, only waiting some master current to make its presence known. Thank God for his assurance that there is no such thing on earth as *natural* depravity; and those who advance such doctrine must either allow the depravity of the Almighty, or question that portion of the Bible which says, "God made man after his own image, and pronounced his work *good*." And would he, think ye, in his wisdom and judgment, pronounce that *good* which was but an artistic shell, wherein a distorted heart should fester and breed corruption? No, no; again, and a thousand times thank God, there is no such thing as natural depravity. The pure waters were beginning to gush up

through the weeds and rubbish a life of crime had heaped upon her spirit! There was a leaf in her heart which she had never dared to read, and on it was written a yearning for affection, a pleading for sympathy, from which her dark life had shut her out, but which, once having an object for those yearning and pleadings, would clasp it as the dearest thing on earth, and turn to that one object exclusively, and forever. Her existence had been a tissue of circumstances beyond her control. The hour that gave her birth closed up the portals between a human being and society. She was the offspring of crime in its most loathsome form. That fact she knew, and she stood alone in the world — something distinct from the race of men — a creature to be feared, scorned, and tampered with by those above her, and hated, envied, and cursed by such as were in the same grade with herself; yet hardened and cankered as her heart had been with vice, it became a holy thing in the sight of God, when she vowed in its depth to protect the helpless infant which would soon be motherless, and for its sake to renounce forever the life that had suddenly grown so irksome and disgusting to her eyes.

"How dark the room grows!" said the dying woman, groping about with her hands, as if to clear away the mist. "O, no," said she, with sudden energy, "no, no; the darkness is in my own heart. I am dying here among strangers, and that, too, on *his* wedding night! My God! my God! Can he be happy?"

"Of whom do you speak?" said the girl, gladly availing herself of any information that might in future assist her in the protection of her new charge.

There was no reply; but fumbling nervously about her tattered dress, the woman at length produced a bundle of worn

and soiled papers, almost illegible from constant perusal, and placing them in the hands of her questioner, extorted the promise that, until her child had become of an age to understand and judge of their purport, the contents should never be revealed.

"What do you call her?" still questioned the girl.

"Leoline," replied the mother, "*Leoline, the Child of Shadows.*"

"How old is she?"

"One year to-night."

For a moment all was hushed in that chamber of death. The infant nestled closer to its dying mother, as if conscious of the terrible bereavement awaiting it. The little thin hand strayed up among the matted and tangled hair, and the face, so old in its expression, pressed up against the cold cheek, and seemed wondering to miss the accustomed caress. A harsh, rattling sound — a quivering of the lips — a quick convulsive shudder — a low, deep moan from the orphaned child, and all was over. The trembling light of a single lamp fell upon the figures of the strange group — the terrified watchman — the repentant girl — the living infant, clasped in the arms of her dead mother — and so passed the first birthnight of *Leoline, the Child of Shadows.*

CHAPTER II.

Coldly and chill the sun crept up through the gray clouds of morning, and the wind swept mournfully through the crevices of the building, as if chanting a dirge for the dead within its walls. A neat, plain coffin was standing upon a table in the room, and in it were sleeping the remains of one whose life had been a scene of tumult and of strife; yet there she lay,

with a smile upon her lips, which had seldom rested there while living, and the thin hands folded over a bosom as still and quiet in its death slumber as if it had never been agitated by stronger impulses than governed it at that moment.

A vast crowd had collected within and around the walls; some drawn hither by curiosity, some swept along with the current, and a few, a *very* few, were induced to enter the dwelling of the abandoned woman from pure motives of sympathy. Among that few was a clergyman, whose piety and charity were alike proverbial. Young in years, but with an intimate knowledge of life, and much experience in the reading of the human heart, his vast energies had ever been directed in one channel — that of retrieving the fallen, and extending encouragement and sympathy to such as felt an inclination to retrace the steps of a career of crime. The greater the criminals, the more strenuous were his efforts for their redemption, and his eloquence and earnestness failed in its effect not once in a hundred times. He it was who had been summoned to perform the last sad rites over the senseless form of the unregretted beggar.

Cowering down in the corner of the room, where the light scarcely penetrated, the better to escape the curious eyes searching her face, drooped on a low chair the occupant of the building. In her arms reposed the motherless child, as motionless and quiet as if she had grown to marble. With a subdued and plaintive murmur, the pleasant voice of the clergyman drifted in the secluded corner where she sat, bearing in its tones detached sentences of holy import; and never was the beautiful funeral service of the Episcopal church given with more touching pathos than over the corpse lying there in the outcast's dwelling. The services over, the coffin was opened for

the inspection of those wishing to examine its contents before being deposited in its grave-home. At the instigation of the clergyman, the girl arose from her low seat, and brought the child forward to take a last look of all that *was* its mother. For a moment it gazed in stupid wonder upon the shrouded form; then the thin lips quivered, and with a murmured exclamation of "Mother," the little head sank down upon the cold face in the coffin, and she wept and sobbed as if her young heart had broken, and was gushing out with her tears. It was with much difficulty they separated the infant from its mother; but when it was accomplished, and the body taken to the stranger's graveyard, a few kind and good women remained behind with their pastor, to devise some means for its future destination. No inducement, however, could prevail upon the girl to part with it.

"Give me *work*," said she, in passionate supplication; "*give me work*. Nothing can unwind the tangled web of my dark life; nothing can undo the past; nothing can make it as if it had never been; nothing — O my God! — nothing can make me pure, and true, and real; but don't — *don't* deprive me of the only thing given me to live for and love. Don't take from me all that can subdue this *reality* of wretchedness. I know you think me incapable of any good or honest purpose, and *I* know, too, as well as *you*, that there is nothing in the whole world so utterly *alone* — so utterly friendless — so utterly degraded as I am; but give me *work;* let me feel there is something dependent *upon* me, looking up *to* me, and you will see that I have energy to atone for at least a portion of my past errors."

The earnestness of her manner was sufficient evidence of her sincerity; and after a hurried consultation, during which

time she had sunk, tearful and sobbing, in her old seat in the corner, the parties present determined to leave the infant, supply her with work, and thereby test the firmness of her resolution. A chapter was read from the Bible, and upon the utterance of that most beautiful sentence, "Neither do I condemn thee," the weeping girl, for the first time, raised her eyes, and encountered the deep, pure glance of the clergyman riveted upon her face. It was mesmeric in its influence. A calm, holy peace pervaded her hitherto disturbed spirit; the sobs were hushed, the tears ceased to flow, and when her companions departed, they left a thoughtful and a *true* woman where they had found a desolate, lonely girl.

CHAPTER III.

I have a fair and gentle friend,
Whose heart is pure, I ween,
As ever was a maiden's heart
At joyous seventeen;
She dwells among us like a star,
That from its bower of bliss
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From aught it sees in this. — MRS. WELBY.

THE above words rippled through my heart, set to music of my own, on the evening which first brought me into intimate acquaintance and the girlish confidence of Leoline Norris, the adopted daughter of the rich merchant. The reader will have divined at once, that the orphaned infant and Leoline Norris are one and the same person. And now, instead of progressing, it will be necessary to retrace my work, and pick up the stitches dropped between the time of the funeral of her mother and her subsequent adoption into the

house of Mr. Norris. All childhoods are very nearly alike in incident and reality, and Leoline, by great care and attention, was preserved from the evils which otherwise must have fallen upon her unprotected path. Through the instrumentality of kind friends, the low dwelling, that had been dedicated to crime, was exchanged for one, if not more imposing in actual appearance, at least free from the taint which characterized the outcast's refuge.

The history of Nancy Arnold was known but to the few persons who shared her grief on the memorable day of the funeral. Rumors were occasionally afloat of an unpleasant nature; but her harmless life, her devotion to her young charge, and more than all, the diligence and unwearied care she exhibited in its culture, both physically and mentally, disarmed the malice of those most disposed to investigate what seemed mysterious in her past life. But there was one fold of her heart to which even her warmest friends were not admitted. And in it was hidden a deep and earnest love for the clergyman, who first taught her to hope and live. There it lay — that love for him — down deep in her heart, like a beautiful flower, which had sprung from the very ashes of corruption, and warmed into actual existence by the sun of affection when it first beamed upon the midnight of her spirit. None knew of its existence; none suspected, and least of all, the object that had grown into her heart, ingrafting therein the germ of a purer and a better soul, that the calm and peaceful exterior shrouded a passion which even its owner feared to analyze. It was the wasted affection of early years, which, diverted from its proper source, had turned to the wildness and intensity of creature love. She could sacrifice her own life, her own heart's blood, if needful, to secure the happiness

of Leoline, but not her love. O, no; not her love; *that* was so deeply implanted in her soul, that if it died out, her heart must die with it. Strong minded and vigorous as she was, with the flush of health on her cheek and brow, this insidious disease was fast closing up the avenues of her life, imperceptible even to herself, but with a certainty which all too soon would make itself felt and acknowledged. In his presence she wore an air of spiritual repose, of quiet confidence, that embodied something of religion, and much of love. Day by day he was at her side, assisting in the duties of educating her young charge, forming the mind of her pupil, and by his presence and encouragement, sustaining her in the various trials which were inevitable to the station she occupied.

One evening, after a conference unusually restrained, the clergyman took her hand in his, and gazing into her eyes, with the same pure look which seventeen years before had subdued her heart into quietude, within the shadows of her dark home, said, in a firm voice, —

"*Leoline loves me!*"

With a quick, convulsive shudder, she raised her head, and the face, deathly pale from the sudden revulsion of feeling, was disclosed to his gaze in the full light.

"How pale you are, Nancy! What is the matter?" exclaimed her companion, with a surprised look.

"Nothing, nothing," she replied, "only the suddenness of the news, the — the — in fact, I have never thought that the time might come, when Leoline would forsake *me* to love another."

"But she does not forsake you, Nancy. Her love for me is no drain from your store; it is widely different from that ——"

"O, I know, *I know*," said she, clasping his hand in both of hers, and gazing piteously in his face; "I know; but love makes us selfish and exacting, and I had forgotten, in my great care for her, that she would be likely in time to marry. But to give her to you, to intrust her to your care, *you*, who have watched over her from an infant, I ought not to regret my own deprivation, in a union which must confer such a blessing upon *her*. Can you love *her*, the child of shame — the offspring of a beggar — *born* in shadows, *reared* in shadows, with one like *me*," said she, while a flood of passionate tears swept over her face, and through the clasped hands which were vainly endeavoring to stay their course.

"What means this emotion, Nancy — this sudden agitation, these tears and sobs? You do not, *cannot* love ——"

There was a confusion of thoughts for a moment, an indistinct impression that her own heart was making a confession of its hoarded secret; and with it came the necessity to control these shapeless impulses, thus floating like shattered clouds through her brain. When next she raised her head, the speaking face had grown passive, and the only trace of emotion was perceptible in its deathly hue.

"*I love!*" she replied, with a bitter smile; "there is little fear of such a sentiment in a heart like mine."

"I had rather see your tears than to hear you speak such bitter words as those. A heart like yours, one that has been chastened by suffering, and worked out its own redemption from crime, should never indulge in such bitterness," replied the clergyman.

"O, I am reckless — desperate," she exclaimed, starting from his side, and pacing the floor with hurried steps. "The past, with its terrors, is returning fresh — O, so fresh to my

memory, and I fear myself for what I have been, and tremble for what I may become!"

Her companion was silent from astonishment. He had never seen such an exhibition of passion in her before, and not divining the cause, he began to fear that her intellect was shattered by some slow process of disorganization, before hidden from his view.

"To think," she pursued, "that shame and dishonor should have been my portion through life — to think that no man might in honor call me wife — no woman sister; to think that the world, with its thousand eyes, should feast upon my disgrace, with its thousand tongues should whisper the abhorrence in which I am held — O, it is too, too dreadful;" and she sunk down in utter prostration of spirit at the feet of her companion. "O, save me, save me," said she, clinging to him as if her only hope in life was at his disposal.

"Save you! from what?" he questioned.

"*From myself! There!* I am calm now. The storm is over," said she, wiping her eyes, and rising from her kneeling posture. "Now, what more have you to say? *Leoline loves you!* You see I am calm *now*. You would marry Leoline: do you remember the disparity in years? You were a *man* when she was born."

"It is that which troubles me," said he musingly. "What I desire is, that you should question her regarding such a circumstance, see how her affections tend, and if she should prove willing to forget the distance between us — for I *know* she loves me ——"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, impatiently.

"*Then* I should be most happy to marry her."

"Would it interest you to know any thing of her past history, or rather that of her parents."

"No! I am willing to take her as she is — pure, innocent, and lovable. I have no desire to visit the sin of her parents upon her guiltless head."

"But you *shall not* take her thus," said the woman, impatiently. "You shall not. Hark! I hear her footsteps. Retire now, and to-morrow I will communicate her resolves, and my desires regarding her."

The retreating form of the clergyman passed from sight just as the garden door opened to admit a sunbeam in the person of Leoline Norris. She was not beautiful; yet the keenest observer would fail to tell what was lacking to make up the sum comprised in that word. She was not beautiful; and yet the clear, transparent face was relieved by masses of dark hair, which fell drooping over her shoulders. She was not beautiful; and yet the intense eyes shadowed forth a world of thought, and on her broad, full brow was stamped, in glowing letters, the word *Enthusiast.* In every impulse of her life that word was conspicuous. Earnest in affection for her protectress, earnest in her acquirement of knowledge, and earnest in her pure love of her pastor friend, she never dreamed of any incident unconnected with these three requisites of her life.

"Come here, Leoline," said her companion.

Leoline obeyed with a pleasant smile, and kissing the lips upturned to her, she drooped down, in an attitude of listening, by the woman's side.

"You love Mr. Earnest?" questioned her companion.

Leoline's eyes opened wider than usual at such a query.

"I don't know," was her answer. "My heart beats freer,

purer, and warmer when he is beside me. Is that love? If so, I love Mr. Earnest."

"O, blind — blind — *blind* that I was," muttered Nancy Arnold, "not to have seen this, in their many years of companionship."

"He has made you an offer of his hand in marriage, through me."

"O, I should be so happy to be his wife. If we should both live, he will be an *old man* while I am a *young woman*, and then I can repay him back, in devotion, all his kindness to me," mused Leoline.

"She shall at least be happy," said the woman to herself; and leaving the room suddenly, Leoline was left to her own happy fancies.

Dear Leoline! She was fast outgrowing the shadows of her childhood.

Half an hour afterwards, a lady of tall and imposing appearance was seen to ring the bell at Willard Norris's mansion on —— Street. She was invited in, and the next hour closely secluded in deep and earnest conversation with the wife of the millionnaire. Mrs. Norris was one of the few *real* women on earth. She had married for love — had reverenced her husband, and in the many years of their wedded life, had seen no fault, nor *shadow* of a fault, in his manner or character. If any foibles of his unmarried years ever came to her knowledge, she rejected them as unworthy a place in her mind, and scorned the informer of such foibles. If ever he referred to past excesses, she excused them as the indiscretions of youth and inexperience; and knowing the correct view she had taken as regards her own happiness, he had partially prepared her for the revelation which was now being made

:y Arnold. The papers which were left in her charge by her of Leoline, being examined for the first time, were) contain letters of Norris's, together with a marriage .te, which was evidently forged. There were tears in e eyes of Mrs. Norris when she again appeared, but kind word she dismissed the cause of her disturbance. ible, her manner to her husband, on his return from s, was more than ever affectionate and solicitous, and ney were alone, she clasped her arms around his neck, earnest tones, related the knowledge she had acquired existence of Leoline — told of her present position — e of the clergyman, whose name was held in great even by those so far superior in worldly wealth — and all, interested her husband in the fate of the woman to protecting care his child had been intrusted. It is not to say how much of penitence there was in the deep he gave his wife, as he held her fondly to his bosom, much affection there might have been for the child so abandoned with its mother. I only know that "sin its own punishment," and "every act of crime works own retribution." One month from that day Leoline tablished in the house of Willard Norris, ostensibly as lopted daughter, while her companion-mother, poor Arnold, was in the grave. Mental suffering had un-ned her physical strength, and fever followed exhaustion heart, which soon terminated in her death. Leoline's was intense and inconsolable for a brief time; but, child-t became soon absorbed in other impulses, connected with ffianced husband.

ars have passed since the above incidents transpired — which have left their snows upon the pastor's head, and

sobered the quick pulse of Leoline. A pretty cottage, Staten Island, half smothered with vines and blossoms, gle out in picturesque wildness by the water's edge, and oftentir when the sun is down, and shadows are gathering around island, an old man and his young wife may be seen walk quietly up and down the shore, or seated under some frag vine, chatting pleasantly to each other. The origin of Leo was never divulged to her, and the child of shadows became of the brightest sunbeams that ever lent its radiance to ea Mrs. Norris, by exerting her influence in a *true woman's spi* — that of kindness and devotion — soon had the happiness knowing that *to* such influence was owing her husband's re mation. They are still living in the city of New York, redu in means, but happy in themselves and respected by their sociates; and it was only during the past winter, while spe ing a week in that city, that I had from the lips of Mrs. N ris the history of LEOLINE, THE CHILD OF SHADOWS.

SONG OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.

THERE's a balm on the air, and it drifts along
Like the fragrant breath of a fairy throng;
There's a spell of love on the restless deep,
And the winds are still, and the waves asleep;
And the fringed lids of the summer flowers
Are folded down in their woodland bowers;
But their lips are bright with a dewy flush —
Do *they* dream of love, through the twilight hush?

'Tis night, and the clouds, with their gorgeous dyes,
Have melted away in the pearl-blue skies;

'Tis night, and the moon from her shadowy land
Has girdled the sea with a silver band;
Yet sorrowful strains o'er my bosom sweep,
Till my heart grows full, and my eyes *must* weep;
For I miss a voice with its music tone,
And murmur in sadness, *Alone, alone!*

Alone, all alone! I am thinking now
Of a star-bright eye and a noble brow;
But I miss kind words, and the dimple smile,
And a dear hand clasping my own the while.
"*My love, mine own!*" 'Tis a worn-out strain,
Oft spoken in rapture, oft breathed in disdain;
Yet the wildest bliss that the world has known
Is found in that sentence — "*Mine own, mine own!*"

My soul was dark, and a wild unrest,
Like a death shroud, lay on my lonely breast;
But the shadow passed, and I knew not how
Till *thy* lips were pressed to my burning brow!
The mist dissolved, for the night had gone,
And the beautiful tints of a holy dawn
Swept over my heart with a mighty change,
And filled it with melody deep and strange.

Thou hast gone from me *now*, and I will not tell
Of the wild, wild thoughts which my bosom swell;
It would give too much to thy earnest heart —
Leaving too little for faith to impart!
Thy spirit is with me — thou *canst* not forget —
Thou'lt think of me ever with saddened regret;
Fate *may* have bereft me — it cannot control,
For thou art my being — the life of my soul!

'Tis night on the mountain — 'tis night on the sea:
Her star-'broidered mantle drapes forest and lea:
Bird music is hushed, and the streams are still,
And the wild leaves throb with a passionate thrill!

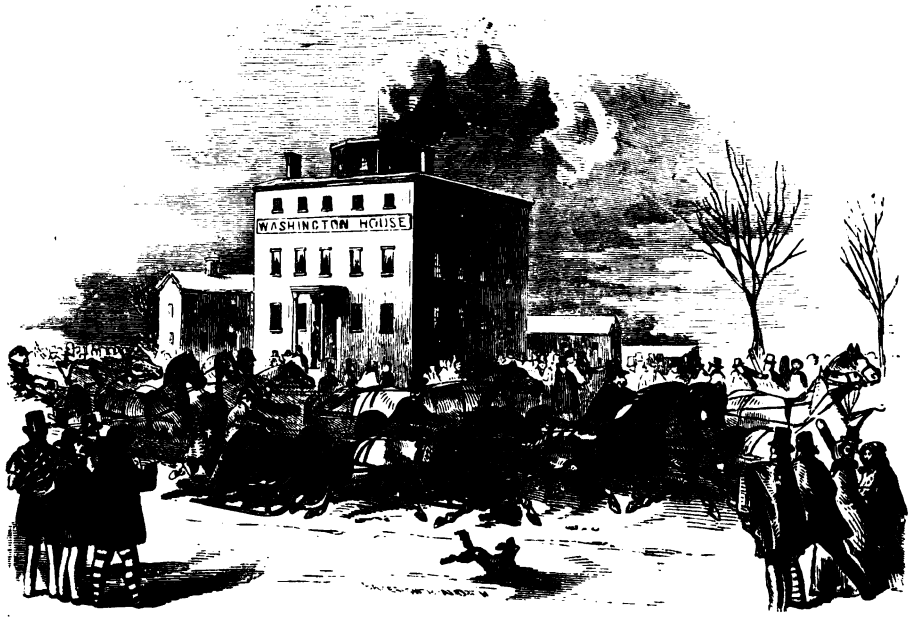
Sleep on! — sweetly sleep! — Be thy dreams as bright
As thy soul is strong in its power and might;
Sleep on — sweetly sleep, nor list to the moan
Of the minstrel heart, for it weeps alone!

LIFE ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD, ETC.

To the Neck, to the Neck, with the friends of mine! Come girls, tie on your rigolets, — never mind if the men do call them nightcaps, — and be off with me in fancy's big team, out upon the broad, bright pleasure ground, where the heart's silence, be it ever so deep, and the heart's sorrow, be it ever so wild, will be broken up by the deep, full chorus of mirth, ringing out from the lungs and lips of its myriad votaries. Come, girls, never mind the beaux! they'll follow fast enough — all but the grumpy ones, and we don't want *them*, any how. Old men, whose impulses are so crusted over with worldliness that only the "almighty dollar" can stir them up, *come!* Push the reality for once, and let the sunshine in upon the ice that has gathered with your years — such sunshine as floats all along the Brighton road! Women! *old* ones! you upon the *other* side of forty, whose hearts *may* have turned to bitterness by long draughts of experience, who have learned to look with a jealous eye upon the youth and freshness upspringing around *you;* and if before you return home again, you haven't robbed old Time of at least ten years of his honest dues, say I am a false prophet, and that the truth is not in me. Maiden! with the dew of early summer waiting upon your lip for *you know whom* to gather, our party wouldn't be com-

plete without *your* presence, for youth and happiness are a glorious leaven to the crustier loaf of experience. Old and young, rich and poor, our team is made of gutta percha, and will expand to meet the exigencies of a crowd; so let's be off while the sunbeams are playing make-believe diamonds upon the long reach of snow before us. Here we are at last, and I should like to see the telegraph make better time. You may well say, how beautiful! All around and about, as far as the eye can span, is spread one broad, bright, dazzling sheet of snow. Heaps of dead leaves are buried beneath larger heaps of the glittering livery of old Winter. The brushwood along the roadside, bending down beneath the miniature pyramid lodged upon its branches, looks like marble statuary, and the covered knolls like drifts of snow. Even the forest in the distance, with its thousand frosted arms blazing in the rich light, looks a regal home for the Ice King's reign. Very splendid indeed is that great forest, with its wealth of sparkling gems; yet with all its outside radiance, we know that it is blasted and desolate now — that it is bleak and frozen, like a heart breathed upon by neglect. But summer *will* come again to the forest and to the heart: so away with all reflections which can disturb the harmony of the hour devoted to revelry and joy. *How beautiful!* What a kaleidoscope of living, moving, exultant pictures! What a mass of life, energy, fire, and ambition! Men, women, and children partake alike of the spirit of the scene; even the animals, in their mute eloquence, seem to understand that some point of contention is to be gained, and to strain every nerve in the contest. "*The happy hunting grounds!*" No wonder the Indians associated their nearest ideas of heaven with *horses*, when *our* closest approximation to entire earthly happiness is

through *their* medium. "Clear the road!" is the shrill cry, producing a stampede amongst the lookers on, almost equal to the one bearing down upon us with such frantic speed. It is one of the few occasions in life in which no one waits to be told *twice*, but all make a simultaneous rush, with praiseworthy alacrity. Old and young Dan Tuckers "git out of the way" by instinct just in time to save their bacon from the hoofs of the excited horses. Here they come — a mad, reckless, sweeping mass, now making helter skelter Virginia fences all over the road, now in such leaping, quivering juxtaposition that the bystanders close their eyes with an involuntary feeling that something horrible is about to happen. Not so the active participants of the excitement. They are crack whips — the larger half of them — with quick eyes to take in advantage and danger, and cool intrepidity to steer clear of the *Ree* drivers, the great rock-a-head upon the pleasure grounds. Here they come, the Rees outfooted, and nowhere to be seen! And now the excitement is at its height. The cheering cry, the shrill neigh, the loud hurrah! spread out in a full chorus, which loses itself in the far-off stillness, followed by another and another equally exultant and simultaneous. Here they come! Alger's noble gray, trailing another of the same suit almost as speedy and magnificent; Welch's sorrel Billy, like a tasty, trim-built gallant, as he is, breast to breast with Lady Ada; Hector, footing like a deer, and straining every nerve to meet the pride and ambition breaking up through the flashing eyes of his graceful mistress, as if he knew that it was to her skill in the equestrian art that he owed half his notoriety under the saddle as well as in harness. Fetridge, with his pair, which, if they don't trot in 2— most any thing, is no fault of the driver; Ajax, speedy enough,


WASHINGTON HOUSE

making his mind to go just as he pleases, up, down, or on the level; Hickory dancing the polka to the music of the bells; Sallie Ward, as finely moulded as her namesake; somebody's little white pacer, who is a rough bird to look at, but a fast one to go; Old John, seeing every body out slick as groose geese — all but a little iron gray, not bigger than a pint of cider, who sweeps the crowd amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of delight; Lady Litchfield, lithe, limber, and graceful as a fawn; Eastern Maid, looking like a large, sleek mouse, as she flies over the ground — and dozens more, all worthy of our especial notice. "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

"Aha!" as the playactors say, here comes another raft of horses! Hoorah for every body! Here comes Tariff, with his minister driver! That's the minister for my money; he don't believe religion consists in faces a yard long, when there is so much life, love, and joy afloat in the world! not he. Take care; Rattler is just upon your heels, Mr. Tariff, and Charmer, too, with my pet, the Duchess, scarcely touching the ground she flies over. O, Je-ru-sa-lem! here comes Acorn, with the butcher's mare! Do you hear *that* Ajax? and the two Kate Hayeses breast to breast, and somebody's double team bearing down upon the crowd like a flash of lightning, and away up yonder, *several* somebodys trying to make a mile an hour! Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my laughing at you, but you do make such a ridiculous appearance among the blooded ones, that I can't help it. Now do go home, like good fellows; you can't *shine*, do your best. O girls, mind your eyes, now! There's Cupid over the left there! What business he has to locate himself upon the Neck, where so many hearts are lost and won — given away or changed off for value received — is

more than I can tell. I only know he's *there;* and as there is no knowing what might happen, the sooner we *scud* home the better; so good by to life, fun, frolic, and excitement; for this day, at least, we have seen enough of *life upon the Boston Neck.*

GRACY GREEN.

In the lonesomest cabin on the verge of the lonesomest bog in all New England sat a fair young girl gazing steadily in among the coals, which were glowing and sparkling in fantastic figures upon the clean-swept hearth. It was winter, and the snow had drifted up, and was lying in great heaps all around the cabin, and in among the trees, and over the frozen bog, until, to look from the window, one would but wonder that the occupant of the only dwelling for miles and miles away could expect a visitor, or, even so expecting, could hope any one would venture life and limb by an attempt to cross that reach of snow and ice. The wind swept around the cabin in fitful gusts, and the long, leafless branches rattled against the windows with a dreary sound; yet the mind of the quiet girl had gone down with memory into her well-stored treasure house, and until a fiercer gust sent the door from its wooden fastening, she seemed scarcely to be aware that a storm had come up, and that a fresh layer of snow had already been added to the groundwork of the forest.

"O, I hope he won't come to-night," she murmured, as she arose to secure the door more firmly from the wind's invasion.

"I *do* hope he won't." And a shadow of disappointment settled upon her face, which seemed to belie the words she was uttering.

Placing more wood upon the fire, she again resumed her seat, but with less abstraction, and began stitching away at some work which had been lying on a table by her side. Three times had the great crazy-looking clock in the corner chimed out its requiem for the dead hours, and three times had Gracy Green peered out of the window into the snow, which was falling faster than ever, and piling up in little ridges upon the frosty vines, which stood out, stark and stiff, under the eaves of the cabin, like curious specimens of sculpture.

"It was later than this last night, and yet I hope he won't come through the storm — indeed I do," she murmured, resuming her seat.

For another hour she plied her needle as diligently as ever, humming the while a plaintive air, which seemed well to accord with her humor; but at length the plaintive tone grew fainter and fainter, and then died away altogether; and leaning her head upon her hand, the blue eyes which had been so bright and restless grew dim and red, and tear after tear lay glittering in the light upon the table where they had fallen.

The little room was humble and very quiet; yet it could not be its loneliness which affected her so much, for she had been accustomed to that from her childhood; nor could it have been terror for the increasing storm which caused her tears to flow; for, year after year, for seven winters, she had listened alone to its dismal sobbings. But still her tears flowed on, and still the broad blaze of the replenished fire flashed out with sober cheerfulness, and sent its brilliant light out through the windows, and down the long reach of smooth snow that

covered the bog — luckily enough for a venturesome traveller, who, but for its guidance, must inevitably have lost the half-obscured path which connected the village on the one side with the lonesome little cabin on the other. The rattling of the vines against the window, or the falling of the embers from the polished irons, startled her from her revery, and rising from her seat, she opened the door, and gazed out into the outer darkness; but a strong gust of wind sent the flames dancing up the chimney, and extinguished the last ray of hope in the heart of the disappointed watcher.

Dear reader, if you would learn where human hopes and human sympathies are most strongly developed, where (O rare and appreciated quality) poverty and affluence may be seen hand in hand upon the byways of life, and where pride and avarice are the *few* unwelcome guests to whom we would gladly say, "Not at home," come to our village when the summer song and bloom have drifted off upon the autumn air, when humble homes and hearts are glittering with the cheerful hoard of social enjoyments reserved for the long evenings of snow and frost, and where the blaze and warmth of the crackling fire is not more genial than the welcome *you* will receive from its humble inhabitants. Come in the *winter*, dear friends, for the summer, like a summer friend, has its own proclivity to selfishness. I make this digression, partly because I have an overwhelming love for that little village nestling down within *speaking* distance of the rare old Kennebec, and partly because it might seem impossible to those whose experience has been within and among the grades of city life, that a poor girl, who had little but her virtue to recommend her, and who at best had made a precarious living by the gathering and vending of berries, should have found

countenance and protection among the many to whom Dame Nature had been more liberal. And to say the truth, there had been some little squeamishness evinced among the leaders of the *ton*, for we know what fashion is made of, right well, down there among the pines and maples, and know, too, that to follow its dictates there are too many *first principles* to uproot; so we leave it to such as like the labor and dignity it involves.

Gracy Green had been an orphan almost from her birth. While she was in her earliest infancy, her father had been killed by the falling of a tree where he was laboring, and of her mother she could only remember a pale, thin face, and a pair of lips which had startled her with their coldness, when pressed to her own with a murmured, "Try not to forget me, Gracy, dear." And she had tried, but the memory was indistinct, and always came wandering back to her old grandmother, and how she should keep want from the door of their humble cabin, and whether, as she grew to be a large girl, she should be able to go to school and dress like the girls in the village opposite; and somehow even then the vision of Henry Marsden would mingle with her thoughts, although she knew well enough that nothing on earth could make them stranger to each other than that long step between poverty and pride. Not that he was proud, although many a one with less capital than he possessed would have been; but there was a warm, genial heart, and a daring, joyous spirit in his breast, which folded its wings against every impulse except such as had their birth from kindliness and good humor. He was the only child of the proud, unlovable widow of Captain Marsden; and although through the frostwork of her rigid dignity there was no apparent affection for the frank, generous boy whom every

body loved, still we all felt that there was more of the real material of humanity under the cold exterior than she chose the world should see. All that maternal solicitude could conceive, and all that money or influence could effect, to educate and refine her boy, as befitting one to whom, in time, would fall the large estates now at her disposal, was sedulously accomplished; and although, to the scandal of the village, she had placed him an infant from her own breast into the bosom of Mrs. Bray, she did not refuse to overlook the fosterage of his mind, with a vague hope, it was thought, of instilling into his manners and habits some portion of her own aristocratic sentiments. Idle, idle, all. The birds and the flowers were not more fresh and free in their own wayward beauty than was the heart of wild Henry Marsden. He was a studious boy enough in general, but somehow, when the long summer days would come, there was a bright young face looking coaxingly up between his fancy and his books — the face of Gracy Green mirrored in the brushwood of the blueberry bushes, which, will-o'-the-wisp like, led him to the bog, where he was sure to find her.

"Here I am, Gracy," he would say, turning a double somerset on the first bit of grass that met his roving glance.

"But your mother — your lesson," Gracy would plead, with a half-roguish smile, which always finished the business.

"O, bother, nonsense! I've got my lesson all by heart; that is to say, I'm going to get it this evening, and that's time enough."

So Gracy would be convinced of his superior judgment, and allow him to lighten her labor by filling the little wooden pail with purple fruit, while she chatted away under the shade of some extravagantly-tall bushes of fern and dogwood.

And so they passed on from childhood to maturity, never acknowledged lovers, yet loving each other as only those love who dream that human hope and human courage can shelter their aspirations from the storms of life. But a change came at last, and Gracy Green was alone in the world. The old grandmother, for whom she had toiled and hoped so long, was laid away in the sumach wood by the side of her father and mother. Then the villagers came to her with assurances of kindness, and offers of a home amongst them; but she only replied with a respectful and decided "No!" She was grateful for their kindness — would always, *always* remember it; but she was born in the cabin, had lived there all her life, and should not feel so free and independent elsewhere. She had learned to work very neatly, and there was a sufficiency of plain sewing to be done in the village, and nobody could do it so satisfactorily as Gracy; so from the morning till the evening she stitched away patiently and diligently, that the last few hours at the closing in of day might be devoted to her constant companion, Henry Marsden. Childlike and simple, she never dreamed that impropriety could be attributed to such companionship; so, when an old gossip of the village told her that people were making remarks, she opened her blue eyes in startled wonder, and indignantly repelled the insinuation. It was of these things she had been thinking on the evening of which I write, and of Henry Marsden; for again and again, as it often had done before, arose the memory of his sympathy, when, as a child, working for her, tending her, pitying her loneliness, he had voluntarily exiled himself from those whose education and refinement befitted them better to be his companions. Then the vision of her sorrowful, childish self following her last relative to the grave swept across her, and

she remembered how *he*, of all others, had wept with and for her, and how, when all of earth's love that she could ever count upon had faded from the lonely, anxious cabin, she still saw a gleam of sunlight in the affectionate kindness of her old playmate; but why that memory was fraught with pain, or why there came over her face that momentary cloud of startled anguish and anxiety, only those can comprehend, who, from a long dream of security, suddenly awaken to find their own hearts folded up in the keeping of one who may not value the possession.

While she was still indulging in a retrospection of the past, a scene of peculiar interest to her was passing in the family mansion of the Marsdens. The stately mother, with more than usual severity, had been questioning and advising her impetuous boy.

"And you love her?" she questioned, as if doubting the assurance he had just given. "*Love her?*"

"Love her, mother — love her! Love Gracy Green, and with all due respect to you, wishing to be dutiful, and all that sort of thing, I shall never marry any other body — *n-e-v-e-r!*" and he brought out the word as if that was an end to the whole matter.

"Miss Mayhew is refined," began the mother.

"Miss Mayhew be blamed for an affected, stupid fool!" chimed in the wilful boy, rising and walking impetuously about the room.

The slightest shade of anger was visible on the face of Mrs. Marsden, but she stood too essentially upon her dignity to allow its exhibition.

"Do you know, Henry, your nightly visits to the — the cabin of the blueberry girl have compromised her with the

villagers? — that her reputation has suffered by your thoughtlessness?"

Henry stopped short in his restless walk, and fixed his glance upon his mother.

"She lives alone, a mile away from any other habitation; every one knows when you cross the bog — no one knows when you return; and of course, such being the fact, an unlimited amount of scandal has been engendered."

"There has?" questioned Harry, as if it were impossible that scandal and the name of Gracy Green could be coupled.

"There has. You should have remembered that."

"I never gave the subject a thought. Gracy seemed so holy, so sacred in her loneliness, that I should as soon have dreamed of the angels being censured as of wrong being imputed to her."

"Of course, under these circumstances it will be impossible for you to marry her, even if any position could have rendered it feasible."

"Of course it will be impossible for me to do any thing else but marry her, after having, as you say, given occasion to scandal by my thoughtlessness. It is the only restitution I can make."

For some minutes Mrs. Marsden sat leaning her cheek upon her hand in thoughtful silence, while Henry continued his restless walking.

"Henry," at length she said, "you may or may not know how much my pride and the dignity of our family are involved in your choice of a wife. You are young now. Leave the village for one year, travel where you like, and at the expiration of that time, if you still desire it, you have my consent to marry the — the — whom you like."

"And I may tell Gracy this?"

"If you please; but if you should change your ——"

Change! Henry did not remain to hear the conclusion of the sentence, but, regardless of the falling snow, darted from the door, and was soon lost to view among the frosty bushes which skirted the path leading to the bog. Of the confidences of that evening in the lonely cabin, of the hopes to be cherished and the plans to be matured, and more than all, of the interchange of deathless love, which each had felt, and each had thought concealed, my pen refuses to write, feeling how inadequate it would be to their portrayal. Enough that the morning light looked upon eyes in Mrs. Marsden's home that joyousness had kept open the livelong night; and that the cold dawn, creeping in over the bog, crossed the remnant of a candle guttering down into its socket, and fell upon the form of a beautiful girl, on her knees by the table, with her hands clasped in prayer! Ay, kneel to thy Maker, dear, gentle girl — cling to his throne, and gather strength to bear the shadow and the gloom which are just above thy head! Thou, so pure and good, so joyous and so happy, kneel to thy God, and pray for the *future*, for need, indeed, wilt thou have of the consolation which only prayer can bring!

"Nine — ten — eleven," counted Mrs. Marsden, as the clock struck the hours. "What can keep Henry in bed so long?" and leaving the room, she stepped softly up stairs, and tapped at the door of his chamber. Receiving no answer she unclosed it, and with a noiseless step approached the bed where he was lying. His deep, heavy breathing assured her at least of his safety, and with the same noiseless step she was retreating as she had come, when her eye was caught by the bright, vivid flush burning in the centre of each cheek. Re-

turning to his side, and taking the hand which was lying on the coverlet, she found it hot and feverish. The hair lay around his broad forehead in damp, tangled masses, and the irregular, labored respiration, which she had mistaken for healthful slumber, now convinced her that from some cause a deep fever had settled upon him. With more tenderness than she had ever before evinced, she pressed her lips to his brow; yet slight as the contact was, it was sufficient to disturb the light, restless slumber which influenced him for the moment.

"I have had such a beautiful dream!" said he, attempting to rise upon his elbow; but even that exertion was too much for him, and he sank back again exhausted upon the bed. "Tell Gracy to come to me — I can see her *there* — now — in the corner; how kind it was of you to let her come and live with us!" His mind was wandering, and with a startled, colorless face Mrs. Marsden hastened below, and gave orders for immediate medical attendance. All that day long, and through the night and the next day, the mother sat by his side; yet always with the same cold look of dignified reserve about her, never leaving her post unless for a few moments, to give some new order from his physician, and then resigning her chair to old nurse Bray, as the only one who could fill it with a proper degree of self-possession. *Self-possession!* The stately mother did not see the withered old arms gather about her sick child, as the door closed upon her form; she did not hear her sob and murmur, as no one else could have done — "My poor suffering boy — my darling, *darling* child," nor dream that the old withered cheeks, so seemingly composed, had been wet with tears which ceased to flow only with the echo of her steps upon the stairs. One evening — it was the third after his illness — there was an unusual hurry and

confusion in the house. The doctor had remained longer than usual, and, as the door closed, Henry caught the words — "No hope," uttered in a low tone. His eyes were shut, but he was conscious that his mother had been standing by his side; he heard her pass away to the window with a low, stifled sob, and then the door unclosed and closed again, and nurse Bray had taken his hand within her own.

"Tell me," said he, after a moment's thought, "is there any one here but us *two?*"

"No one, Henry. Why?" questioned the nurse.

"Was mother crying when she went down stairs just now? Don't tell her I asked; but I thought — she is so proud and cold — I thought it might have been *Gracy!*"

Poor Gracy! Alone in her little cabin, she had wondered for three days and nights what had happened to Henry — alone in her cabin, forgotten by all but her suffering lover, against whom in her heart there was beginning to arise the shadow of a reproach.

"Send for her at *once!*" replied Mrs. Marsden, as the nurse whispered to her that Henry had asked for Gracy Green! And a messenger bears the ill tidings to the lonely little cabin, wondering the while what the blueberry girl can have to do with the rich Marsdens. And Gracy learns it all — that Henry is ill — *dying.* She does not weep, but kneels down where she knelt, in her happiness, only three nights before, and presses her cold lips convulsively to the little Bible in her hands! Our Father, who art in heaven, gather thine arms about the children of thy love, whose hearts are stricken by thy hand, for only thou canst bind the bruised reed, or bring comfort to the afflicted! Through the crackling snow and over the lonesome bog Gracy wends her way to the man-

sion of the Marsdens. Henry has asked for her repeatedly since the good old nurse told him she was sent for, but now he has sunk into a gentle slumber! The mother, who has seen Gracy from the window, is at the hall door, waiting to receive her; but not one jot of her old-time stateliness is abated, nor does she greet her with any token of feeling other than with the simple comment that Henry is ill, and has sent for her! Down the long reach of glittering marble, and up the winding stairs, trembling till she can scarcely walk, yet trying to subdue her agitation, she follows the calm, dignified mother. Her hand is on the door, and her heart beating as if it would leap from her bosom. She sees the pale face of her lover, and, forgetful of every thing else, she flings her arms about him with passionate vehemence, sobbing and murmuring, —

"*O, dear, dear friend!* O, so to love and so to lose!" And the stately mother lifts the tresses which have fallen light and smooth across his mouth — she might have spared herself the trouble, for there was no breath there to disturb them — *the son and lover was dead!*

And the morning came as the evening had come before, and many more mornings and evenings, and Gracy sat with the stately mother by the side of the dead, herself almost as pulseless; but of the pent-up moaning, the contest, and the suffering which was lived within that darkened room, none knew but *Him* who ordereth all things well! At length the day comes which is to witness the last on earth of Henry Marsden; and Gracy, no longer able to repress her tears, breaks out every few moments into wild fits of weeping. The cold, proud mother talks with the village rector of strength to bear, and of fortitude to overcome affliction; but Gracy does not hear them! They say, too, how sinful it is to mourn for

the dead, whom God has taken to himself, and she feels that it is something intended for her ear, and she knows it is wrong, wicked, it may be, to mourn as she does, and wishes she could sit there by the corpse motionless and tearless as the proud mother! But for this knowledge and this wish she does not weep the less, but keeps on murmuring in her heart, though no one hears the words — "O, dear, dear friend! O, lonely onward years! O, so to love, and so to lose!" until the clock strikes three, and the old village bell begins its doleful music. She does not close her eyes, but sits in the corner of the room where the shadows are deepest, and presses her clasped hands over her mouth, that her moanings may not be heard. And so she sits through the singing and the prayer: and she hears the reverend pastor commend the bereaved mother to the care of Almighty God, and she has an indistinct idea that mention is made of the lonely orphan girl, the betrothed of the deceased, which causes her to press her hands still more closely over her mouth, to check the swelling agony. At length the singing, and the prayer, and the consoling words are all over, and the shroud is gathered away from the pale face, that the friends may look their last upon the dust before them. Proud and calm as ever, the mother bends over the corpse of her only child! She does not touch the lifeless lips, or move a muscle of her own colorless face, but as she turns away, the heavy crape veil falls as if by accident, and no one sees the quivering lips, striving so hard for control, and no one knows that mother's agony, as the last grappling-iron of hope is torn from her heart with the dead boy before her. And Gracy sees it all, but only comprehends that Henry is dead — the dear companion of her lonely, loveless years! An old woman, who had been kind to her in childhood, comes for

ward, with rough sympathy, and leads her to the coffin, where she bends down, in a passionate fit of weeping, and, forgetful of the crowd, murmurs, "Never more to see him — never more — O, dear, lost friend," and continues sobbing and murmuring until she is led back again, and takes her place mechanically in the mourning train, by the side of the stately mother! And they move slowly out through the little gate, and onward to the graveyard in the edge of the maple grove. They pass the old farmhouse in the meadow, where nurse Bray is standing in the door, weeping for her foster child, as if he had been her own. They wind slowly round the hill, where Rover, Henry's favorite dog, lies restlessly in his kennel; and as they pass him, a low, deep howl startles the crowd by its novelty, and Gracy again presses her hand to her mouth, to shut back the cry that had nearly found utterance! *Onward* — onward through the crackling snow, which diligent hands had that morning shovelled away, till the procession halts and circles around the new-made grave. It is a cold, chilly afternoon, and the tombstone against which Gracy leans for support is bossed over with sleet and ice; but she does not feel it, nor look into the grave, nor at the coffin, but keeps her eyes resolutely closed till the dust she has so loved in its material form is given back to the dust from which it sprang.

"He is not dead, but sleepeth!" exclaims the pastor in his old, solemn voice, and a faint smile, for the first time, hovers about the lips of Gracy Green.

"*He is not dead, but sleepeth!*" Believe it, dear suffering girl — take it to thy heart, to lean and rest upon in the days of its desolation, for, of all our heavenly Father's assurances there are none like *that* to reconcile thee to thy bereavement!

Again the procession takes up its line of march for home;

but why do they stand so still and terror-stricken all at once? It is only Gracy, kneeling down for the last time to look in upon her lover.

"*He is not dead, but sleepeth!*" murmur the thin white lips, almost inaudibly. It is scarcely a moan, for the pale face has drooped down, and lies pressed against the snow heaped up by the grave. Take her up gently — she will not shrink from your hold, for the music of the winds, and the whispering of the trees, and the songs of birds are hushed to her *forever!* "*He is not dead, but sleepeth.*" And clinging to that beautiful hope, she had "gone out with the tide," and the waves had closed over her, leaving a loving memory, as a ripple on the surface of village life, to tell where her bark of love had foundered! *A broken heart!* There is something more than fiction in the term, believe me!

OUR LIZZIE.

A PORTRAIT DRAWN FROM LIFE.

I WISH you could see her eyes, dancing in brightness —
I wish you could hear her laugh, ringing with lightness —
As she sits by my side now, so *seemingly* busy, —
You'd love her as *I do* — our darling pet Lizzie.

I wish I could sketch her, with lips all a-glowing —
With eyes full of brightness — with jetty curls flowing —
With teeth gleaming out, when their casing uncloses,
Like snowflakes imprisoned by roguish twin roses!

Her heart is an ocean — and from it upgushing,
Her eyes lighting up, and her tinted cheeks flushing,
Are truth, hope, and trustingness, loving and dutiful;
And *these*, more than all, make our bright Lizzie beautiful.

She *will* not be judged by the laws of precision —
She'd treat such a project with scornful derision!
To friends she is lovable, gentle, and pliant!
To enemies, wilful, impulsive, defiant!

She's a stanch little democrat — wealth never heeding —
Closing her bosom to shut out its pleading,
Till somebody's suffering springs to unlock it —
Then, her heart's in her eyes, and her hand — *in her pocket.*

She's a plague to the proud — to the needy a blessing —
She's a bit of a *riddle*, but one worth the guessing!
And should you once see her, in kindliness busy,
You'd love her as *I do* — our darling pet, Lizzie!

THE SUICIDE.

"One more unfortunate,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!"

Not one thought of the great misty ocean of eternity into ich she was plunging; not one prayer for the soul she was ıding into the presence of its Maker; not one hope but for ɔp — eternal, never-ending *sleep!* Wildly and passionate-loving, she had seen the flowers which cluster around the ırt of woman trampled upon by *him* who should have cher-ed them! Worshipping her idol as only the lost and

erring can worship, the cup of bitterness which *his* hand had mixed she drained to the very dregs, and *then — she died!* O, would that the sun would not come streaming in upon her pillow, lighting up the pale face, beautiful even in its passive silence — as if that pulseless heart had not beat itself to death upon the rocks of despair! Poor girl! longing to die — longing to hide her sorrow and her shame with that bright face in the grave — longing to bury her young life and all its troubles beneath the waves of oblivion! she that might have been the pride and glory of a happy home — the brightest little star that ever shone upon the domestic altar! but the spoiler came — she loved, *and was a woman!* Poor girl! Poor Frances! How the light breeze, drifting in at the window, lifts the stray ringlet from its shroud covering! There is a sad, sweet smile upon her lip, as if the recording angel had kissed her in her closing hour, and wiped away the crime of suicide, in pity for its cause. I know there are brows to darken, and lips to curl, and spirits to censure such a thought; but when our papers teem with records of sorrow, bitterness, and death — when I read of the shadow and the gloom, and trace the germ of evil to its root — I cannot remember to fashion *my* thoughts to please the self-elected censors of society, and *would not* if I could! You may sneer at this, cold hearts of the world, who never knew a throb of sympathy! You may smile, you who never stop counting your gold long enough to let the quality of mercy in upon your souls! You may frown me down, gentle lady, with your pure, high heart guarded round by the holy influences of home — who, having never been tempted, cannot know how hard the resistance is when love is the tempter; but, in the face of all, I *must* pity, I *must* feel for and sympathize with

the sorrowful and the world-worn, even though poverty and destitution have been their stepping stones to crime and death. And so *she* died! madly, rashly, and wickedly; but the world had grown so cheerless to her — she had watched the fading out of hope, and now *despair* was written on the face of every thing about her! It came to her in the merry laugh of childhood, for she remembered a home far away among the eastern hills, where she had roamed in happy, gleeful innocence; and she knew her sin had made that home desolate forevermore! It came to her alike in the warm sunlight, and upon the soft star gleams, for they spoke of peace and happiness to all — all but *her!* And so she died! and the careless word is spoken over her senseless clay, and the light jest passes round, and all that remains of the beautiful girl "who killed herself for a silly love affair" is laid away in the dark vault, and forgotten! But what of *him* — the idol upon whose altar was laid this human sacrifice? Does it not rise up between him and the world — that memory of loving, passionate tenderness, which, forsaking every other tie, had wreathed itself around his heart to die in the shadow of his neglect? Does it not whisper in his ear of wrongs too late to be redressed — of hopes never to be fulfilled — of dreams never to be realized? Does it not mock him in the glare and glitter of artificial life, and talk to him of the much there is of coldness and insincerity — the little there is of truth and fidelity? Vainly! how vainly! In the hush of night there come to him dreams of the past — *her* past, over which his hand had set the sentinels of shame and silence. She had loved him — *that* he knew, now that she was lost to him forever; and the vague thought comes up, "Will any one ever love him again as she did?" The one wild watchword of her soul had been

his name; the one bright star of her life his smile; and when that watchword faded out, and the star grew dim, she could not face the mockery of the world alone — she could not find her way through the wilderness of cold hearts — and so she died! believing life to be empty and full of pain — believing life to be hopeless and full of loss! and so, with that great sorrow, "to love and not be loved again," crushing her heart, she passed recklessly through the valley and shadow of death, into the presence of *Him* whose eye is upon all, whose mercy bendeth over all, and who judgeth all — but not as man judgeth!

Our Father, who art in heaven, gather thine arms around the children of impulse and passion; for need indeed have they of thy guidance, who have seen the world of love and happiness crumbling beneath their feet!

AGNES DOYLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

DARK-browed, wild-hearted Agnes Doyle! Who that once saw her ever forgot her? Who that had once listened to the strange, impulsive eloquence of her high heart ever failed to predict for her a life of storms and darkness? Dark-browed, wild-hearted Agnes Doyle! There was a tinge of Indian blood in her veins, and all the fire of her race burned and flashed from a pair of brilliant eyes with a will and determination, the strength of which was never dreamed of

until painful illustration proved its might. Wild in her love, wild in her hate, and wild in every passion of her untamed spirit, her heart was like a frail boat upon the tempestuous waves, beating itself to death upon the quicksands of life! For years there had been a child love growing in her bosom for a youth in the neighborhood, who had once defended her from the ill-natured attack of a schoolmate; and that *love* even, like every impulse of her nature, was a strange mixture of jealousy, passion, and distrust. The wild old woods had been her play grounds, and the birds and flowers her companions; and now that the clasp had been taken from her heart, leaving her to read its contents, more than ever she resorted to the wild scenes so common upon the banks of the Kennebec. Years passed, and Agnes Doyle was a woman; and her love for Henry May, unknown to him or others, had become a mania — a passionate insanity. Her wild, fierce nature needed the tender sympathy, the gentle reproof, and softened tenderness of her boy lover; so she yielded to her captor, without knowing *why* the gyves were on her wrists, or how they came to be so securely clasped. There had been a long intimacy between herself and the family of the Westerns, wherein Henry May had resided from boyhood — for he had neither father nor mother, from whom to expect affection, and to this circumstance probably might have been traced the awakening of the sympathies of Agnes in his behalf. But they were so — *so* unlike in habit — the falcon and the dove might sooner expect to blend sympathies than Henry May and Agnes Doyle! and yet contrasts are often pleasing.

The October storms and winds had driven Agnes from her forest haunts; but now the rain had subsided, and the sun was

out bright and clear; yet still she lingered at home, and seemed for once to have forgotten the wildness and strength of her proud nature. There had been gay times in the village during the fall months, and evening after evening found her mingling — very quietly, it is true — yet mingling in the sports and pastimes which had been invented for our amusement.

It was not the music, or the dance, or the wild, wild mirth, that characterized those evening gatherings, which induced her to join them, but that she could watch unregarded the pleasant, thoughtful face, whose lightest gesture revealed to her more poetry, love, *religion*, than all else in the wide world. This passion had increased with her years. For hours and hours she would sit in a quiet corner of the room, with the splendid fire of her dark eyes veiled by the shadows, watching the form of Henry May with all the adoration of a devotee. In the whole universe she could see but one form, hear the tones of but one voice, or dream of but one love. To her there was more spirituality beaming from his deep-blue eyes than all she could comprehend of heaven or holiness, and she sought a union with that spirituality, ardently and impetuously. He was her life, soul, religion — her only conception of paradise. Had the whole world censured, reviled, or discarded her, she would have defied and laughed at the insolence; but should those mild blue eyes rest upon her reprovingly, her proud, high heart would have cowered at the feet of their owner, and pleaded for forgiveness. The village might have been exterminated, her associates might have been dying or dead, and she would have judged it a very natural consequence; but should one pang, physical or mental, disturb the calmness of that pure, white brow, her very spirit would have been wrung, until it would have forced

up blood for tears! Silent and unnoticed this intense worship had continued, until, quite unexpectedly, our parties received an additional lustre from the presence of Ida Western, who, after some years' absence, had returned to pass a winter in her native village — then her jealousy became as morbid as her love. Ida Western was one of those quiet, gentle, *natural* girls that steal into the heart without saying "with your leave or by your leave," and, instead of acquiring "foreign airs and native graces" during her city life, she had come home more gentle, more natural, and, if possible, more affectionate than ever. It was a brilliant October evening — that on which the driver of the stage coach plumped her down in the middle of innumerable bandboxes and trunks, at the gate of her father. It had been one of those warm days which autumn seems to have coaxed away from summer, and there was quite an artistic group upon the grass plot in front of the dwelling, to enjoy its decline. Henry May was half asleep over a book, under a large poplar tree, while Agnes furtively watched him from the shade of the piazza. Mr. and Mrs. Western were busily employed within doors, and Mary, their eldest daughter, was telling stories to a small specimen of humanity, whose brown eyes and curly hair were wonderfully like his teacher's.

"Ida!" exclaimed Mary, springing up with a rush which caused her little pupil to turn an unexpected somerset over the doorstep on to the grass plot. "Ida!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Western in a breath; and out they rushed to smother her with kisses. "Ida!" exclaimed Henry, now thoroughly awake; and opening his arms, he caught her to his bosom, and kissed her face, and neck, and arms, as if his lips had grown there. It was a brother's greeting to the only sister he had ever

recognized; but to the distorted eyes of Agnes, it seemed an outpouring of mutual love too intense to be mistaken.

"Why, how you have grown, Henry," laughed Ida, as she held him out at arms' length, "and how handsome you are! God bless those dear blue eyes, that never had a single glance but of kindness for me; now don't turn away, and crimson and blush so; don't laugh; it is no laughing matter to *me*, at least, to come home here, and find you grown up to be a man. And Mary, too! only think of her being married — how comical; and of having a baby — how ridiculous!"

Alone and unnoticed, Agnes stood leaning against a tree for support; but all the fire seemed to have left her lips and cheeks, and to be concentrated in her glowing eyes.

"Do come here, and let me have a good look at you," exclaimed Ida, flying back again to Henry, and dragging him out into the light. "You are not married?" Henry shook his head. "I thought not; you are taking it a little too easy for a married man!"

"And *you*?" inquired Henry.

"And *you*?" mimicked Ida, with a merry laugh; "well, and *me* what?"

"You are not married?"

"O, you go to Jerusalem!" she exclaimed; "and I engaged to *you!* Bless my heart if there is not Agnes Doyle!" and, springing forward, she was on the point of clasping her in her arms; but Agnes raised her hand, and pushing her almost fiercely from her, walked hastily up the steps to the door of the dwelling. Henry, both angered and surprised, rose to open it for her; she passed, and, as she passed, her eyes met his, so full of anguish, so full of unutterable misery, that the feeling of resentment was banished, and he laid his hand gently upon her arm, and whispered,—

'Agnes, what is the matter?

"Nothing, nothing; don't ask me — let me go;" and she shook his hand from her as if it had been a serpent, and fled into the house, while he stood earnestly gazing after her.

"O, dear, what *have* I done to Agnes?" murmured Ida.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Henry, still gazing in at the open door.

"Do *you* tell me, Mary; what *is* the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing; don't trouble me with questions," said her sister.

"It is all very well to say, '*Nothing, nothing,*' when you both look as if it was something very serious. I wish I was back at school again — I just do! I'm always doing something to somebody! I'm nominative case to the lost Pleiad, I know I am; for every thing goes wrong with me. Who cares for Agnes Doyle? a little snappish, fierce monkey; but I can see how it is, if *you* can't. She's in love with Henry, and if ever he marries her she'll break his heart, or her own neck, in less than a month; now mind if she don't!" Ida's soft heart melted into tears at thought of fancied wrongs; so she ran into the house, muttering on the way, "*He* make love to her! I'd like to catch him at it! Shouldn't wonder if he did though, just to plague *me;*" and by the time she was out of sight, she had grown very comfortably to dislike the whole party. Agnes, still alone, stood gazing out of the window, "too earnestly for seeing." So intense was her revery, that she failed to hear approaching footsteps, until the soft hands of Ida were clasped lovingly around her own, and the little brown eyes were gazing up so coaxingly into her face, that she could not resist the impulse to gather the restless head to her bosom.

"Do make friends with me again; do, please, Agnes!" said

she, pressing the pale lips that were bending over her. "What have I done to you?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied Agnes, lifting the head from its resting-place, to smooth back the drifting curls. "Nothing."

"*Nothing, again!* I asked Mary, and she said *nothing*, and Henry said *nothing;* and if I were to ask the man in the moon, he'd say nothing; and yet, for all that, I know well enough there *is* something. I do love every body so dearly, and yet I am always offending; no, not always. There is *one* whom I never offend. Do you know, Agnes, I am going to be married, on Christmas eve, to one whom I love more than all the world. It seems so queer, doesn't it?"

Agnes started slightly, and compressed her lips, until they were pale and bloodless. "Yes, I know it," she replied.

"Do you? I thought it was to be a secret, because the neighbors might think I was too young to marry. What a ridiculous idea!"

"And he loves *you*?" said Agnes, speaking very slowly and distinctly.

"Of course he does; to be sure he does. Sensible question that!"

"Go — go — leave me!" exclaimed Agnes, starting up from the recumbent position into which she had fallen. Ida gazed upon her fierce face with a bewildered look, merely murmuring, "Mercy on me!"

"Don't speak to me, but go! you are not safe here — not safe: do you comprehend what it is to go mad? what it is that opens the grave for suicides, or the madhouse for maniacs; there, go, go, go," she exclaimed wildly, holding out her arms, "go, but send Mary to me;" and overcome by the emotion, she sank upon the window sill, and buried her

face in the curtains, that Ida might not see its expression of utter desolation. "Bless us and save us! she must be mad! she certainly must, and the sooner she has a strait jacket the better," muttered Ida, as she crept noiselessly from the room.

Hour after hour the old village clock tolled forth a requiem for the dead hours; yet still, companionless and neglected, Agnes sat, with pale face and flashing eyes, gazing out upon the river, which danced and sparkled just under the window; and the moon came up and flickered upon the greensward, and lay like little pools of gold under the vine leaves; but for once its beauty was lost upon the wild heart beating so fiercely within her bosom, for that heart had gone down with memory, and was now conning over the mournful relics of the past. The history of Agnes Doyle was almost a romance in itself. Her existence had been a tissue of circumstances beyond her control. She was the offspring of crime, and the hour that gave her birth orphaned and closed up the portals between a human being and society. That fact she knew, and she stood alone in the world — something distinct from the race of men — a creature to be feared, scorned, and tampered with by those above her, and insulted, taunted, and disgraced by those whose knowledge of life should have taught them better. There was a leaf in her heart upon which was written a yearning for affection, a pleading for sympathy, from which her dark life had shut her out, — but which, once having an object for those yearnings and sympathies, would clasp it as the dearest thing on earth, and turn to it exclusively and forever. Through the instrumentality of the villagers, she had been reared and educated as liberally as any one of their own children; but she scorned and defied the *moral* education which would have saved her heart from

the pangs it was now suffering. Left at last to the guidance of her own passions, with no teacher but the dangerous one of her own impetuous will, how could she find strength of purpose to crush that love which had sprung up in her bosom like a flower in the desert — all the more beautiful for the desolation by which it was surrounded? None knew of its existence, and least of all the object which had grown into her heart, ingrafting therein the germ of a purer and a better soul; for, with all her extravagances of temper, *his* memory was the oil that could subdue the fiercest tempests of her nature. It was the wasted affection of early years, which, diverted from its proper source, had turned to the wildness and intensity of creature love. She could sacrifice her own life, her own heart's blood, if needful, to secure the happiness of any human being, (for this unselfishness of purpose was her redeeming quality,) but not her love; O, no! not her love; that was so deeply implanted in her soul, that if it died out, her heart must die with it. And now she was beginning to feel that the fold had been taken from her heart, and the long-hoarded secret laid bare to eyes that could not understand its might, or sympathize with her weakness.

Cold, cold as marble, Agnes sat gazing out upon the river, now dark and swollen as her own wild thoughts. There were no tears in her eyes, no passion in her heart; all was cold within her bosom, as if grief had frozen her blood in its contact. Dark clouds had drifted up, and obscured the moon, and occasionally the breeze, sweeping through the garden, would startle the dry leaves, and send them rattling along the walk with a mournful murmur! The wild girl was very gentle now, and as the music of home voices came drifting up from the family circle below, she would have given worlds to

have mingled lovingly with the hearts whose unity of purpose seemed to make their happiness.

There had been a long consultation between Henry and Mary, the nature of which even Ida, with her coaxing blue eyes, could not ascertain. This being ended, Mary left the room to seek the wayward girl, whose absence at such an hour was so unusual. She found her still sitting by the window, in her first posture, with the black curls, which had burst from their confinement, drifting half way to her feet. Mary crept softly up to her, took the hand which was hanging listlessly at her side, and started to see how dry and hot it was.

"O, Agnes!" she pleaded, "you are suffering, you are wretched; do — *do* confide in me — do tell me what it is distresses you."

A dry, gasping sob was her only reply, and she continued,—

"Have I ever failed in kindness to you, Agnes? do — *do* speak to me!"

"Yes, I will speak to you, Mary — *my sister*," replied Agnes, clasping the hands which held her own. "I will tell you all; for there are times when the heart *will* claim sympathy in spite of self-control. In all the long years of my life, I *thought* I had never loved human being — not even you, Mary! I was grateful for kindnesses, grateful for sympathies — but I could not love, as I saw others about me; I could not reciprocate even the gentle guardianship and watchfulness you extended to the wild, fierce, unlovable orphan thrust upon your care! But the time came when a stronger impulse mastered my spirit. I could not comprehend its nature or its strength. I tried to analyze the sentiment, and came to the conclusion that it might be poetry, it might be fantasy, or

religion, but not *love;* and so I resolutely brought myself to think of it as a sacred thing, until the one impulse had formed for me an idol, which it was crime to reverence, and double misery to worship as I did — ay, and *do!* though so to worship is but one step from positive shame!"

"Agnes!" murmured Mary.

"I kept my heart as a 'sealed book,' for I knew there were pages therein at the reading of which I should shudder. I grew more morose, unsocial, and desolate, until one day — you must remember it — when *he* was brought in, wounded and senseless, from a fall from his horse. While you were out of the room, I crept to his side, and pressing my lips to his pale forehead, prayed — O, how earnestly! — that he might live to feel how deeply he was beloved. A quick spasm distorted his features, and the blue eyes opened upon me with such a look of pity and compassion that I *knew* there was no hope. There was feeling, honest and honorable feeling, in that look! He saw that I loved him, madly, desperately, — and he knew, too, that it could meet with no return. It was not in his nature to add another blow to the crushed and bruised heart. But what matter how the drug was mixed — the poison had done its work."

For a moment Agnes faltered, as if trying to recall some incident. The color had all faded away from her face, but it was very calm and quiet in its expression. "I can scarcely remember," she resumed, "but I think I left his presence before your return. All that long night I sat looking out upon the river, as I have this evening, longing, yet not daring, to hush my heart beneath its placid bosom; and when the morning came, and the mist began to roll up and creep away from the sunlight, I had schooled myself to composure and met

ıily at breakfast as if nothing unusual had happened.
ht the blow has fallen too surely. I have been wander-
in a dream, hoping against hope, almost fearing to move
lest the illusion should pass away! — it *has* passed,
ım left wakeful and hopeless. On Christmas eve he is
ıarried!"

nry married!" exclaimed Mary, in surprise.

n't think I reproach him, Mary; for although I stand
ıeggared in heart, broken-spirited, and desolate, and
the intense love I bore him, yet he is innocent —
ɔm any blame for the ruin he has unintentionally

d you love him?" questioned Mary.

ve him! I would go to the world's end, through fire
ɔd, to bring him a moment's happiness; but, Mary,
ıe — he must not *know* of this infatuation; for, loving
I do till love has become the largest half of my religion
ıhipping him, as I have, till my worship has become a
ınsanity — if I could know him to be aware of my
ss, I would cast *him*, you, and all the world from my
hough I died in the struggle. I can bear misery, lone-
lesolation, but *not* shame — not degradation — O, no,
contempt!" Agnes had risen from her seat, and was
from the room, but Mary's hand was on her arm to
ıer.

ıo told you Henry was to be married?" questioned

!" she replied.

d to whom is he to *be* married, if it is a fair ques-

,!"

A merry, musical laugh caused Agnes to look up in surprise.

"My poor Agnes! my wild darling! what a mistake you have made. Ida is to be married, but *not* to Henry!" Agnes looked into Mary's eyes with a dreamy, bewildered gaze, but did not reply.

"Henry loves *you*, Agnes —*only you* — and, like you, he has never loved any thing or any body else; not even me, selfish mortal that he is. He has judged you, as you have judged him, *wrongfully*. You are his first affection, his only love, and *his* forever!"

"*His only — his forever!*" murmured Agnes. "*He loves me!*"

"More than life, soul, *existence!*" responded the pleasant voice of Henry May, close to her cheek. How the mischief he got there, the Lord only knows. "My wild-hearted, loving Agnes! mine — *mine* at last! To think I had you by my side day by day, loving you, watching over you, and yet never truly understanding *why* you should so avoid me! Dear Agnes, my own bright-eyed darling, do you know how long I've loved you? how you broke in upon the silence of my heart with your fierce, piquant beauty, like something grand and mighty, almost blinding me with your radiance! And *now* I am to have you all to myself; to love you just as much as I please! *You*, who have grown so beautiful — my love — my angel — *do* say something rational to me, for my head is spinning round like a top; and no wonder, for when I was trying so hard to drive you from my heart, I found by your own *will* you had a right there. God bless you, darling Agnes — my love — my fate — my ——" He was on a string of raptures, and would probably in a short time have exhausted all the adjectives in

the language, but that their flow was arrested on his lips. The bright face upturned to his but a moment before had fallen heavily on his shoulder, and the arms which had circled so lovingly around his neck relaxed their grasp, and dropped listlessly by his side. Gathering the fainting form in his arms, he bore her to the window, where, throwing up the sash, the fresh air came sweeping in, lifting in its progress the dark curls which clustered around the face of Agnes. The soothing influence soon revived her sinking spirit, and brought it back to consciousness. Slowly the folded lids began to quiver, and the eyes, which seemed forever closed to earth, began to brighten and glow in their casings. No words were spoken *now* — not one. Again his arm was around her waist, and his kisses on her lips; but there were more tenderness and less passionate wildness in this last caress than characterized his first ebullition of rapturous delight. With returning consciousness she *knew* whose arms were about her, upon whose bosom she leaned; and with a shudder of perfect happiness, she gathered her own arms more closely around the form which evermore would shelter her; and the past, with its wretchedness, was forgotten — *forgiven.*

Reader, did you ever, — *ever* pass a Christmas week among the whole-souled, merry-spirited, cordial people whose heart music was caught from the wave-warbling of rare old Kennebec? You never did? Then you can have no idea of the amount of fun, frolic, and amusement packed into those six short days. To dignity and etiquette in those days of jollification, "Liberty and equality" is the motto which governs a social democracy worthy of emulation, and woe to the luckless individual who would shadow the festivities with an assumption of gravity and wisdom, or attempt to restrict the reign of

mirth by preaching up propriety, regularity, or any such new-fangled ideas. I am speaking *generally* now; but if you *could* have looked in at the Westerns' the Christmas day of which I am writing! And what a bright, glorious day it was, to be sure! The sun was flooding down a blaze of beauty upon the crusted snow, turning it into a sheet of diamonds; the air was fresh and bracing; and there was music upon the earth more joyous even than the gushes of bird song which die with the summer — the music of the bells; and *such* bells as we do get up "down east" never were and never will be *elsewhere* — sleighs with their freight of loving eyes and loving hearts were flitting to and fro, disgorging their contents at the various homes, and gliding off after a second edition of happiness to be disposed of in like manner. Innumerable bright expectant eyes were gazing from innumerable windows, and innumerable noses of the small craft were flattened against innumerable panes of glass; there were heart-greetings and lip-greetings, and eloquent eyes looking love to eyes that answered back again. Every body and every thing seemed to share in the general jubilee; even the log cabin of Old Michael Huse, the lame beggar, looked more cheerful than usual; it was *somebody's home* — the *beggar's* home, it is true, but its owner was remembered by his more fortunate neighbors, and he, like them, grew joyous for the time. Mr. Western was hobbling about, excessively busy doing nothing, desperately trying to get up a song, upon which, after a few broken sentences, he caved in; Mrs. Western was bustling around among the cakes and pies, but there was a sober thought upon her matronly face, a pleasant thought, though its companion was a tear; while Mary was martyring the whole family by making its representatives out of dough, and frying

them in lard to please her little Henry, who was quite a tyrant in his way. There was grandfather and grandmother Western looking rather brown after their fiery trial, and father, and mother *Mary*, and aunt Ida, and Henry May, who to his credit be it said, swelled up and puffed open under the indignity practised upon him — still the little rogue was unsatisfied until Agnes Doyle was added to the list of victims. Poor Agnes! If she could have seen her effigy done to death in lard, how she *would* have laughed! Just as the clock was striking eleven, a pretty team came dashing up to the door, from which Henry May alighted, and gracefully handed out the peerless Agnes Doyle. She was followed by a tall, athletic young man, who, with the greatest ease, gathered up an extensive bundle of *something*, which, after minute investigation, proved to be Ida. The heart of Mr. Western sank within him. It was the one trial of his life, the only sorrow he had ever known — that of trusting his pet child, Ida, to the lifelong care of a stranger.

"God bless you, my darling," he exclaimed, laying his trembling hand on the little head nestled down on his bosom. His voice sounded so husky and unnatural, that Ida raised her eyes, full of eloquent wonder, to his face. He tried to smile, but it was a dead failure; so, tossing Ida into the arms of the handsome stranger, he hastened abruptly from the room in search of his spectacles, which, strange to say, were comfortably perched over his nose all the while.

And Agnes — how calm and happy she looked beside her betrothed — happy in the deep, impassioned faith of her trusting spirit — happy in the realized dream of her devoted heart — and happy in the full confidence and trust which had usurped the reign of the demon jealousy in her bosom! Her

individuality had been enveloped by a stronger indivic her will overpowered by a more strenuous will, a head headless and untamed, and the heart wild and im had each in their turn yielded up their strength, and s an absorbing life — a life of *love* — to close around the

There is but little more to write but what the read have already premised. After the first embarrassme wedding party was over — for they were married tha ing, were the two couples above named — the day was harmony and joy. Little Henry seemed to be the o contented party in the house; every thing went wro him; Ida wouldn't let him play "ride a jack horse" foot, because she was married, and expected to keep dignity for one day at least; the cat wouldn't let hi pins through her ears, though he promised her a beauti of earrings for her submission; his mother wouldn't rake the ashes out on the carpet, and to be even with set up a good cry, determined not to be cheated out o all events — upon the strength of which he was orde the kitchen, where, out of pure revenge, he climbed u dresser, and when discovered, had eaten up his fat mother, his aunt Ida and Agnes Doyle, his grandmot Henry May, and was looking over his shoulder a grandfather.

THE POET'S SLUMBER.

Winds of summer, low, breathe low!
Where the charmèd waters flow,
Where your breezes come and go,
Where the waves with stars are tangled,
Where the flowers with dew are spangled,
Eyelids folded down in rest,
Sleeps he fondly on my breast;
Hushed and low,
Free from woe,
On the heart that loves him so!
As in olden,
As in golden
Days of dreaming, long ago!

Winds of summer, low, breathe low!
On the heart that loves him, lying,
Sleeps he in the golden glow;
O'er his cheek a flush is flying,
Like a rose-leaf over snow;
Eyes that jealous lids are urning,
Only now to mine were turning,
Love-lit eyes, but slumber stealing,
Closed them in their fond appealing;
Sleeps he low,
Free from woe,
On the heart that loves him so!
As in olden,
As in golden
Days of dreaming, long ago.

Winds of summer, low, breathe low!
Softly kiss his brow of snow!
Faint and low the ripples quiver
On the glory-flooded river

Moonlight lies upon the larches,
Dripping silver through their arches,
And the hills are proudly glassing
Smiles the twilight left when passing:
In the gleam,
Like a dream,
Sleeps he in the moon's pale beam,
Hushed and low,
Free from woe,
On the heart that loves him so!

Winds of autumn, low, breathe low!
Breathe of passion, breathe of woe!
Over hill and over river
Drifts the golden haze as ever;
Morn, from off the distant mountain,
Sifts her gems on lake and fountain.
With the summer blossoms dying,
With the withered leaves low lying,
Slumbers he, to waken *never!*
Yet within my breast forever
Dreams are springing,
Fondly bringing
Heart's-ease from the dewy glow
Of the olden,
Of the golden
Memories of long ago!

SWEET HOME.

"J. HOWARD PAINE, the author of *Sweet Home*, died homeless and loveless."

Is there any thing strange in that? The strong, young heart of genius plodding the world alone, unrecognized, uncared for, passed by upon the other side! To see sights of gorgeous beauty through other eyes — to listen to sweet tones of melody through other ears — to look upon friendship as a romance, upon truth as a fable — to coin wild thoughts into passionate words — to feel the bitter moan of anguish struggling to the lip, yet hush it back to silence — to learn that to trust is to be deceived — find that most false which it most believed — to hope, to fear, to struggle, and to die! So has read the sorrowful litany of genius since the world began — *homeless and loveless!* A heart history in these words! The resting-place of Genius is not upon earth, else would its spirit be oftener recognized. There is a mission to be performed, there are brave words to be spoken, there are noble sacrifices to be made, and then comes the winding sheet, the coffin, and the grave! *Genius has gone home!* And then, too, comes, the recognition of greatness lost to the world. Dirges are chanted, eulogies are read, biographies are written, and perhaps over the neglected ashes a noble monument is reared, a mockery to the broken heart which moulders beneath!

Homeless and loveless! No, not loveless! There is scarcely a heart within the range of civilization which has not throbbed to the gentle words of "Home, sweet home;" there is scarcely an eye that, in absence from loved ones, has

not dimmed beneath the power of those "household words;" there is scarcely a spirit, that, hearing the story, would not yearn to clasp its wings around the sorrowful old man, who went to his grave with the curse of the homeless crushing upon the heart! The poet's mission may be one of storms and darkness, his crown of fame may be one of thorns, and his weary feet may stumble by the wayside of life; but there is a rainbow above him which spans the great heart of humanity! Death folds the clouds away, and kind hands strew the grave with flowers! The veil is torn from the brow of Genius, the fetters from her wings, and far and near floats the song, whose echoes are but music — throbs of the great true heart of him who went homeless and loveless to his last rest! Peace be with him, and the blessing, at least, of one spirit, that has joined in the mournful plaint!

"Farewell, happy home;
Forever I'm doomed an exile to roam!
And this poor aching heart must be laid in the tomb,
Ere it cease to forget the endearments of home."

THE DYING ITALIAN.

"DARLING, fold thine arms around me!
Lay thy warm lips close to mine!
Fast are breaking links which bound me
Fondly to thy bosom's shrine.
Death's dark shroud is falling o'er me —
All around me and above —
Dark the valley lies before me —
All is gloomy — *all but love.*

"*Thou* art near — thy heart is beating,
Wildly beating, 'gainst mine own,
As you count the pulse which, fleeting,
Soon will leave thee all alone.
Darling lover, hope is over;
Still each wish *will* grow profane,
Still will hover round my lover,
Breathing wishes wild and vain.

"When the breath of summer flowers
Crowns with gold our trysting tree,
Will it 'mind thee of sweet hours
Passed beneath its shade with me?
When the brook, with wild leaves darkling,
Makes sweet music in the dell,
Wilt thou ask the wavelet sparkling,
Where is she who loved so well?

"Now my breath is failing, failing —
Clasp me closer to thy breast!
Nay, thy grief, so unavailing,
Holds my spirit from its rest.
Even 'mid the joys of heaven
Dost thou think I *could* be glad,
If to me the power were given,
Knowing *thou* wert lone and sad?"

Let us draw a veil around them —
Shroud idolatry and love;
Soon the golden chain which bound them
Gathered strength in heaven above.
Soon, as falls the withered blosom
Noiselessly upon the sod,
So upon the loved one's bosom
Stole her spirit to its God.

THE LILY, THE EAGLE, AND THE DOVE.

A LEGEND OF THE KENNEBEC

THERE is a bright and lovely spot, far in the wilds of Maine,
That boasts a legend of the past — of sorrow and of pain;
Before oppression's cruel hand had driven the red man forth,
An alien from the hunting grounds that gave his fathers birth.
I love to dwell upon the theme, unlinking memory's chain,
Recalling pleasures of the past, that ne'er can come again.
The murmuring stream, the simple cot, with honeysuckle twined,
Are early reminiscences dear to the wanderer's mind.
For 'twas my home, my dear old home, that cottage in the vale;
It seemed an earthly paradise, that peaceful sunny dale.
I love each old familiar haunt, each crag and valley wild;
Would I could bring them back again, and be again a child.
There is a tale about this spot, of sad, unhappy love,
Of sorrows borne and ended now, when through the tangled grove
The Indian wild, with agile form, and light and feathery spear,
With fearless step and untaught grace pursued the panting deer.
And there was one — an Indian maid — a graceful, airy sprite,
Whose glossy tresses seemed to shame the ebon brow of night;
And eyes, that from their brilliant depths a mine of love could bring,
Were sparkling like the morning dew upon the raven's wing;
The silver brook that rippled by was not more pure or wild
Than was the heart that beat within the bosom of this child;
The livelong day around the hills her plaintive notes would ring,
Or, planting on her mother's grave the earliest buds of spring,
She'd prattle to the senseless mound, in moonlit evening hours,
And was herself the sweetest bud among those favorite flowers.
She seemed with them — her breathless friends — with heart so free fro
strife,
A sweet mimosa, springing forth with animated life.
Yet not alone the forest flowers, that decked the maiden's hair,
And not alone the gentle birds, Magantha's love might share;
For, circled with her holiest thoughts, and of herself a part,
A brother's form was shrined amid the wild flowers of her heart

, I said — and yet, in truth, the ardent blood that dyed
st maiden's cheek might find on earth no kindred tide.
l by her father's love, a youthful chief had grown
ıer, from her childhood's days, and him she loved alone.
! while with her gentle lips she spoke a brother's name,
d him, though she knew it not, with woman's heart of flame.
ıd flown round; her ancient sire was slumbering in the dust,
l upon Magantha's brow beamed youthful hope and trust.
ished still the lovely flowers that in the valley grew,
ed them better, for they smiled upon her brother too.
sing with the morning sun, to join the fearless chase,
d prepared his simple food with unaffected grace;
aling to the rocky cliff, she'd view the hunting train,
ited patiently for night to bring him back again.
engthened with her early years a pure, devoted love,
ghboring tribes had cherished them, the Eagle and the Dove.
er calm and peaceful sky anon there came a cloud,
urst in all its anger, and her noble spirit bowed.
ful was the hurricane which scattered ruin wild,
ted, in its furious rage, this gentle forest child.
ıced stranger, with her sire, had settled near the wood,
ıey hoped to pass their future life in peace and quietude:
n, returning from the field, this chieftain lingered there,
ındly, winning grace he'd try to cheer the lovely pair,
'yes had lost their brilliant light, and, need we tell the tale?
t was in the keeping of the Lily of the Vale!
ıa long had watched with pain the clouds obscure his day,
ve with many witching wiles to chase the gloom away!
the flashing of his eye when came the maiden pale,
ıe crystal from the brook that murmured through the vale.
ne a thrill of agony — alas! 'tis woman's lot —
l of jealousy was there, and yet she knew it not!
'n the truth dawn'd on her heart, 'twas like some dreadful dream,
gers on the waking mind, so 'wildering did it seem.
ı in him — her trusting heart — the fairy wreaths she'd wove —
for peace, she found that hers was not a sister's love.
'er crags and mountains wild, with weary heart she strayed,
ling ›y her mother's grave, thus in her anguish prayed:

" O thou, whose mighty voice is heard when thunders cleave the sky!
Thou Spirit King, from whose bright glance the vivid lightnings fly!
With pitying hand, O, gently deign to check this stream of woe!
Or pluck from out my erring heart the love that pains it so!
Dear mother, in the land of dreams methinks I see thee now,
With sparkling coronet of gems upon thy shining brow!
The great Maneto hushed thy voice — then came a joyous band,
And bore thee in their magic car, to dwell in fairyland!
O mother! in that happy clime are there no passions wild,
Like these which burst with frantic rage upon thy helpless child?
Are there no whirlwinds of the heart? no strong, resistless power,
That, like the scorching midday sun, withers the tender flower?
Alas! they've borne her from my sight, she cannot hear my moan;
Her home is now among the blest, and I am all alone!"

Like an old friend, the evening star lit up, with cheering ray,
The grass-grown mound, where in her grief she'd knelt the livelong day;
A cooling breeze played on her brow, and with her glossy hair,
As if in loving sympathy 'twould try to soothe her care.
She felt its gentle influence, and rising from the spot,
She wandered aimlessly along, oppressed with gloomy thought,
Till verging on a favorite dell — a lovely natural bower,
Where in her days of happiness she'd passed full many an hour;
She paused — but why that flashing eye, that quick convulsive start?
And wherefore clasp that fatal knife so closely to her heart?
And creeping stealthily along, her head bent near the ground,
Suppressed her breath, as if she feared to lose the slightest sound.
Within the shady nook she saw a noble, manly form;
The pale-faced maiden's slender waist was circled with his arm;
Upon his breast reposed her head, as, seated by her side,
He sought and won her from her home to be the red man's bride.
And as their gentle words of love came murmuring on her ear,
She pressed her heart, as if to crush some gnawing demon there.
'Twas vain! She crept within the bower, and with a sudden start,
Ere he could speak, her gleaming knife was buried in his heart!
" He's mine! Ye dare not love him now — his blood the price has paid!"
And from his breast, with savage joy, she drew the reeking blade.
" Thou daughter of a stranger band! e'en now thy milky face
Is blanched with fear! And thou would'st match the warriors of our race?

What in the nature of thy tribe can ever be akin
To passions wild which have their home beneath our swarthy skin?
Not e'en the great Maneto's voice could make the Eagle quail,
Whilst every passing zephyr bends the Lily of the Vale.
With pearly brow and dimpled smiles, a rose leaf on thy cheek.
Thou cam'st with poison on thy lips, although thou seemd'st so meek.
Thou little deemd'st Magantha's eye was on thee all the while;
And now, instead of bridal flowers, thou'lt see a funeral pile!
Nay, do not fear; I would not touch or harm *thee* if I could —
The Indian maiden's knife would scorn to drink the Lily's blood!
No, no! I would not have thee die, for with thy magic charms
Thou'dst find him in the land of dreams, and wile him from my arms!"

Then kneeling by Wanandah's side, she pressed a burning kiss
Upon his clay-cold lips, and deemed 'twas pledge of future bliss!
"I come to meet thee now," she cried, "upon that peaceful shore
Where lurking thorns, that wound us here, are felt and feared no more!
No more shall anguish wring my heart — my eyes be drowned with tears
A land where roses ever bloom now to my sight appears!
I see thy spirit in the air — it seems to chide my stay!
I hear thee whispering on the breeze, Dear sister, come away!
I've heard the music of thy voice; I've seen thy sparkling eye;
I come! I come! Wanandah dear! think'st thou I fear to die?"

Then burying in her breast the knife still reeking with his gore,
Her drooping head sank on his breast — Magantha was no more!
Years have flown past, and on that spot a single grassy mound
Is left to tell the wanderer where they slumber in the ground.
And when a child, full many a night I've listened to the tale,
And wept to think how sad the fate of the Lily of the Vale.
'Twas said she lingered till the sun of summer dried the stream,
Then passed away with autumn leaves; but not a parting gleam
Of reason ever lit her brow, since from the fatal hour
She saw her lover cold in death, within the woodland bower.
They buried her beside the mound, near her first and only love,
There rest in peace the Lily fair, the Eagle and the Dove.
A lovely weeping willow waves its branches o'er their head,
And wintry winds moan through its leaves *a requiem for the dead!*

THE MANIAC LOVER,

OR THE THREE TRIALS OF NORAH SHEHAINE.

CHAPTER I.

Ay, draw back the faded curtains from the low window, dear sister of charity, clear the frost work from the dingy panes, and pile up the logs still higher in the old fireplace, that their beams may brighten up the dwelling of those whose dim eyes are looking up to *thee* for consolation in this their night of sorrow!

Ay, gather the little restless head to thy bosom—*thou* whose whole life has been passed in the ministration of kindness to the distressed of thy fellow-creatures! Part back the tangled curls from the broad brow of thy charge; kiss away her tears, and lead her young thoughts to higher and holier impulses, for nowhere better than in thy arms could Norah Shehaine find strength to wrestle with and overcome this first great trial of her life.

And who was Norah Shehaine? and what were her trials more than those of others in her grade of life? methinks I hear asked. As if every body didn't know Norah, the Irish beggar, as some vouchsafed to name her; pretty Norah, as her countrymen called her, with a tinge of that beautiful brotherhood of feeling every where visible among the rude but warm-hearted children of Erin! Well it is for human nature that among the dust and cobwebs of ignorance, in the halls of poverty, and under the coarse exterior of humble life, the affections are strengthened and purified; and well will it

e for *me* if from that circle I can select a name that, even hrouded as it must be by trials and temptations, will, in the nd, ring pleasantly and musically, and brighten up the read- r's mind with happy feelings, and thoughts, perchance, of hankfulness for the present and hope for the time to come!

I have so often told of a little village on the banks of the Kennebec — little *then*, when associations were so strongly linked with its peculiarities — that, now it has grown influential and grand, I almost fear to write of it as *the* village with which so many reminiscences are braided up. But I'm forgetting Norah! There was an eloquent sermon to be delivered in the little yellow meeting house on the hill — we *knew* it was to be eloquent, for the name and fame of the preacher had preceded him — so the building was thronged to excess long before the solitary bell rang out its peal of invitation. The centre aisle leading to the pulpit was alone free of access — *that* remaining so out of respect to the holy man who was for the first time to leave the impress of his mind daguerreotyped on the memory of his hearers. There was a bustle at the door, a quivering of hearts among the congregation, and with that intuitive sense which genius always commands, we felt sure, even before we ventured a glance, that we were in the presence of an intellectual man. As he gained the desk, all eyes were raised to his as by one common impulse. It might have been of curiosity, — it might have been something more sacred, — but there was a flash in his returning glance which blazed so startlingly upon us, and then died out again like a gleam of lightning, that more than one heart quailed, and questioned whether the eloquence of the orator had not its source in the flashings of intellectuality, over which the *brain* had lost control!

There was nothing else strange or unusual in his appearance; all was calm and in holy keeping with the time and place — all but that one glance, which told of an unsettled mind and an intellect tottering upon the verge of madness! Not of past madness, or present, but in the time to come; and in after years, when the wreck of that mind was commented upon, many a wise nod and sage remark gave evidence of an intuitive knowledge, tending to that effect, having taken root in the heart of those who trembled beneath the mesmeric fire of his eyes on the Sabbath of which I write.

I was but a child at that period, and remember these incidents partly as child's fancies, and partly as realities which only the experience of years has enabled me to comprehend. *Then* I could only wonder at the singular eloquence of a heart actuated by quick and violent impulses — an eloquence which startled as much by its wild harmony as by its purity and depth! When the interest in his discourse became most intense, there was a long pause, a vacant stare down the broad aisle, and a half-formed smile on the preacher's lips, which carried the attention of the congregation in the direction of his eyes. They were fixed upon the heavy matting at the door, where, nestled down in the sunlight, with her naked little feet crossed over each other, and her dimpled chin resting in the palm of her two hands, reclined a stranger child, whose features, though singularly beautiful, gave evidence of Irish descent. So noiselessly had she entered, that even the sexton, whose duty it was to provide seats for strangers, was taken by surprise, and stood looking at her for a moment with a queer expression of anger and perplexity on his face. But the child, instead of being terrified, returned his look very composedly, without moving from the graceful position into which

she had fallen, until the stern man bent over her and whispered some word into her ear which was unintelligible to the rest of the crowd. Then the warm flush went and came in her sweet face, and she drew her hand across her eyes, and murmured —

"Please let me stay. I'll be very quiet!"

"Do you know where you are?" said the minister, who had noiselessly reached her side.

For the first time, the little tangled head was raised with an expression of distrust and misgiving, and looking from face to face for sympathy, she again repeated, —

"I'll be very quiet!"

The minister raised her in his arms, for she was very small, and carrying her up the aisle, placed her upon a low stool at the foot of the pulpit, and the next moment was earnestly pursuing his discourse, as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity. Again the whole heart of that great gathering was concentrated upon the words of the preacher; even respiration seemed for a time suspended, and yet the little stranger kept her place, quiet, composed, and more absorbed than ever! And what a serious little face it was! not old in its expression, or sad, or unpleasant, but so thoughtful and radiant, so changeful in its every shadowing of impulse, that the richest child there looked plain in her presence. The sunlight came in through the open door, and lay like a halo around the passive little figure, and one could almost hear the thoughts that were busy in her young heart, as ye listened to words of holy meaning which had seldom before greeted her ears. At length the sermon was ended, and the congregation began to divide their attention between the minister and the barefooted stranger, who had made her appearance so myste-

riously. The frock she wore was faded and patched, but scrupulously neat; and the bright hair gave evidence of having been nicely combed and curled; but, being the most obstinate hair in the world, it had departed from its propriety, and was brushed back from her forehead in a mass of tangles Yet there was such a wondrous beauty in her blue eyes, and such a lifelike brilliancy in the clear complexion, and such an artistic curve around the dimpled lips and over the small chin that the outward appointments of dress were forgotten in the examination of a face of such rare developments of beauty. One after another the crowd gazed upon her, departed, and forgot her, until only the minister and a few intimate friends remained to wonder at and question the strange intruder. For a moment the full blue eyes were wild and prominent, as if trying to recall some almost forgotten mission. The memory came at last, and with it a shadow deepened upon the serious face, and she clasped the hand of the minister to attract his attention, nothing daunted by the frowning looks of the sexton, who had lingered in the discharge of his various duties.

"Mamma sent me," said she, imploringly. "Do come, please. He is so thin and white, and mamma says you can make him well again!"

"Go home," said the sexton, sharply, addressing the little girl, giving her a threatening look at the same time, which caused her to shrink closer to the side of the minister, and raise her hand as if to avert some impending punishment. "These Paddies," he continued, "are really becoming intolerably impudent! Go home, I say, or I'll ——"

The words were arrested upon his lips, for he had caught the fierce eyes of the minister fixed upon him with a glaring

intensity, and he dared not finish the sentence. Still holding her thin hand in his, the good man led his protégée from the church, and then suffered her to direct him to the poor hovel which she, in the innocence of her heart, thought as bright and as beautiful as any other home in the village. There was no lack of kind words, though there *was* of smiles for the childhood of Norah Shehaine, for who could have spoken harshly to *her*, the meek, pure-hearted, yet self-reliant child? Who could have suffered her to want for kind words and gentle attentions, when her own young life was wasting in the attempt to cheer and lighten the sorrow of her mother, and help to fill up the time of her invalid father! It was of *him* she spoke, when pleading in her own childish way for the minister to accompany her home! It was in his cause that her childhood had grown old and thoughtful; and for his sake that her intellect had been forced into actual life at an age when most children would have chosen toys rather than a sick parent for companionship. The sunshine upon the hills was not freer than her own guileless heart, yet there was a vague yearning for teachings beyond the speech of home, and a knowledge which should enable her the better to minister to those so dear to her, not to be attained within the precincts of her humble dwelling. These were vague yearnings, unformed and conflicting within themselves, and easily dismissed, for she seemed to be aware that nature has its own classifications, and that her mind in its formation was singularly at variance with established rules. It was a rude log dwelling, (there are none like it *now* in Gardiner,) into which the minister was conducted by his child guide, and the sunlight which streamed in through the crevices in the logs, and the flowers that sent their fragrance in through the open win-

dow, and even the atmosphere of bird song by which it was surrounded, failed to divest it of the sombre hue with which poverty ever marks its inheritance. But there was a smile on the mother's lips, and silent blessing in her eyes as they were lifted to the calm, serene face of the minister, which were welcomed into his heart a thousand times more warmly than words would have been. They were soon by the bed of the sick man, who occupied an inner room, in which the scant furniture was still more rude and meagre than that which barely relieved the emptiness of the first apartment. With an outpouring of gratitude peculiarly Irish, the invalid began reverently to greet the good man; but, like the sexton, *his* words also, became arrested in their utterance, by the wild, deep eyes resting upon his face. What strange, magnetic eyes they were, and how powerful in their influence! and yet, when blazing most fiercely, Norah could look into them with her calm, pure glance, till the light was all gone, or had given place to a meekness of expression equal to her own. It was the indivisible link between purity and goodness — a boundary line which even madness dared not cross! After much religious counsel, prayers were offered up, and the minister departed, first promising that his visits should be frequent, and pledging his own heart to look no less after the future welfare of Norah than the comfort and well being of her destitute parents. Norah followed him with her eyes until he came to the turning by the apple orchard, and was lost to view among the trees, and then she dropped down upon the doorstep and gave vent to the first bitter tears her childhood had ever known! And yet she could not have told *why* she wept, or why her tears were bitter — she only knew that a shadow had fallen upon her heart; but how or in what

way it was associated with him who had just left her, she was yet too young to comprehend! I believe in a chain of fatality, linking the cradle with the grave — a tissue of circumstances, which we may struggle against, but cannot control! I mean the *leading* circumstances of life! Of course there is a combination of trifling points, immaterial in themselves, yet verging to some special event which might be overruled, or submerged in some other project; yet, in defiance of such policy, the prominent feature would work out its own destiny, and the destiny of a human life in its progress! Good strong minds have tried often and often enough to reason me out of such a belief; but though I may not have the intellectual power to combat with their arguments, yet when they are away from me I cannot remember what they have said, and ever find myself reasoning of, relying in, and pinning my faith upon the pleasant and harmless belief of uncontrollable fatality! *Pleasant*, because it leads one to hope on for a bright destiny, and *harmless*, because it teaches us to rely on the wisdom of a higher power, rather than upon the weak arm of mortal *self*. It is a world of mixed impulses in which we live — never giving us entire happiness — yet never placing us where there is not something to be grateful for. So Norah Shehaine, in her dark home, gathered into her heart affections and sympathies which it would take a whole lifetime to forget. Months passed, and the shadow deepened upon the hearthstone and in the hearts of the inmates of the hovel. It had been a dismal day, and now that the night had come, the hail and sleet beat still more fiercely against the window panes, and the wind howled around the corners of the dwelling, and swept in fitful gusts against the door, until Martha Dale, the sister of charity, whose *home* was by the side of suffering.

was forced to fasten it more securely, that its clamor might not reach the ears of the dying man within. For weeks and weeks the patient wife had watched by the side of her husband, unwilling that any hand but hers should minister to his comfort; and now that there was a short respite in his pain, and he seemed disposed to slumber, she had laid her head down by his side, and clasping the attenuated hand in her own, sought a temporary relief from her weariness.

"Wake me, Martha," said she, "if there is the slightest change. I should never forgive myself if I were to rest while he was suffering!"

"Look upon me once more, Kathleen, darling," murmured the sick man; "kiss me before you go to sleep, and tell me you forgive me, if ever I have been unkind or cross to you. Don't cry, darling — I am better now — but if I *should* die, remember it is only the body that is to be put in the ground, Kathleen, and that the life of me, darling, will be with you as ever it was — *the life of me*, with its love, and its faith, and its truth: so when the little old hovel down here in the clearing looks still more gloomy, and when the worn face is gone from it, and the heart that loves you is still in the ground, think how much better it was to die and go home than to live here in suffering and sorrow, and wait hopefully for the time to come when you, and I, and Norah will all be united again."

The tears which were struggling for freedom under the eyelids of Mrs. Shehaine were choked back, that her husband might not see the anguish which she could not control. The words of the dying man had reached the quick ear of Norah, and she buried her face in the bosom of her friend, and wept as if her heart had broken in its struggle, and was gushing up with her tears.

"He is dying — O, he is dying!" she sobbed; "what shall we do?"

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," whispered the kind woman, and for a long time after, her tones alone disturbed the silence of the hovel. It had been silent some minutes, for a startled moan, mingled with her name, issued from the sick room, and she knew the work of death was done. After a disturbed slumber, the wife awoke, and shuddered at the icy coldness of the hand which was laid as in a blessing on her brow. Starting up, she clasped the hand and gazed wildly into the pale face before her. It was still and cold, and looked as it ever looked when asleep; but the heart was quiet, and the pulse had ceased to beat. The living and the dead had been slumbering together. Martha knew that words would be useless *then* to console the stricken woman; so she turned to communicate to Norah her bereavement. There was no need of it; she had surmised the fact, and had crept to the door with a scared look, as if not quite comprehending why her father was so rigid and pale on the bed!

The good minister was summoned, and the preliminaries for the funeral duly arranged. There were no flowers on the earth, no leaves on the trees, that shot up over the pauper's grave; but the wind moaned through the branches a sad requiem for one who had lived, and loved, and died beneath their shadows. How white the little face of Norah grew as she gazed into the grave! but it did not continue so long, for her heart was finding its strength; and by the time the funeral train (for there were others besides the poor Irish who followed the coffin to its resting-place) had reached her home again, she had learned to look calmly and with a quiet resignation upon this first trial of her life.

CHAPTER II.

Master alike of earnest thought,
Of passions dark and evil,
I think and wonder if thou wert
An angel or a devil.

I DON'T know where I found that quotation. I don't know that it *is* a quotation. I only know that it came into my heart with the memory of Horace Vane, and was so like in sentiment to what he was in reality, that I could not for the life of me help appropriating it as an index to his singular character. Dark and wild in his impulses as a thunder cloud, yet beautiful in his affections as the sunlight which follows it, he was perpetually startling and winning those about him, and it was only when the strange light came into his eyes (which none could define or withstand) that there were perceptible traits in his impulses at all at variance with the holy calling of the ministry. At such times, he was shy and unsocial, but, if drawn into argument, bitter and violent — reckless alike of friend or foe, and usually ended it by some decided outbreak of passionate violence. It was only then that the sweet influence of Norah Shehaine was brought to bear upon the infirmity of his temper. Her voice was the oil upon the troubled waters of his restless spirit — her eyes the agent to work out a reaction in his tempestuous nature. What wonder, then, that, child as she was, an indefinable feeling of protection should take strong root in her heart? — a sentiment of something holy and beautiful, yet with no positive idea wherein that something consisted. He had attached himself to her from the time of her father's death — had made the village his home for the ostensible purpose of quiet and repose from

severe mental labor, but in reality to be near *her*. He had endeavored to persuade her mother to leave the log hovel, but there was a grave down by the edge of the clearing, and she would not be separated from its sight; so the old dwelling was made comfortable, and the widow and her child better cared for than they had been during the life of their natural protector. At school, Norah was the wonder of every one, even of the few — shame upon them! — who considered it a condescension to associate with a child of her caste. Condescension, indeed! Why, there was not one in the whole school so pure and guileless, so free from selfishness and worldly wisdom, as sweet Norah Shehaine; and yet few eyes looked kindly upon her, and more than one lip curled scornfully at her success; but there were testimonials of kindness awaiting her at home, and gentle words, and anxious eyes; so she sat at her solitary desk, with a *thought* upon her features — never mingling with the throng, never asking for assistance, but poring incessantly over her books, until her quiet little face bore unmistakable marks of untiring application. Even the teacher, whose dignity of character and of position should have taught him better, began to be jealous of the superior attainments of the charity scholar, and to treat her with a coldness and strictness of manner far enough away from her deserts. Then the quivering eyelids and the compressed lips were the only indications of the pain such unmerited treatment inflicted.

It had gone on thus for some years, until the gentle child had grown almost into womanhood, yet always progressing from science to science with astonishing rapidity, and always seeming the same lone, quiet little being that had first attracted attention in the meeting house. If Norah was accustomed to

feel the indifference of the many, she had learned to lose a sense of such feeling in the interest evinced for her by her pastor lover, Horace Vane. It is true, he was many years her senior; yet, without being at all aware of it, she loved him with a strength and devotion to which words could do no justice, and if she labored incessantly and well, it was that *he* gloried in her advancement. If she ever coveted power, supremacy, or fame, it was that such acquirements might lift her nearer the throne of her idol. And *he* — what were his emotions, as he watched day by day the unfolding of some fresh leaf of that sweet bud of purity? It seemed so correct, so necessary, so natural that he should "wear her in his heart," that she should grow to nestle there, as a bird in its rightful nest, that without ever speaking to her of love, or confiding his own impulses to her keeping, there seemed a tacit acknowledgment, a spiritual unity of feeling which neither would care to disturb.

Time wore on, and Norah's days of schooling were drawing to a close; and as the days grew fewer in which the selfish teacher could exercise his harshness upon the studious girl, there was an evident mark of increasing tyranny, until one day an open rupture between master and scholar startled the crowd by its novelty. He had lectured her severely for some trifling inadvertency in her studies, and starting from her seat, the usually gentle Norah gathered up her books, took her sun bonnet, and turned to the door.

"Stop!" thundered the master, bringing down his ruler on the desk with a tremendous crash.

Norah turned and confronted him.

"Where are you going? and how dare you venture without permission?"

Our master, be it known, had no such weakness as compassion in his nature. There was no system of government acknowledged by him, except it was founded upon severe bodily discipline. Out upon such a mistaken judgment. It should have no place on the same page with Norah Shehaine, and yet it formed a mournful era in her life history. The teacher repeated his question with little success.

"Why don't you answer me?" exclaimed he, in tones of anger.

"Because," replied Norah, "because I don't recognize your right to ask me such a question; and because it is time I taught *you* something — that I am no longer a child, to be frowned at and scolded whenever the humor moves you, but a *woman* — and one daring enough and independent enough to say what she pleases, and do what she pleases, and take the responsibility of her own acts; and because I wish you perfectly to understand, that hereafter, if my scholarship has ceased to be agreeable, I can find a school and a teacher elsewhere."

And turning from the door, she was soon on her way to her home. Before reaching it, however, she encountered Horace Vane, who looked for a moment anxiously in her face.

"What has troubled you, Norah?" said he, kindly.

"Nothing," she replied, quietly.

"It is in your face, Norah, and if it were a thousand times deeper in your heart, I should have found it out. It is easy enough to see when there is trouble in the *heart* we love."

Norah burst into tears, but told him firmly and truly what had occurred, together with various indignities that had before been bestowed upon her. The pastor's face had been very pale during her recital of wrongs which he had never dreamed existed; but now it was deeply flushed; his eyes, those eyes

so deadly in their power, were blazing, scintillating with rage.

"The incarnate fiend!" he muttered between his clinched teeth, but too low for Norah to catch the words or their meaning.

"You must return, Norah," said he, gazing down into her eyes.

"For Heaven's sake," began Norah, pleadingly; but the light of his wild eyes was on her, and she bowed her head submissive to his will.

As she turned from him, he stretched out his arms, caught her in their embrace, and strained her, struggling, to his bosom. It was a strange sight in broad day in the severe village of Gardiner, but madness of the heart had overpowered that of the brain; and he forgot every thing but the wrongs and sufferings that Norah had endured, and was willing still to endure for his sake.

I cannot bear to dwell upon the scene that followed. There are pictures gliding to and fro in memory's chamber, some dark and some bright, like the hues of a kaleidoscope; and among them is one of the school house down by the river — of Norah leaving it in defiance; of her return in humiliation; of harsh, cruel words; of an unmerited *blow;* and now the picture has changed to one of tumult, and among the shadows gleams out a wild and maniac face, with terrible eyes, tiger-like in their ferocity. Then come visions of violence, and — almost murder; the teacher prostrate; the maniac guarded; Norah standing so dream-like and cold by her defender's side, and all the rest is a confusion of shadows and fancies hopelessly blended together. Horace Vane had followed her to the school house, had seen the blow inflicted, and dashing in at

the window, had left the teacher apparently lifeless upon the floor.

Norah Shehaine awoke from her trance to learn that all outward communication between her and her maniac lover was forbidden by those who had him in charge, and went home to bury her heart beneath the fragments of that hope which had been crumbled by the intensity of this second bitter trial of her life.

CHAPTER III.

O, had I loved thee less, or though, perchance,
With our deep love, that we in time might sever,
Then — then I think my spirit might forget,
Nor think, as now, that it must mourn thee ever!
But fare thee well! I would not have it so!
Thy memory is my all — my bliss below!

THERE must be a long gap of years in the history of Norah Shehaine. She was never seen in the village after the incarceration of her lover; but there was sometimes a pale, quiet face flitting around in the grove by the river, after nightfall, and in a few months more, the log dwelling was without a tenant. Rumor said Mrs. Shehaine had remembered a relative in Boston, who, coming to this country, had married a rich merchant; but for many years no positive information reached the villagers, and at length the topic was worn out, dropped, and Norah, with her mother, quite forgotten. A few months served to restore the intellect of Horace Vane; but after a single visit to Norah's cottage, he, too, seemed to share the general apathy regarding her.

There had been music in the spirit of Norah, — we all knew that; for many a time, when any bit of poetry hit her

fancy, up from her heart would fly a melody of her own composing; but we did not know she had caught the idea that in after years it might be made available as a method of supporting herself and her mother, or we might have guessed, when the news came of the debut of an accomplished vocalist in Boston, that it was none other than the self-reliant Norah. And she it was! From the first listening to her voice, an artist of high standing had volunteered to educate her, and in entire confidence of her success, refused remuneration till the trial should be tested. A happy woman was Norah, in anticipation of her brilliant future; each day brought with it increasing confidence and an earnest hopefulness for future distinction. There had been one shadow on that portion of her life. The teacher to whose kindness she owed so much had come by degrees to love her; he had pleaded with her, too, in tones of passionate entreaty, such as make a woman's heart ache, even when she cannot reciprocate. But the most human and beautiful feeling in her breast was its affection for Horace Vane, the maniac lover, as he was still to her. Her teacher listened to her confession, and redoubled his efforts for her advancement, from gratitude for her noble dealing with his heart.

The night of the third great trial came at last; and long enough before the hour stated, the hall selected for her debut was crowded by a critical and curious audience. At length a faint murmur swept around the hall, for upon the stage, calm and dignified, stood a vision of rare loveliness, — a vision of Norah Shehaine, — the quiet, serious Norah, so calm, so gentle, so beautiful, yet with the old absorption of external objects about her. A wild and beautiful prelude lingered for a moment on the air, then lost itself in echoes; yet there she

stood, unconscious of observation, as if she was in her quiet room at home. Again the pianist touched the keys, lightly and musically, as if to recall her wandering senses; but before the strain was concluded, there burst forth from her lips a strain of wild and irregular melody — vague and unfinished, without aim or object, — yet melody it was, bursting out clear and exquisitely sweet, as if from the impulse of some pleasant thought. Her teacher paused, looked anxiously around upon the faces of the crowd, and at last broke off the accompaniment — if such the attempt to follow her strange melody could be called. Time was allowed her to recover, and another attempt was made by her teacher to attract her attention. At length, with a wild, frightened look, she began a difficult bit of Italian music; but to the terror of her friend, she blundered through the first few bars, and then tumbled into a jumble of discords, till even Boston courtesy could tolerate no longer! A low, hissing sound proceeded from all parts of the hall; as if by unanimous consent, all joined the popular tide, and derision was poured out upon her to an alarming extent; yet none who saw her *then* have ever forgotten the appealing look which followed up such open expressions of disapprobation. Little excuse had poor Norah to offer for her failure; but somehow, just as she was about to retire in disgrace, her eyes became fixed upon a form leaning against a pillar in the loneliest part of the hall.

How she could have recognized a familiar face so far away has ever been a mystery to me; but thus it was, and a smile full of meaning radiated over her features. Once more the fingers of the teacher swept the keys of the piano, and a strain of clear harmonious melody rippled out, and fastened upon the hearts of the auditors. Presently another strain more

beautiful than the first was heard, and yet another; and then came a pause followed up by acclamations of wonder and delight. Peal after peal of applause urged a repetition of the music; but Norah had neither eyes, ears, nor soul, but for the silent admiration of Horace Vane. She had caught her inspiration from his spirit — its presence had been her ineentive to exertion, and now that she had asserted and proved her musical claims, the good will or bad of the multitude was cast aside as thoughtlessly as it had been gathered up.

She did not shrink away again into her old solitude of thought, but remained upon the stage, looking down upon the audience with the serenity of an angel. No arguments could induce her to test her vocal powers a second time. Censure and applause were alike unheeded. She was grateful, *thankful*, but she could not diminish the fame she had accepted by another display of tangled and irregular impulse.

Just then there was a slight disturbance among the auditors, and with one bound Horace Vane stood beside her upon the stage. Of all the whispered words which brightened up her heart that evening, or how much the views of Horace Vane served to draw her from a life so unsuited to one of her fragile organization, it is impossible to tell. It is said that the teacher looked very pale and sad, as detached sentences of love met his ear; and as Norah was led off, he knew what the crowd surmised — that she was lost to the public forever! But what need of further writing? Who does not know how the trials ended? Horace Vane had never lost sight of her, but wishing to test her faith as well as her affection, had allowed her to encounter the afflictions now so happily ended!

The house down in the forest clearing was tenanted long ago; and now that other houses have sprung up around it, and

associations formed, Norah has found her true sphere; ll there are glimmerings of the old genius, which sparkle ;h the coverings of her home life — echoes from the lrifting back with a pleasant thought from the old-time is, and proving that the soul has power to robe itself iuty, however coarse may be the material of its sur-ings.

STELLA.

"He will leave thee loveless and alone."

He will leave thee lone and loveless,
Wrecked upon the stream of life;
Canst thou bear the desolation?
Canst thou battle with the strife?
Thus they questioned one, who, loving,
Dared for love her woman's fame!
One who rashly, MADLY playing,
Staked her heart, and — LOST THE GAME!

Hear her answer — I have listened,
Cold advisers, as I may:
Crushing back the mighty leapings
Of a wounded heart at bay!
I have listened — not one shadow
Of the scorn within my breast
Dims my features; and my lip is
Still above the soul's unrest.

Truly, as you say, I love him
More than all the world beside!
Truly, as you say, I'm flinging
At his feet my woman's pride!

Tell me of the dreamy PRESENT,
And the wilder dream of PAST —
Talk of warm hearts won and slighted,
And of love too frail to last!

LOVE HIM! If my wildest purpose
Dares to clutch the wreath of fame,
'Tis to weave its golden glory
Like a halo round his name!
LOVE HIM! widely were we parted
By the surging waves of fate;
Shall the sea I've dared in crossing
Leave me wrecked and desolate?

"LOVE HIM!" Stella, why that shiver?
Has the warning come too late?
Dost thou feel the storm of anguish
Rippling up the sea of fate?
Woman — woman! Thine the sorrow!
Thou must learn, through grief and pain,
Strongest love and strongest passion
Never wins its like again.

And it came at last — that parting
Came as they she scorned had said,
And they hear her white lips murmur,
"Would, O God, that I were dead!"
And again they gather round her,
Tell how true their words have proved,
While her white lips murmur sadly,
"Truly, truly — BUT I LOVED!"

Spring has melted into summer,
Summer sleeps upon the plain,
And the withered leaves of autumn
Whirl upon the ground again.
Down within the churchyard corner,
Where the shadows constant sleep,
With the gloom of evening twilight
Comes a stricken youth to weep.

No one hears the bitter moaning,
No one guesses of the pain,
For the blue eyes, dim with weeping,
Sparkle 'mid the crowd again.
Who shall judge when she, the erring,
Blessed him with her parting breath —
Loved him — blessed him as her footfall
Trembled through the door of death!

MY MOTHER.

They tell me thou art changed, mother;
That thy hair is silvered now,
And that time has left the traces
Of his footsteps on thy brow;
That thine eye has lost its lustre,
Thy step its buoyant tread;
That the brightness of thy features
With thy waning years have fled.

Thy face *may* be less beautiful,
Thy brow may be less fair!
Perchance my wayward infancy
Has left its shadows there!
But thy uncomplaining spirit —
Thy gentle, loving heart —
Thy hope, and trust, and faith are gems
That never can depart!

Thy little flock, that mournfully
Gathered around thy knee,
When erst they wept that mother's love,
Which God restored in thee,
Though parted now by weary miles
Of wildwood, sea, and plain,

Their hearts in hours of loneliness
Fly back to thee again.

Again thy gentle voice is heard
In accents low and mild;
Again its tones in blessings fall
Upon an erring child!
And sadness dwindles at the thought—
We feel a mother's prayer
From *home* is breathed for us, as when
We knelt beside her there!

Mother, farewell! I may not see
Thy pleasant face again,
Or live to tell thee that thy prayers
Have not been breathed in vain;
But when the weary storm of life,
With all its gloom, has passed,
O, may thy broken chain of love
Be linked in heaven at last!

TIMOTHY TROTTER'S SECRET

"I AM myself, alone!" exclaimed Mr. Timothy Trotte
he strode loftily out of —— Hall, giving his hat a slap, w
sent it down with surprising rapidity over a pair of
whose astonishment at such a proceeding, on the part o
usually quiet Trotter, may be more easily imagined tha
scribed. "I am myself, alone, and nothing shorter!" a
burst forth from the pent-up bosom of Mr. Trotter, a
wild, free laugh, a sort of juvenile hurricane, rang out

the still air for squares and squares around, until an indignant rattle or two, with muffled figures attached, gave "dreadful note of preparation" to the sensitive ears of the victim; but, nothing daunted, he poked the figures in the ribs, and shook hands with them till their knuckles cracked again, and congratulated them on their good fortune, although to what peculiar blessing they were indebted for his good wishes, was quite a mystery.

"Only to think of it," shrieked Mr. T., in an agony of laughter; "only imagine——"

"Well, *what?*" replied Charlie No. 1.

"O, bother," sneered Charlie No. 2; "you'd better go home and take the brick out of your hat. What'll your wife say?"

The idea of his wife set him going worse than ever. "That's it," said he; "what will she say, when she knows what I've been and gone and done this blessed night?"

"Why, you hain't been murderin' any body, have you?" said Charlie.

"O, worse than that! murder isn't a circumstance to what I've done; that is to say, my Mrs. T. will think it isn't. I'm an Odd Fellow!"

The secret was out; he had that evening become initiated in the mysteries of Odd Fellowship, and the novelty of having at last become possessed of a secret that his wife, poor abused woman, could not, with all her penetration, unravel, was so superlatively amusing, that, but for the timely intervention of the watchful guardians of the night, the mirth it caused might have ended more justly than agreeable. As it was, with a good deal of coaxing and some half-whispered threats of watch houses, police courts, &c., &c., they managed

to get him home, where, finding the door fastened, they made free to lower him in at the cellar window. Let it be perfectly understood that Mr. Trotter was a little given to the mental aberration under which he appeared to be laboring that evening; however, before the kind watchmen were well away from the house, he was fast asleep upon the settee, by the fire, dreaming of golden rules and orders of love, and the thousand bright and glorious things that flutter around the pillow of those who close their eyes in the blessed certainty of possessing a pure heart and a free conscience. And, notwithstanding the little *faux pas* of the evening, Timothy Trotter *had* a free conscience, and a heart full of high resolves and generous impulses, and a hand broad and open as his heart was generous. 'Tis true, the clasp of that hand was round the hammer and mallet all day long, and the heart so full of kind and noble sentiments measured its pulsations beneath the coarsest kind of coarse clothing. But what of that? "A man's a *man* for a' that," sang the poet; and Timothy Trotter, to use a term more celebrated for depth of expression than superior elegance, was one of the men you read of, but seldom see. If any of his co-laborers were sick or in distress, away would go a week's wages to help him on his feet again, and his heart was never so light as when, from minute investigation, he would discover that his pockets were as well turned outside as in, for all they contained. As I said before, Mr. Timothy Trotter *was* a good man, and so was *Mrs.* Timothy Trotter; indeed, some were inclined to think her the best man of the two. She certainly would have her way, (what woman wouldn't, I wonder?) if she could get it? but then she was just about the smallest, neatest bit of humanity one was likely to meet with in a day's walk. Her house was a perfect picture of

neatness and economy. She had a place for every thing and every thing in its place. Now, if the truth must be told, (and we — I mean *I* never tell any thing else,) Mr. T. *had* one little fault: he never knew the place for any thing. For instance, he had been told, time and again, that a certain peg behind the door was exclusively for his hat, yet, notwithstanding this, it was too often under the disagreeable necessity of acknowledging itself floored. On such occasions Mrs. T. would very properly sulk, until her spouse, discovering something out of joint, had reinstalled the offending hat on its accustomed peg. I write this, not that it is essential to my story, but to show the position in which our worthy couple stood in relation to each other.

"Where are you going, Mr. T.?" said Mrs. T., about a week after the occurrence above mentioned, as her husband began buttoning his coat, preparatory to a walk. "Did you hear me, *Mr.* Trotter?" She always said *Mr.* when she wished distinctly to be understood.

"To the lodge," replied her other half, turning his hands somewhat awkwardly for a philosopher, as he styled himself.

"*To the lodge!*" screamed Mrs. T.; and down dropped the broom from very astonishment, and down dropped Hector's tail, but whether from astonishment or some feeling more immediately connected with the broomstick, I am quite unable to state; but this I know, that before Mr. T. had recovered his equanimity, Mrs. T. left the room, and returned again fully equipped with bonnet, cloak, and overshoes, to accompany him. Now, if there was one point upon which Mr. Trotter was peculiarly sensitive, it was that of ridicule; and this was too much of a good thing, and considerably more than he had bargained for; so he pulled off his overcoat, *remembered* to

hang his hat on its peg, and for the first time in his life sat down in a fit of sulks, determined neither to be coaxed nor driven into good humor, until he had gained his point, which, from appearances, seemed likely to occur some time in the course of the next century. Well, matters proceeded in this way for some months. Mr. Trotter sometimes visited the lodge by stealth, sometimes in open defiance to the injunctions of Mrs. T., until one night, late in the winter, a fire was discovered in their house, and only by the exertions of the firemen were they saved from the ruins of that home, which, but for the folly of a wilful woman, might have been an Eden of happiness. In escaping from the window, Mr. Trotter received an injury which nearly deprived him of existence; and as she hung over his inanimate form, many bitter tears were shed, and many promises of amendment were made, should God spare her husband to her. For weeks and weeks his life was despaired of; but there were kind friends around his bed who relieved his wants with unremitting kindness. There were sympathizing hearts to share the vigils of the stricken wife, and quiet her fears by a thousand acts of benevolence, which were no less freely given or less acceptable in the sight of God that their charitable deeds were hidden from the world, under a veil of secrecy.

In a bright, cosy little cottage, not far from South Boston bridge, a warm fire blazed in the capacious fireplace, whose beams flashed and sparkled upon the ceiling, and wrought fantastic figures upon the walls, and played the very mischief with the frostwork upon the window panes, till the passers by were tempted to pause and gaze for a moment into this abode of comfort. And bright as was the exterior, they must have travelled a long way to find a picture half so cosy as the

interior presented — a small, neatly-furnished room, with its polished floor uncarpeted, in the centre of which stood a table half hidden by a cloth of snowy whiteness, with cups and saucers to match, and a neat supper evidently awaiting the arrival of some absentee, to do homage to its cheer. A rosy-cheeked, bustling little woman, whom no one could mistake for any one in the world but Mrs. Trotter, for the want of occupation, was sweeping the floor, although you couldn't have found a speck of dust in the whole house. This completed to her satisfaction, she went to the window, and making a telescope of her hands, looked up the street and down the street, and across the way, and seeing nothing but now and then a muffled traveller, she drew a chair to the hearth, and sitting down with her hands clasped across her knees, began building castles among the great coals that sent such a cheerful glow into the room. They must have been peopled with pleasant fancies, those castles; for smiles kept chasing each other across her face, making dimples in her cheeks with their little feet, and poking their fingers in her eyes until they were half closed. She had been dreaming some time, when a brand fell down, and, of course, her castle tumbled down with it; so she started for the broom again to brush up the ashes, but had scarcely begun to use it when the door opened, and a tall, pale man — you would never have guessed who *he* was — entered, preceded by his fast friend, Hector. Again the broomstick fell; but, strange to say, Hector's tail didn't begin to think of falling this time, but wagged worse than ever. Indeed, any one unaccustomed to his pranks would have sworn he had the hydrophobia; for, running across the room, he took a flying leap, intending, no doubt, to light on Mrs. Trotter's shoulders, but missing his aim, he turned a double somerset over her head,

came down upon the table with one foot in the milk jug, another making a very healthy impression upon a plate of butter, and judging from the way he made his hasty exit through the half-opened door, it was a scientific experiment in ground and lofty tumbling that he had no inclination to try a second time. Not that he feared Mrs. Trotter. O, dear, no! for she was busy undoing the walking bundle that had come home. First she took off his overcoat and hat, then unwrapped a dozen or two of comforters from his neck, then she took off his mittens, and rubbed his hands, and breathed on them to make them warm, as if there wasn't a man on earth but old Timothy Trotter.

"Please, may I go to the lodge to-night?" said he, rather maliciously, as she sat on a little stool at his feet, pulling off his overshoes.

This was too much for Mrs. Trotter, who had been all the time trying to choke down her emotions. "God bless 'em," said she, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms around his neck — "God bless 'em for the patience and gentleness with which they watched your slightest movement, and anticipated your wants when you were too ill to express them! Bless 'em for their sympathy and encouragement, even when we expected each breath would be your last; and when you grew better, and began to know me, and when I could lay my head on your pillow and sleep soundly — for I couldn't rest while you were so ill — there was always a kind brother by your side; and I said God bless 'em *then*, and I say God bless 'em *now*! Bless 'em for ——"

Here her tears, or old hard-featured Trotter's kisses, or something equally ridiculous, threw the little woman off the track; so, burying her face in his bosom, she sobbed as if, at

all events, she was determined not to be cheated out of a good cry. At length the storm blew over, and creeping out of Trotter's arms — for he, good soul, unaccustomed to *scenes*, had dozed off to sleep under the mesmeric influence of the one just enacted — she kindled the fire anew, took off the tea-kettle, that had been indignantly boiling over for the last ten minutes, and began preparing supper as if nothing unusual had happened; while Hector, thinking that he had remained quite long enough in the cold for one offence, crept quietly in, snuggled himself down on the hearth rug, and wrapping his tail around him to save Mr. Trotter's boots the temptation of stepping on it, was in *dreamland*, if dogs ever visit that continent, long before Mrs. Trotter had finished preparation for supper.

Years have come and gone since the facts (for facts they are) above related transpired — years that have left the snows of life's winter upon the brow of the aged couple. The small house has long since been exchanged for one of more stately pretensions. The influence of kind friends raised them from comparative poverty to independence, and fortune, smiling upon their heart union, poured down a shower of golden gifts in the form of a legacy from a distant relative. Affliction taught them to depend less upon the world, and more upon each other, for happiness. Mr. Trotter still continues an honorable member of the society of Odd Fellows; and I need scarcely add that Mrs. T. is never happier than when *he* can visit his lodge, unless, indeed, it is when she can find willing listeners to the oft-told tale of the kindness they received from that source when in affliction; and as I heard her recital of it not very many months ago, and as my eye wandered around the comfortable home, and I thought, This is

the work of Odd Fellowship, I found myself exclaiming, with dear Mrs. Trotter, "God bless 'em — I don't know what their secrets are, but I'm sure they are good."

MY GRAVE.

O! BURY me not in the sunless tomb,
When Death in his chain has bound me;
Let me not sleep where the shadows loom,
In the stifled air around me;
Where the bones of the scarce-remembered dead
Keep a ghastly watch round my coffin bed!

O, bury me not 'mid the ceaseless hum
Of the city's wild commotion,
Where the steps of a thoughtless crowd might come,
Like the waves of a troubled ocean.
In the eye of love should a teardrop start,
'Twould crush it back on the swollen heart!

But bury me out in the wild, *wild* wood,
Where the sunlit leaves are dancing,
Where the rills leap out with a merry shout,
And the brooks in the light are glancing;
Let my bed be made by the fond and true,
Who can bear to weep when I'm shut from view.

In the forest home — in the wildwood home —
With the arching limbs above me,
Where the sunbeams creep for a quiet sleep,
To my grave, like dear friends that love me,
Let me rest 'mid the bloom of the pure and fair;
I should know that the blossoms I loved were there.

Yes, bury me out in the wild, wild wood,
Where the dewy flowers are springing;
Where the glad, sweet song of the poet birds
Through the rude old aisles are ringing.
O, I love to dream of a quiet rest,
Where the fond leaves murmur above my breast.

ELOIENE.

Beside the nuptial altar stood
A maiden young and fair,
Whose pallid cheek was whiter than
The snowy marble there.
One hand lay passively in *his*
Who claimed her as his bride,
The other brushed away a tear
She strove in vain to hide.

Bright gleams of sunshine swept around,
And waved and dimpled there,
And braided bands of shining gold
Amid her glossy hair;
And brilliant eyes, like sister stars
Lured from their home above,
Were wild and bright with dazzling light,
But not the light of love!

Alas — alas! for woman's love!
None know the fearful power
That gives her strength to struggle on,
In dark affliction's hour,
To mask the loneliness of soul
That haunts her evermore,
The memories that swell her heart
When its sweet dream is o'er.

God help that wounded, suffering heart,
The heart that love has broken;
For agony is double pain
That must remain unspoken.
In utter loneliness of soul
The spirit struggles on,
Amid the wreck of earnest love—
Of hope and beauty gone.

No other hand can ever wake
The fretted chords again,
No other sun revive the flowers
Where truant love has lain.
The links that quiver round her heart
No power on earth can sever;
When once it yields to love's dear dream,
That *once* must be forever!

The word is breathed! A loveless bride
Has sealed the nuptial vow,
And all the buds that hope had left
Are crushed and withered now!
And friends, with words of gentleness
And smiles, are gathering near,
And heart-warm wishes, kind and true,
Are falling on her ear.

She hears them not — she heeds them not!
Her soul has fled away,
Where birds and streams are musical
Throughout the livelong day;
And one was there — a noble one!
With lofty brow, yet mild
As was the smile that won her, when
An earnest-hearted child.

Her heart had beat as woman's heart
Can only throb — then died
With *him* whose gentle words first woke
Affection's gushing tide.

The village bell had tolled for him
She would have died to save,
And all of hope and love was laid
Within the dear one's grave.

And yet she stood again a bride
Beneath that sacred dome:
But blame her not; 'twas done to give
Her aged sire a home.
The mockery o'er, with tearful eyes
A humble prayer was said—
But ere the echo passed away,
Th' unwilling bride was dead!

She sleeps in peace. The pleasant air
Of summer floats around,
While flowers and leaves are whispering
With dreamy, murmuring sound!
And through the thick and clustering vines
A small white stone is seen;
A simple stone, with simple name—
The name of Eloiene!

RETRIBUTION.

AVE been thinking whether it would be proper or correct
e to appropriate a word for the heading of my sketch—
meaning and of warning as it is—which has been so
lly defined by the pen and brain of Mrs. Southworth;
it seems such a volume in itself, whether to tangible
nd tangible punishments, or appertaining to *inner* crimes
ocial deformities, that, for once, I am tempted to dip

my pen in the same inkstand with *her* of the vigorous heart and intellect.

Love is too often a fiction, a legend of the poet's brain; but when it has once touched the chords of the human heart, its thrill is doomed to make music or discord forever. If the *former*, the deep and quiet happiness warmed into life by sympathy becomes hallowed, like some glorious vision of immortality; if the *latter*, God help the bruised reed, for no sympathy can bind up the broken tendrils.

So mused a fair bride, as she sat alone, with her cheek resting upon her hand. Not that she distrusted her affianced husband, not that the slightest fear of unrequited love flitted across her mind. O, no! But that love seemed to her to be the great requisite of happiness, and in her own blissfulness, she could but pity those who were not equally blessed with herself. It was a night of unutterable beauty, such a one as not unfrequently rests alike upon the gloomy chaparrals and the brilliant city of Mexico. Wreaths of honeysuckle swayed to and fro in the pure light, and every breath of air that touched her cheek came laden with the heart wealth of a thousand flowers; and over all the moonlight shed an almost palpable halo of glory, which, to her enthusiastic mind, seemed a beautiful and material woof for the formation of her dearest dreams. The real was wrapped up in the ideal, and all her musings were softened and spiritualized by a communion with her other self — the spirit of love. Ah, who could blame her for her devotion? Who has not passed moments of brightness so intense that the heart lived an age of happiness in their flight? — moments when the soul, with its undiscovered fire slumbering in fancied security, becomes suddenly awakened to a sense of its capacity for happiness, and learns

that its immortal nature is susceptible of mortal passions! The life of Luath Lauraine had been a tissue of dreams, each more beautiful in their coloring, until the climax of earthly joy seemed to have been gained for her heart. Even the dark cloud that had dwelt upon the faces of her countrymen, in view of oppression and disaster, could not reach her hopeful spirit, for life was too new and fresh to admit a shadow upon the future. It came at last — that dark cloud that for months had hung like a death shroud over the bosom of a great nation. It came at last, and bright eyes grew dim with looking into the grave of love, and warm hearts grew cold with fear, as the echoes of war spread around and gave note of homesteads desolated and of hearts bereaved; yet the only impulse it brought to Luath's mind was that of an indefinite excitement, and the thought, perhaps, of the littleness of the object to be attained by so much bloodshed! But *with* the cloud of war came one of noble presence, one of our own race, yet far superior to those she had been accustomed to see; and from one step to another he had gained ascendency over her spirit, until in the wide world there was nothing but his presence which seemed at all desirable. She was very beautiful at all times, especially so as she sat in the embrasure of the window on her bridal night, giving way to pleasant fancies. The sun of sixteen summers had ripened the opening bud into bright and glorious bloom, and as she stood upon the threshold of womanhood, it seemed as if earth had never left the taint of mortality upon the spirit wings of a purer angel. A slight rustle of the curtains startled the dreamer from her revery, and she started up to meet the imagined intruder. For a moment she listened in breathless eagerness, like some beautiful statue; but from the continued silence, and sup-

posing she had been mistaken, a new thought evidently drifted across her mind, and, with a pleasant smile, she glided from the room, unmindful of a pair of eyes, almost fearful in their lustre, that followed her retreating form out of the thick folds of the curtains opposite. A stronger contrast could not have been found than between the young girl whose steps still echoed in the corridor and the strange, dark woman whose eyes were riveted on the door through which she departed. If the bride was beautiful in her trusting innocence, O, supremely beautiful, and fearful withal, was that unwelcome visitor, whose quick, convulsive breathing gave the only evidence of life and animation; and as the memory of deep wrongs swept over her bosom, her eyes, so fixed, yet dazzling in their expression, mirrored forth an eternity of thought as thrilling as it was silent. The same moon that had showered its lustre on the earnest-hearted bride, was floating in glory around the victim of perfidy. The same starlight that had wreathed diamonds amid the curls of the innocent girl, played in fitful — almost mournful — gleams around the raven hair of the guilty woman. Very pale and sad she looked in the dim light, like some half-animate statue; for above the music of the leaves and the hum of the waterfalls might have been heard the distinct pulsation of a heart maddened by wrongs, and yearning for revenge. In no nation of the world is each passion of human nature so distinct, yet powerful, as among the Mexicans. There is a fire in their half-Spanish, half-Indian blood, which kindles at a breath, and is never after subdued until the object, whether of love, hatred, or revenge, is attained. The force of this truth was strongly delineated in the dark face of Ellowine Montano, but the quivering lip and the menacing brilliancy of her strange animal eyes, were the

only manifestations of the agony of her heart. Moonlight, music, and blossoms were all lost upon her, for her soul had gone down with memory, and was now conning over the dusty relics which had lain so long neglected. First, like a pure angel, came the thoughts of her innocent, sunny-hearted childhood. The old farm-house nestling down within the shadow of the chaparral; the tiny streamlet that quivered past its door; the sloping lawn where she had played in infancy; and above them gleamed the face of her mother; but *not* the mother she had known. Too well she knew the dark eyes, that had so often dwelt in fondness on her face, were dimmed with weeping; her raven hair, so rich in its glossy brightness, blighted in its beauty; the dear face, once so beautiful, wrinkled and worn in its grief; — all were there, like silent phantoms, to reproach her with guilt. For a moment her breast throbbed as if swollen by some great sorrow, and her eyes grew moist and dim; but with a mighty effort, all traces of sorrow and repentance had vanished, and in their stead appeared a smile full of scorn and hatred for the memory of that home made desolate; of the crime that had consigned her to an ignominious life, and plainer than all came the memory of *him* who had wrought this change, till her eyes grew still more terrible in their lustre, and her hand sought with nervous haste a dagger, whose hilt gleamed through the folds of her mantle. This action, involuntary as it was, seemed to arouse her to a sense of the danger by which she was surrounded, and, glancing hurriedly around, to assure herself that she was alone, and finding the room unoccupied, she crept to the station the bride had left, and was soon lost again in bitter memories. "And for *her*," she murmured; "*for her!* Can she love him as I have done? I

had no home but in his heart, no hereafter but was wedded to his happiness. My life, soul, being, was his! My heaven was his presence, my eternity his love; and now, when I have turned from every tie of earthly fellowship, when I have bartered my eternal happiness for his sake, he abandons me, and for a child like that. Ah, I feel now the fire that burns in my eyes; the hot blood that lives in my veins is too impetuous for love, too jealous and exacting." A step was heard to break the silence of the hall, and as it approached the door, the red spot on her cheek grew still more vivid by contrast with the paleness of her lips.

"'Tis his step," she murmured, "and who should know it so well as I?"

A flood of radiance showered from the chandeliers that decked the corridor, as the door opened to admit the bridegroom, and as he paused for a moment in the opened door, a more superb picture of manly beauty could scarcely be imagined. Slight but exquisitely formed, with a cast of features peculiarly Spanish, with its clear, rich blood lighting up a somewhat swarthy complexion, and ever beaming with additional lustre, as they sought in the darkness to meet the glance of his affianced, no one would have dreamed, could they have seen Gustave Mignore at that moment, that his heart was the receptacle of crime, or his clear, hazel eyes but ministers to a guilty soul.

"Luath," said he, in a musical voice, which sent the blood back upon the heart of the guilty creature who cowered amid the curtains. God only knows how the voice we have once loved must forever linger there like half-forgotten music, until startled by the master spirit that first wrought it into melody. God only knows how the face we have once gazed upon

in affection, is ever after engraven upon the tablets of the memory. A half-suppressed sob attracted the intruder's attention to the window, and quick as thought the betrayer was at the feet of his victim.

"Luath, what grieves you?" said he, clasping a hand that had fallen unconsciously at her side; but the tall form of Ellowine, rising like a spectre before him, rooted him to the spot in utter amazement!

"Ellowine," said he, when he had sufficiently recovered self-possession as to enable him to speak, "what in the name of Heaven brings you here?"

"To witness your nuptials, lord of mine," replied she, in a voice in which love and revenge were strangely warring. "No more false priests — no more shameful vows to be flung aside with the heart to which they are plighted — no more oaths registered against you in eternity! Gustave, I told you if you married this child, I would make one at the altar — *my* heart shall not be the only one broken!"

"Ellowine, are you mad?" said Gustave; but his voice trembled, and his manner showed but too plainly how much he feared the woman before him.

"Mad!" she replied, and her words were sad and low now; "*no*, not mad. *That* is past. The *madness* — the dream which created it, as beautiful in its brevity as fearful in its awakening — all are past now, yielded up for the insanity of a dark heart and crazed brain! O, no! I'm not mad *now* — only *insane!*"

The tone of the desolation which accompanied her words revived a feeling of remorse in the breast of the guilty man, and he would have taken her hand in his, but had it been an adder, she could not have repulsed it with more disgust.

"Ellowine," said he deprecatingly, "you gave your free consent to this."

"I did," she replied, "and yet I loved you — *you* can never dream how fondly — yet so loving you, I found my power was gone; *another* had usurped my place in your heart, and I was forgotten. I could not seek to retain a faith wavering as yours had done; and then, when I could no longer deceive my reason, you came to me with falsehood on your tongue, and talked of interest and wealth, and asked me to *smile* while you were trampling upon my love! I *did* give my consent that you should cast me off to shame, and wed this girl, for the deep love that had been more than life to me was turned to hate; but even while I dwelt upon the words which were to seal my doom, I swore that my revenge should be as fearful as my love had been great!"

"Ellowine," said he, "is it *you* that thus threaten me?"

"No," she answered, "not *Ellowine*, but the demon of revenge you have implanted in her bosom! Who would have thought that the dark-eyed girl in her humble cottage, whose quick glances followed the stranger's steps — whose untutored heart echoed the stranger's voice — who learned to love the man that accident sent for aid to the father's home — who would have thought that her hand ever could have been raised against that stranger's life? Not *you*, or Ellowine had still been glad-hearted and happy! Not you, Gustave, had you known that one so trusting and devoted, so innocent even in her guilt, shrined under a calm exterior the wildest and fiercest of passions! She sinned, Gustave, but it was the sin of a devoted heart that had outlived all memory but of its idolatry. She loved you with a pure love, she trusted you with a holy trust, and when she awoke from her dream to

hear her father's curse, and see her mother's tears, she turned from them all, and founded her faith on him to whom she had bartered her honor!"

"Ellowine," said the conscience-stricken man, "my presence is even now required ——"

"*At the altar!* I know it," said she, fixing her wild eyes upon his face. The nonchalance of his manner had deserted him, and he cowered beneath her steadfast gaze, as if in the presence of an avenging angel!

"What do you require?" said he. "If money, all I possess is yours; only leave me."

"*Money!*" replied she, scornfully. "Can money restore me your love — my own respect? No, Gustave. You might have spared that insult. I have loved you, and *do* even now, knowing you to be base and heartless beyond the power of words to tell! I do love you so well, that you shall never marry Luath Lauraine."

"*Shall not!*" echoed he, deridingly.

"Ay, *shall* not! As sure as you stand at the altar with that girl, that act will be the signal for a woman's retribution upon her wronger."

Gustave felt that the crisis of his fate was at hand. Hemmed in on all sides, with no hope for escape, nothing before him but exposure, or still deeper guilt, he leaned against the mantel-piece in deep abstraction, as if taking in a full survey of the peril to which he was exposed. "She must die!" thought he, as his eye caught the view of a dagger at her side.

"Your folly be upon your own head!" said he, springing forward. But as if aware of his intent, she had left the window, and now stood between him and the door.

"Craven hearted as you are false," said she, gathering her veil around her, "you might at least have held the *life* sacred your arts have blasted!"

The next moment Gustave was alone. *Alone!* what a world of horror is there in that word for the guilty soul! Who shall say there is no God, when it is his "still small voice" the spirit fears in hours of darkness and of gloom? Who shall say there is no retribution for sin, when the criminal fears to be *alone* with the phantoms of his crimes?

"She dare not," muttered Gustave between his clinched teeth; but his haggard face gave the lie to his words. He knew too well that Ellowine was just the woman to dare any thing to revenge a wrong, and his own conscience told him how deep her wrong had been. Agitated and perplexed, he knew not what course to pursue. It was near the hour for the nuptial ceremony, and his absence had already been commented upon by the guests. Now it was that the black sins of his life were felt most vividly. 'Tis true, in other days he *had* loved Ellowine, as much as it was possible for one of his temperament to love any thing but himself; and sometimes he had been almost persuaded to make her the only reparation in his power; but the fear of the world, that terrible bugbear which overcomes many good intentions, would intrude and crush down his better impulses. There was a fascination in the society of Luath which kept him at her side. She was so gentle and trusting in her love that her very dependence *won* more reverence from his heart than the self-reliant Ellowine could *command.* For a moment he resolved to seek out Luath, and tell her of his former intimacy with Ellowine; but the fear that her pure mind would shrink from a crime so appalling in its nature deterred him. A gush

of music, which came floating from a distant hall, recalled him to consciousness, and with a slow step he proceeded to join the bridal party in the chapel. The young bride was already there, and turning from her sweet face, he glanced hastily around the chapel; but meeting only groups of sunny faces, he clasped the hand of Luath, and Ellowine was forgotten! Gloriously the taper lights flooded the holy place of prayer! The deep-toned organ had pealed a solemn strain of devotion, and the aged priest, with his thin, white locks drifting over his robe like falling snow, lifted up his voice in earnest prayer for the happiness of the young couple whose destinies were so soon to be united. It was indeed a beautiful picture — the young bride, so innocent in her idolatry — the bridegroom, whose heart was touched for once by the inspiration of Christianity — the reverend priest — the warm-hearted friends; and above them all, the blessed picture of the Savior dying for the sins of mankind, beamed like a beautiful promise of forgiveness here, and salvation beyond the grave. Nothing now remained but the imposing ceremony of marriage; but as Gustave produced the ring, a thrill of horror ran through his veins, for his keen eye had detected the pale face of Ellowine, whiter than the marble against which she leaned. In desperate haste he sought to place the ring upon the finger of the bride, but her eyes were on him, and as he raised his hand, with a mocking laugh she sprang from her concealment, dashed it to the pavement, and with folded arms confronted the assembly.

"I told you I would make one at your wedding, and you see I have kept my word."

Quick as thought Gustave sprang forward to seize her, proclaiming that she was a maniac; but her dagger was in her

hand and revenge in her heart, and the next moment Gustave lay a bleeding corpse at the altar! "You stole him from me, ay, *you!*" she cried, and with the strength of madness she raised the bride and flung her a senseless mass upon her dead husband's bosom; then taking advantage of the crowd, she sprang through the open window, and fled into a thicket near at hand. Soon as those present could collect their shattered senses, search was made, but to no purpose. She had completed her errand, and effected her escape. For hours the bride lay in a swoon so deep that death and nature were evidently contending for mastery over each other; and when at last her eyelids unclosed, the vacant glance and restless head told too plainly that the sun of her life had gone down in a night of hopeless insanity — an innocent victim to the crime of another!

One more leaf, and our story is done; and if in its perusal one heart has felt the truth that guilt is its own avenger, the author is repaid for her efforts.

Where the flowering shrubs grew thickest, and the sunshine lay all the day on their blossoms, like drops of gold on snow, a small, neat cottage looked out from the vines which surrounded it, as if to invite the wayworn traveller to partake of the hospitality of its inmates; and yet so still and subdued was all around, that the heart involuntarily grew sad as it approached a scene so full of quiet beauty. Even the old honeysuckle that swayed from the lattice work seemed whispering sad and low, as if in sympathy with the aged pair that for years had been its lonely occupants. It had not always been thus. One child had blessed their early union, and the deep devotion of their souls had been lavished upon her, until she became an object of idolatry. She was the sun that

illumined their humble dwelling, the bird whose music dwelt in their bosom, the link which drew their souls nearer to God's footstool; and when she was dearest and most treasured, a blight came upon the beautiful flower, and with it withered the hearts that had lived but for her happiness. On the evening after the murder in the chapel, an old man and a gray-haired woman sat brooding amid the shadows that evening was flinging around their hearthstone. It was the birth-night of their child, their lost Ellowine; and in the grief of memory, each seemed to find a relief in silence, rather than words. The mother's eyes were riveted in painful solicitude upon a vacant chair at one corner of the hearth; the father's hand rested upon the Bible, which lay upon the stand, but his soul seemed to have forgotten its accustomed reverence in musing upon the past. The picture of a dark-eyed girl was before him. Those dark eyes that had so often watched his coming — the little feet that had flown to meet him on his return from labor — the hands that had busied themselves for his comfort — where were they *now?* Slowly and sadly these visions crept into his mind, till his head bowed upon the sacred page, and his whole frame trembled with the violence of his grief. The true-hearted wife, forgetful of the *mother* in her husband's anguish, came softly to his side, and raising his head to her bosom, parted the white locks from his brow, and whispered, "Let us thank God we are still left to *each other!*" A deep sob broke the stillness, and the child of their affection was before them. The dark curls that had been their pride were tangled and matted with dew; her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and the unnatural rim of purple that bound them round told more than words

the suffering she had endured. With one accord the parents sprang up to meet the prodigal; but she eluded their grasp, and fell upon her knees at their feet. "Don't — *don't* touch me," said she, shrinking from their outstretched arms; "don't touch me! Let me die here at your feet, reading forgiveness in your dear faces, as I do now; but not there, not in your arms, not on the bosom, mother, that sheltered me in innocence!"

"Ellowine, my own beautiful child," murmured the mother, gathering her shrinking form in her arms.

"I am dying, mother," she continued, "but I could not die away from you! I could not bear to be laid in the ground by strange hands; so I crept here that I might have some one to shed a tear for my misery."

With each word she uttered it was evident that death was indeed approaching. They gathered her up, and laid her upon the bed where she had so often slept in innocence, and the old man again sought the holy page whose sacred promises extend even to the eleventh hour; and never had those beautiful words, "*Neither do I condemn thee*," been given with more impressive awe than at that bed of death. Never had the breath of supplication risen from the heart to heaven with a deeper humility or a holier trust than from the stricken hearts who were pleading for a repentant sinner. Ah, that deep, abiding faith, which strengthens the soul in wildest grief to lay hold upon the promises of God! Give *me* the religion of faith, whose attendants are mercy and charity, and I renounce all claim to *creed* in favor of those who choose to grope their way to heaven through the door of doubt and despondency. If reason and philosophy must necessarily deprive

me of the trust I have in the will and power of God, let me be ever in the dark, for my weak mind could never comprehend the *sophistry* of religion! Long did the earnest tones of prayer break the quiet of the cottage, and when it was ended, and the aged couple rose from their knees, they sought to unclasp the hands raised in supplication, but shrunk from their icy coldness; and the moon, rising at that moment, flung a light into the quiet room, weaving a halo around the pale face, whose rigid lineaments told the parents that they were childless and alone! The spirit of the criminal but repentant woman had been borne away on the wings of prayer; and who shall say it did not gain admittance within the gates of paradise?

Where the wild flowers are thickest they made a grave for their lost treasure; but before the blossoms were withered, another, and yet another grave appeared beside it, and the parents were at rest. The cottage is tenanted by strangers, but the three graves are sacred and unmolested, while the story of Ellowine is often rehearsed and descanted upon as a warning against crime, and an example of its retribution.

TO MRS. S. C. HOWARD.

I DO not know thee — save by thoughts that linger,
 Dream-like and beautiful upon my heart —
When my rapt soul, forgetful of the singer,
 Loses itself in wonder at thy art!
I do not know thee, lady; yet full well
My spirit bows it to thy mystic spell.

I do not know thee! yet when stars are beaming
 In softening lustre at the evening hour,
I seek the spot where thy bright eyes are gleaming,
 And yield me captive to their witching power!
To see thee — hear thee — silently to trace
Flashings of genius on thy lovely face!

I do not know thee! yet my weary spirit
 In hours of absence, kneeling at thy shrine,
Breathes out a prayer that it may yet inherit
 One gleam of light like that which falls from thine.
Yet with such gift, my heart, in its excess,
Would die beneath its wealth of blissfulness!

I do not know thee! yet when flowers are springing,
 When summer song birds tales of joyance tell,
I'll think I hear thy voice in concert singing;
 My heart will grow more human 'neath the spell.
May thy soul's sunshine, undimmed by tears,
Brighten the rugged path of onward years!

Lady, farewell! pardon the humble blossom
 A stranger hand has flung upon thy shrine!
Poetic hearts may offer brighter worship,
 And vaunt in fitter terms that grace of thine!
Sing of thy beauty — laud its witching spell —
I can but feel it! Lady, fare thee well!

RIPPLES FROM THE "OCEAN HOUSE."

PAST twelve o'clock! Without, the soft, still night lies like a dream upon the sleeping village, while *within*, graceful forms and beautiful faces are passing and repassing — for you must know that we fashionable denizens of Newport take up the *day* where the working people lay it down! I say *we*, although I have little to do in the matter, except, with my old accustomed habit of dreaming, to nestle away in some quiet corner, and read more of human character in the mass before me than many of them would like to hear. I plead guilty to the charge of *never being surprised* at any thing; but I have an old habit of wondering if such and such a circumstance ever happened to such or such a person; and so I find myself, scarcely knowing why, wondering if the seemingly gay and happy crowd around me are susceptible to the impulses which are supposed to govern the world at large — if ever they have headaches, and heartaches, and sorrows lying "too deep for tears" — if fashion builds up a fort between the spirit and its affections; or if, like every-day humanity, they yield in turn to hopes and joys, and doubts and fears! O, if Fashion *could* shield the heart, who would *not* court her presence? Somebody has written, "Time cures all!" *False, false!* It never would have been said had he who wrote ever felt that horrible sinking of the heart which follows the waking up of some dear life-dream! that yearning for the familiar smile which has darkened away, till only clouds are around us. Time may fold a kindly wing over love lying in its grave, for we look onward through the mist of years to the resurrection

and another life; but when we are called to mourn the falsehood of the *living*, there is nothing between this and eternity to which we can turn for consolation. Like children in the dark, we are afraid to think, yet unable to shut out the tide of memory! Words of love, which we have pressed away in our hearts like flowers in books, are constantly mocking our anguish. It comes but once in a lifetime — that fearful turning in the tide of affection — when we know the past *must* be cast from us, yet dare not tear away the shelter of our lives to stand so fearfully alone! when we catch at the faintest hope, as the drowning catch at straws — when we dwell with a refinement of anguish upon every look and tone of love, now unutterably dear to us, until our hearts are broken with grief— when we feel that our arms *must* loosen their hold around the self-created idol, and clasp in its stead the shadow of a great sorrow — when a chance word, or tone, or note of music, will burst over the spirit in a flood of bitterness, mocking that assumption of "peace where there is no peace." What if wealth, with its luxuriant appliances, could spread out for our feet a carpet of gold; would our heart moan the less for the familiar form upon which it leaned? What if fame could wreathe the brow with its brightest laurels; could we hear the applause of the whole world, if that *one* voice to which we yielded deference was silent? What if all the nations under the sun were gazing upon us with reverent admiration; could we feel a glow of pride, while the glance we yearn for most is coldly withdrawn? *O, no! no! no!* Say what you will, we love but once, and that once *forever!* Happy they who *never* love — and the world is full of such — who gather to their hearts that calm, quiet affection, which is only love's shadow, and so living, escape the anguish and the suffering which, since the

first sin, has been the doom and the punishment for *too much loving*.

And so, as of old, I sit in the shadows and watch the fashionable crowd, reflecting and reasoning, and wondering the while if the laughing, happy faces mask a sepulchre within — if the lonely chamber, secluded but from the "all-seeing eye," hears other sounds, and prisons other sights than such as are open to the general view — if there are sorrows which wealth cannot heal, heartburnings which fashion cannot stifle, hopes, crushed and dying, which time, nor scene, nor place, can revive; and then I wonder that there is so little of kindness and charity in the world, when we have need of so much, and pray — after *my* fashion — that I may never give pain to the humblest of God's beings, for however many the facilities may be for external happiness, the best and wisest of us all have our sorrows, and know our own grievances. It is just as easy to imitate the example of *Him* who "went about doing good," as it is to plant thorns where there might spring roses, or passing over the beams in our own eyes, to seek for, and exaggerate, the motes within our neighbors'.

I am getting to lecture bravely — don't you think so? Such sombre ripples will not often drift from my spirit to *yours*, but there are times, when, to write at all, one must make an inkstand of their own heart — and this is one of my melancholy evenings.

MY AUNT FANNY.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

THE sauciest thing alive was that *gypsy of* an aunt Fanny of mine. I dare say, now, you all thought that I was about writing a great long story of some starched-up old maid, who had said "no" till there were no more nice young men to say "*no*" to. Catch me doing any thing half so foolish, with the memory of bright Fanny Ray breaking up through the mist of old-time reminiscences. She was a regular bird of paradise to our sombre little village, and I'm not quite sure that we should have been greatly surprised had she taken wing, some fine morning, with a gush of melody, and drifted off to heaven. If she was *not* an angel, our eastern beaux took the responsibility of innumerable fibs, for she had been voted one, until we had all made up our minds to credit the assertion. To be sure, she came honestly enough by her good qualities, for she was born amid the melody and the perfume of a bright May morning, and some how the music got into her heart and the brightness into her eyes, until, amid the glad things that love the sunshine, she became the gladsomest of all. Blessings on her! how we all loved and petted her, just to see the roguish smiles chase each other over her sweet face, to lose themselves in the little pitfalls of her cheeks; and more than one *heart* tumbled into those same pitfalls too, let me tell you, though she did not seem at all aware of her superior attraction, or think herself a bit more lovable than any of us *every-day* sort of girls. Then with *me* she would sometimes put on such airs, and try to look serious and stately, because she *happened* to be my aunt, just as if I didn't know that we had

been children together, and had played truant from the same school, and waded through the same mud puddles, and then ran home ready to break our necks, to make our parents think we had been all sorts of good. I was three years her elder, too, but *that* had no weight with her, for somehow she found out that nature has its own classifications, regardless of established rule, and what I exceeded in years she made up in knowledge.

Out in the broad green fields, where the breath of flowers swept up from the tangled grass, would Fanny Ray wander for hours together, and sometimes a half shadow would hover around her face, and settle there for a moment, and then, as if the sunlight of her heart had gushed upon some happy thought, the shadow would creep away again, and the face resume its accustomed dash of brightness. On one of these morning rambles, when the sun, breaking through the clouds with the promise of a glorious day, had kissed the dew from the blossoms, she wandered farther than usual, and was somewhat surprised to find herself in the very heart of a forest, with nothing around her but the birds and the flowers to disturb the harmony of her reveries. Glimpses of the clear sky broke in every now and then through the thick leaves, and the sunbeams that shattered against the tall trees came settling down in detached bits upon the rich turf, like little flakes of gold. A tiny rivulet quivered and flashed, like a crazy serpent, in the warm light, and not content with that, the little ripples kept leaping up into the air, as if longing to kiss each other, but not daring to take such a liberty, they would tumble back again, and drift on, —

"To wreck their freight of sunshine on the sand."

It is an established fact, that our New England woods are

notorious for all sorts of queer doings — from the revelling of fairies to the howling of dryads — and it was not to be expected that a timid little thing like Fanny Ray would feel very much at her ease when in such dangerous proximity. But there was so much in nature that harmonized with her own beautiful heart, that she soon forgot her fears, and nestled down in the warm sunshine, to dream away an hour in the forest quietude. A crackling in the bushes arrested her attention, and before she could gain her feet, a great shaggy dog, with blazing eyes, and a tail that looked as if it had been through the revolutionary war, burst into the enclosure, and came bounding towards her with his mouth wide open, as if asking her to admire his teeth. Perhaps she didn't try to make herself scarce about that time; but it was no use though, for right in the path stood a young man whose pleasant face and big blue eyes were provokingly full of mirth at sight of her perplexity. For a moment Fanny looked as if it had been raining blushes, and she had been caught in a smart shower; then the ridiculousness of her position seemed to touch a new chord, and a joyous peal of laughter — a sort of juvenile earthquake — rang out among the trees, and, with a saucy frankness, she informed the intruder by what means she had been led so far from her cottage. Of course, there was no need of any further introduction; so the stranger very gallantly, not to say unselfishly, urged her to resume her seat, and in ten minutes more he had made himself acquainted with her whole history, knew who she was, where she lived, whom she liked, how large the village was, and what number of pretty girls it contained.

There was no such word as *prude* in aunt Fanny's dictionary, and she had no idea of being dependent upon any one

else for her notions of propriety. I have been scolded often and often enough for my queer sentiments, or disregard of conventional rules on trifling points of etiquette; but when the censors are away from me, I don't choose to remember what they have said, and find more pleasure in thinking of people untrammelled by old customs and old peculiarities, than in dwelling upon associations formed by rule, and measured with the same precision that one would measure tape and bobbin lace. Aunt Fanny's joyousness was the greatest enemy in the world to any thing like a distance of feeling; so the stranger chatted with her as familiarly as if he had known her all his life, and didn't greatly care to know any thing else. Not on such terms of friendly footing, however, were she and the big dog who had occasioned her so much fright. She had offended *his* dignity at the first onset, by placing her dainty little foot on that apology for a tail of his, as he lay crouching down among the violets, and no petting or coaxing could induce him to forgive the insult. It might have been mischief, or it might have been an indefinite feeling of something holy and beautiful, struggling into life within his bosom, that wrought the change; but certain it was the stranger's voice grew low and sweet in its earnestness, as words of gentle meaning drifted down into the heart of the listener. There had been no experience in the arts and wiles of polished society to check the progress of those words; so they melted there, and moulded an image that should never more be displaced — not even in eternity. Ah, there is something sacred to me in this unconscious yielding up of the heart to a great love — this folding of the spirit wings upon the bosom of faith. All is not *love* that bears its semblance. It is an every-day word, hackneyed and abused until it has lost its

original meaning, if not its original power. It is not in the sunshine of early youth that its influence is most intense. *Then* it is too often the offspring of a vacant mind or ready opportunity, and passes away like a shadow on the clear water; but when the heart has become chastened and refined, when the intellect is matured and resolute, then it twines itself around the spirit with a strength and intensity that outlives the darkness and the storms of life, and works out a consummation to its own earnest desires. I do not know what the stranger's thoughts were in those moments of companionship. They were light enough, probably, and easily banished. But with Fanny Ray there had been but one step from the joyous girl to the thoughtful woman. This was but the beginning of their holy confidence; and after that they met again and again, until the day would have been dark indeed not brightened by his presence. I know there are those who will question the prudence of Fanny Ray; but how could she think there was aught of impropriety in that which brought such an eternity of happiness to her spirit. True, she closed her heart upon its treasure; not that she doubted *his* rectitude of principle or her own strength, but that she could not bear to have a careless eye rest for one moment upon that which had grown so sacred to her. So that *he* was by her side — this stranger with his handsome face and eloquent eyes, whose lightest touch had power to send the blood surging up her bosom like ocean waves — she forgot prudence, discretion, judgment, every thing but the unacknowledged love which had made them one in impulse. And oftentimes, when he was away, the pleasant face would hover around her dreams, and the beautiful lips would bend lovingly to her own; and *sometimes,* out in the broad daylight, she would close her eyes

ath the pressure of happy thoughts; but the *nature* of
1 was, like every thing else connected with their object, a
d thing locked within her own breast. Ah, a happy
an was Fanny Ray, moving about so quiet and thought-
as one living within the influence of some rich dream.
bove and around seemed to have taken a new lease of
itness from the coloring of her fancies. Not a flower
ned as it had bloomed before; not a gush of bird melody
drifting up from the jostling leaves but had stolen a
r tone from the music of her full heart. And all this
the stranger had never spoken of love: yet, from some
ive knowledge, she felt that a heart was in her keeping,
h, of the wide world, would throb but for one being, and
rob forever — would love but once, and that *once* for all
ity. But the time came all too soon for the last meet-
within the solemn stillness of their forest retreat. Time
time had the stranger been urged, by letter, of the ne-
y to leave a place so full of happy memories, and as
found some excuse to delay his intended departure.
now that there was no longer any plea, he had come to
his last for months — perhaps forever — upon the sweet
upturned so trustingly to his. It was a rare evening,
ent with poetry and love. There was not a breath of
loat to disturb even the forest leaves; so they nestled to-
r as quiet and as still as if they, too, were sentient, and
d rest. The moon broke up like a glad face through
leecy clouds, and the mist began to gather about the
and sparkle and flash amid the moonbeams, while just
ir feet a little cascade came trickling down the rocks,
a shower of stars. But for once the beauty of nature
lost upon the absorbed senses of the lovers. The face

of Fanny Ray was very pale and still — so still that it might have been mistaken for chiselled marble, as it gleamed out in the moonlight. At last, the silence, which was becoming painful, was broken by the thrilling tones of the stranger's voice, as he gathered the passive form tenderly to his heart.

"We must part to-night," murmured the stranger, pressing his lips to the poor wet eyes, so eloquent in their sorrow.

"I know it," replied Fanny. "Would to God that I had shut my heart against the pleadings of affection before it learned so to long for your presence! But I forgot every thing but that which I ought most to have remembered, and only thought of the earnest and vivid faith to which I clung, and which made me so helpless and dependent, even while your love — for you *do* love me — was hovering around my spirit, to settle there forever. I cannot control my heart to-night, for while you are here, it *will* claim sympathy. When you are gone, do not fear for me. *But to-night.* I knew that the dream must break up in time; but now that it has come to pass, it seems so cruel, so sudden, that I can only weep."

Again the pressure tightened around the form of Fanny, and a smile of triumph wreathed the finely-curved lips of the stranger. It was a frank and generous smile, and one which failed to shadow forth aught but an honest and affectionate heart. He was an enthusiast in the fullest sense of the word, with a soul all poetry, and a heart all love. And admiration for his superior genius, reverence for his intellect, and sympathy with his enthusiasm — all had shared the worship of Fanny Ray, and served to intensify and strengthen his power over her affections.

"I'm but a poor student, Fanny," resumed the stranger,

" with a hard, dark life before me. I cannot ask you to share it. I can only ask you to remember me as one who would sacrifice all the world, were it at his disposal, to secure your happiness, and so remembering me, to hope on for that *brighter* hour which will come to all who have to struggle through clouds and tempests, and the faith to look onward and upward for the consummation of their hopes. Will you think kindly of the lonely student, when he has gone far away to make a name and a home, in the hope that it may yet be shared by *you*, my diamond?"

"O, let me share your *darkness*," exclaimed Fanny, passionately. "Take me with you *now*. I am strong and resolute, and can bear all the *storms* of your path. O, when I tell you of a face whose every feature is engraved upon my soul, of a voice whose lightest tone vibrates to my heart, till it shudders with its burden of happiness; when I tell you I have dreamed over that face, till my dreams have become reality; and when I tell you I have yearned to hear those tones, and loathed myself for yearning, you will not, *cannot* leave my heart to throb itself to death against the doubts and fears your absence will create. Take me with you. I know it is wrong for me thus to plead with you — I know it is *unwomanly* — but what *can* I do? I have grown from the sunny-hearted girl to the dreamy enthusiast, with but one thought, one impulse, one idea in my whole soul — its inordinate love for *you*."

Again the bright smile played for a moment over the features of the stranger, and again he raised her tearful face from his bosom to look into the earnest eyes of Fanny Ray. Pride, *woman's* pride, was all gone from that sorrowful face, and she nestled closer to his side, and murmured low words

of tenderness and of grief, such as at parting a mother would breathe upon the lips of an only child. It had been but a trial of her faith, not of affection. So he parted the damp curls from her brow, drew the little restless head closer to his breast, and between smiles and kisses, prevailed upon her, as it became imperative for him to leave the village on the morrow, to allow him to accompany her home, and gain, if possible, from her parents a consent to their union. The light sprang back to the eye of Fanny Ray, and the music to her heart, like a glad bird to its wildwood nest. But just as their lips met, a half-suppressed laugh trembled through the leaves, and a shower of dewdrops rained down from the branching limbs. Fanny started to her feet just in time to discover a dozen roguish eyes peeping through the tangled branches, and half as many heads making a framework of the green leaves.

"How nicely you did keep your own counsel, aunt Fanny," exclaimed the ringleader of the surprise party, "and what a pity it was to break the neck of *that* kiss! eh, Fanny. Why, the tiniest breeze in the world would have been squeezed to death, if it had attempted to pass between your lips. O, dear me, I quite forgot the *gentleman*. Introduce us, Fanny;" and down popped the crowd, one after another, from the trees where they had stationed themselves before the arrival of the lovers. It really was too bad to spoil sport after that manner; but then we had a right to aunt Fanny's confidence, and when we found it withheld from us, we took occasion to extort it after our own fashion. It wasn't the first time we had watched her out into the forest, and got a glimpse of her *would-be* invisible lover; and, as we managed to be in at the death, she had only to put a pleasant face upon the affair, and

take the whole party as body guard to the cottage. The maddest fairies that ever *did* live could not begin to cut up such pranks as we did on that memorable journey home. The stranger looked so proud and stately, and Fanny so quiet and happy, that we had enough to do to tease them into an acknowledgment of our presence — so selfish is happiness. Out under the wild, green arches, over fields of blossoms, and through almost palpable moonbeams, that were stooping to the grass blade like so many bits of thistledown, scarcely touching the rich turf, flew our merry troop, never stopping for breath until we came to the door of uncle Ray's bird's nest of a cottage. It was a warm evening, and uncle Ray, from lack of thought, was half asleep upon the window seat. A large, full vine was swaying to and fro with a soft murmur, occasionally drifting in and leaving a blossom upon the white head of the sleeper, and retreating again with the same cautious quietude. A glorious specimen of a New England farmer was uncle Ray, with a *hand* broad and open, as his heart was free from care. True, its clasp was round the plough or the scythe all day long, and the heart so free and generous measured its pulsations beneath the roughest kind of a homespun coat; but "a man's a man for a' that," and uncle Ray was as perfect a mortal as earth could produce, and keep up its reputation for being only an imperfect school for the preparation of people for a brighter degree *above*. Yes, indeed; uncle Ray *was* a good man, and so was Fanny's mother, *aunt Ray*. Some people said she was the *best man* of the two. She would have her own way — and a very nice way it was, too — and her own say, whether it concerned the chickens, and their mischievous depredations, or uncle Ray's legs, that somehow had got a fashion of crossing themselves

upon the toilet table near the window, much to the disarrangement of its snowy covering.

"Where can Fanny be all this time?" exclaimed aunt Ray, on the evening of which I am writing.

"Eh — who — what?" grunted uncle Ray, between a mutter and a snore.

"Eh — who — what?" echoed the good wife, provoked at his indifference. "Where can Fanny be? Here it is half past eight o'clock, and she away."

"She'll be at home in good time, I'll answer for it," said he, arousing himself enough to understand the purport of her speech. The next minute his head looked like a big pumpkin, under a yellow pocket handkerchief, carefully spread over it, and he was snoring away as hard as ever.

"Umph," muttered aunt Ray; and off she went to the cellar stairs for the broom, although you couldn't have found a speck of dirt in the whole house. Just as she was comfortably under way with her sweeping, the vines parted, and that big dog, who seemed determined to be in every body's mess, came dashing in through the open window, making uncle Ray's head a stepping stone in his progress. Down dropped the broom from aunt Ray's hands from very astonishment, and down dropped the dog's tail, but whether from astonishment, or some feeling more immediately connected with the broomstick, I'm quite unable to say; at any rate, you can't begin to think how much quicker he went *out* of the window, with uncle Ray's bootjack spinning after him, than he came in. He didn't try that game of grand and lofty tumbling the second time, you had better believe; in fact, there was no occasion for it, for just then the whole party of us came bursting through the door, dragging in aunt Fanny

and the stranger lover. If it had been fugitive slave times, we might have got a premium, for we had caught a man, in good earnest. Aunt Ray's eyes grew big as saucers; but to our surprise, uncle Ray, who was wonderfully wide awake by this time, caught the stranger in his arms, and shook hands with him till his knuckles cracked again, and laughed so loud and long that I, for one, began to think seriously of following the dog's example, and making a hasty exit out of the window.

"All right, eh?" laughed uncle Ray, poking his fingers into the stranger's ribs, as if he was an old friend, and privileged to be poked. "All right — romantic, eh? love under the rose."

It didn't occur to me at the time, but with all due respect to uncle Ray, I don't believe he could have told the meaning of "under the rose" if any one had asked him. I'm sure *I* couldn't, although my education has become somewhat more extended since that period. Well, the truth of the whole story was, that the stranger was aunt Fanny's *third* cousin — a very convenient relationship — and from some cause relative to joint estates, it was desired by the parents of both parties that the families should be united by marriage. Now, uncle Ray knew well enough that if Fanny thought there was any business arrangement to be mixed up in her life lease of love, nothing could induce her to marry; and he knew well enough, too, that if he told his wife, Fanny was bound to know it in five minutes after; and so the whole affair was explained, and Charlie Ray — that's the stranger — was forgiven for his share in the plot, and such a happy evening as we all passed you never did see. It was cruel, though, for Charlie Ray to keep those great, saucy blue eyes

of his fixed on aunt Fanny's face all the time there, before every body, and the big dog, too, with his nose half buried in the tufted lamb on the hearth rug, and his tail wrapped around him to keep it out of the range of aunt Ray's feet, winking at her so knowingly, as if he knew well enough what it was all about, and was enjoying his own meditations at her expense. Of course it won't interest the reader to know the nature of our frolics that evening, nor how I threw myself into uncle Ray's arms to capture the yellow handkerchief, nor how we both tipped over in the big chair, nor how we all laughed, as if there never was and never would be any thing half so funny again, nor how we played "blind man's buff," nor how Charlie Ray wouldn't catch any body but aunt Fanny, though we tumbled into his arms a dozen times, nor how the big dog ranted around the room as if he was *somebody*, which he wasn't, nor how uncle Ray victimized us all when he had a pawn to pay, nor how aunt Ray wouldn't compromise her dignity by a laugh, nor how Bell Mason sung "Over the river to Charlie," for us to dance by, nor what a very peculiar pigeon wing uncle Ray cut, nor how he fell down the very first dance, and, of course, a dozen scapegraces over him; no, indeed. In this age of refinement nobody would believe that such things ever did occur, even in that country of questionable locality, *away down east;* so I shall just keep such knowledge to myself — only premising that before the scent of flowers had passed away on the autumn air, aunt Fanny had changed her situation, but not her name. In a little white cottage, that can admire itself the year round in that looking glass of a Kennebec River, may be seen innumerable *rays* — chips of the old block — flitting around like runaway sunbeams, making brightness for themselves and for every body else.

"Mamma," said a pocket edition of Charlie Ray to aunt Fanny, on the occasion of my first visit for many years, "mamma, isn't this the cousin Marion that grandpa tells about, who played you such a trick in the woods?"

"You mustn't mind every thing grandpa said," replied Fanny, coloring to the roots of her hair with confusion.

"You are not busy *now*, mamma, so tell me all about it; you promised you would some time when you were not busy."

"Do be quiet, Charlie," whispered Fanny.

"But you *promised*, you know, and you have always told me it was wicked to break a promise," persisted the little tormentor.

"I do believe I've left the cakes in the oven," exclaimed aunt Fanny, springing up. "There, ask cousin Marion; *she'll* tell you all about it, with her own additions at that. She's turned out a regular *story-tellèr* since that time;" and with a laugh and a blush which reminded me of the old evening in the forest, she glided out of the room, and was soon superintending the mystery of pies and cakes in the kitchen, like a darling, practical little housekeeper, as she was. That hint about the story-teller determined me to punish her sauciness by making a heroine of *her;* and if this sketch should ever come under the range of her merry eyes, I have only to say, that I shall be on hand next summer for that *ducking in the Kennebec*, which was to be my reward of merit if I dared do any thing so absurd as to write aunt Fanny Ray into a story. Dear aunt Fanny, how I should like to see you just about *now*, while you are reading this leaf from life, and hear your half-loving, half-petulant, "*Pshaw* — that saucy Marion; there isn't a word of truth in it." Then I could steal round so cautiously, and stop your scolding with a kiss,

and promise not to do so any more. "*After the mischief's done*," you would say, with your lips all of a pout, like a couple of rosebuds. Then that *perfection* of an uncle Charlie would come in and pronounce it the best joke of the season, and so I should escape the ducking, after all. O, dear! I hope I'm not boring people to death with my aunt Fanny. Do, good Mr. Editor, make a bow for me, *à la militaire*, and tell your readers I am so fond of looking up these little domestic dashes, that I'm dreadfully afraid I should be tempted to sacrifice even *their* patience and good nature to my indomitable love for material of *home* manufacture. I leave my pleading in your hands.

TO ONE WHO HAS SAID, "DO WRITE OF LOVE."

A PRETTY task my lady bird
 Has set for prosy me!
"Do write of love!" as if my muse
 Could talk of love like thee.
My Pegasus does stumble so,
 And jog at such a pace,
That love might give him half the game,
 Then beat him in the race!

"Something of love," my darling Bel'?
 We may not quite agree
About the meaning of that word;
 However — we shall see:

I love the trees, the singing birds,
The pretty blushing flowers,
Music, and all that's lovable,
In this bright world of ours!

I love to see the restless waves
Break in upon the shore,
Then beat and throb like some wild heart,
Restless forevermore;
I love the shells the waves forsake,
I listen to their moan,
And try to catch some gentle word —
Translate some pleading tone!

I love my home — its pleasant light
Can never, *never* dim!
For one there dearly loves me, Bel',
And dearly I love *him!*
Our bark of faith glides smoothly on,
Adown the stream of life,
Untossed by storm or tempest, Bel',
Unwrecked by care or strife!

And oft I pray, when death shall break
The chain which love has plighted,
The hearts that are so linked in life
May glide to heaven united!
One bell to toll our requiem —
One prayer for the departed —
One stone to mark the single spot
Where sleep the single hearted.

LITTLE ELSPY.

NEVER saw little Elspy! Well, I suppose not. Or if you had, you would have thought no more of her than of any other little vagabond, toiling along under the weight of a clumsy hurdygurdy! I had always a distaste for these inveterate beggars, and you may judge that I was not over well pleased, on returning from a stroll one evening, to find in my room, comfortably ensconced in a rocking chair, with one little dirty foot drawn up under her, upon the cushion, one of the most troublesome of her class — a girl whose bright, saucy face had made its appeal under my window, until I became somewhat interested in her. I had seen her one moment grateful almost to servility, the next passionately defiant, and as I stood gazing upon her slumbers, there was something in her face so touchingly sorrowful, that the intended chiding was quite charmed away. A glimmering of sunlight fell thin and brokenly across the street, and lay like a halo upon the tangled head, and the deep respiration told how much need the little wanderer had of rest. In a moment more the great black eyes were distended with an alarmed look, but with the quick perception of her craft, she saw there was no danger to fear, and murmuring, "I was so tired — *so tired*," prepared to leave the room. For the first time I observed a flush upon her cheek, too deep for the hue of health, and investing what change I could spare, told her to play no more that evening, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her rounding the corner of the street leading to her home. For many evenings after, "The old Folks at Home" drew all the dirty boys

nd girls in the neighborhood to my window. At length a eek passed, and still another, without our accustomed visit, nd I resolved to seek the truant, whom I had really begun to ike. The alley was desolate, the cabin was desolate, and the ld woman's heart must have been more desolate than all the est. That old glance of passionate defiance, which I had seen pon the girl's face, flashed over the mother's as I approached. told her my errand, and asked to see little Elspy. She did ot speak, but led the way to an inner room, where the arkness was so intense that I feared for every step I took. s the door opened, a gleam of sunlight shot in and fell across he bed, revealing a little pale face, and a pair of tiny hands rossed upon the breast, as if their owner had just settled into lumber. There was not much to tell, for poverty is a strong ar against romance. She had never been well — had been oo much exposed — had toiled till she could toil no longr, and there was an end of it. As the mother folded away he shroud from her face, the sunlight shifted and fell in a roken ray upon her head. Twice I had seen her sleeping in hat light, — once in my own room, to waken again to the ares and toils of life, and here upon the bed of death, to slumer on in quiet forever and evermore! Happy Elspy! Our ather in heaven hath said, "Suffer little children to come nto me," and thou wert not forgotten.

I LOVE TO LOVE.

"*I love to love,*" said a darling pet,
Whose soul looked out through her eyes of jet;
And she nestled down, like a fondled dove,
And lisped, "Dear mamma, how I love to love!"

"*I love to love,*" said a maiden bright,
And her words gushed forth like a stream of light,
And thrilled to the heart of a suppliant there,
With a ripple soft as an angel's prayer.

"*I love to love,*" said a new-made bride,
And she gazed on the loved one by her side,
And clung to his arm in the starlit grove,
And breathed on his lips, "How I love to love!"

"*I love to love,*" said a mother blest,
As she pressed the soft cheek to her yearning breast;
And she thought, as she smoothed its silken hair,
That nothing on earth could be half so fair.

And thus, as we sail o'er the ocean of life,
Love pours out its oil on the tempest of strife;
And swiftly our bark nears the haven above,
With something to hope for, and something to love.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

"*I wish he was dead — I do!*" It was a rash, wicked thought, which had been lying in that neglected wife's heart until it had gained strength, and found utterance, and goaded her on to almost desperate resolves! It was a cold, bitter night, and the few embers on the hearth had long since sent up their last sparkle, and now lay in a gray, heavy mass, like the wild hopes which had been impulses in the heart of *her* who was mistress of that poverty-stricken abode. The crackling of her husband's step was scarcely lost in the distance, when she sat down by the single window their room afforded, and leaning her head upon the sill, looked vacantly out upon the thousand happy homes, lying all asleep in the bright moonlight. "Home, sweet home!" what was it to *her* that she had laid her heart upon a human altar, and it had crumbled beneath her affection! What was it to her that the sun of intellect — *his* intellect, which she had so worshipped — had gone down in a night of hopeless dissipation! Daily repinings, incessant reproaches, perpetual taunts — did she pause to think how greatly these simple things had widened the chasm opening forever between two hearts that had cherished the dear words, "till death do us part"? No, nothing of this! She only knew home was a mockery to her, love a thing of the past, and happiness only a name; and so the bitter thought came up to her lip, and found utterance in the fearful words, "*I wish he was dead — I do!*"

Hark! it is nothing but the Old South tolling out a requiem for the dead hours. Two o'clock! There is a bustle and a

confusion in the entry; a wilder gleam lights up the eye of the watcher, and a deeper scorn curls her pale lip! The door opens noiselessly, and before she can speak or move they have told her that her *wish was granted — he is dead!* With a sudden revolution of feeling, a wild cry of anguish, she winds her arms around the cold form that only a moment before she had hated and denounced! "If he was only alive again — if he could only look at me, speak to me, to say he had forgiven me! O, if I could only live the past over again, how I would try to make him happy! O husband — *my* husband! all I had on earth! speak to me! look at ——" How long she might have raved it is hard to say, had not a rough hand been laid upon her shoulder, and a pair of eyes, wild with the fumes of intoxication, startled her somewhat rudely from her horrible dream. With a cry of joy she sprang around his neck, sobbing and kissing him, until, muddled as he was, he began to think the little woman crazy, and to speculate upon the safety of *bolting;* however, although he couldn't imagine what it was all about, he suffered her to half carry him to what had been a sofa in its day, varying the performance with sundry hugs and kisses, as if there never was and never would be such a dear, lovable, precious old humbug as the one that two hours before she had wished was dead! After depositing him on the sofa, as if he had been a valuable Shanghae egg, she took his great, clumsy hands in hers, and rubbed them, and blew her breath away to warm them! After settling *that* to her satisfaction, and finding that he, unused to luxury, had taken it easy and gone to sleep, she unburdened his feet, and wrapping them in her warm shawl, stole her arm under his head, and sat down by him to watch his slumber. It was daylight when he awoke, and turning over with a

t and a growl, he found himself face to face with his ›y, smiling wife! "It wasn't a dream, was it, Nell?" he mured, after an irresolute pause. Another hug and an- r burst of tears was her reply — she was determined, an-like, to have her cry out, at all events. After that › was a long conference; but what she said to him, or ; he said to her, I don't know; I only know that from that *he* never got tipsy, and *she* never wished he was dead; when the story was told to me the other evening, by one ıe principals, with the admonition to *bear and forbear*, I ght it would not only bear repeating, but be a good lesson he perusal of the world in general, and married people in icular!

LITTLE GRACE.

I'm thinking of the dewdrops
That glitter on the dale;
I'm thinking of the rosebuds
That slumber in the vale;
I'm searching through the wild wood,
Where streamlets interlace,
To find some loving simile
For darling blue-eyed Grace.

I'd call her Little Sunbeam,
But sunbeams oft are shrouded;
And well I know her face and heart
Have never yet been clouded.
I'd call her Little Rosebud,
But that her laugh is pealing

In music tones of joyousness —
And rosebuds have no feeling.

Too wildly mirthful for a bird —
Too *real* for a fairy —
Too full of fresh and glowing life
For sprite or aught so airy!
A household pet for loving hearts'
And loving hands' caressing —
She's truly that — a father's pride —
A noble mother's blessing!

SONG.

Dost thou love me, love — love me? Ah, beautiful strain
The soul of love tireth not — breathe it again,
Lovingly, lovingly, earnest and free,
Dreaming sweet dreams of me — only of *me!*
Thinking dear thoughts of me all the day through —
Living for me, love, as I live for you!
Love me forever, love — love me alone!
Love as I love *thee*, my fond one, mine own!

Never to part from thee, never to stray!
Living beneath thy smile day after day!
Lifting mine eyes to the garland of fame
Only to twine it, love, round thy dear name!
Love me forever, love — love only me!
Light my dim future as stars light the sea!
Nevermore, nevermore darken my sky;
Love me forever, love — love till I die!

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